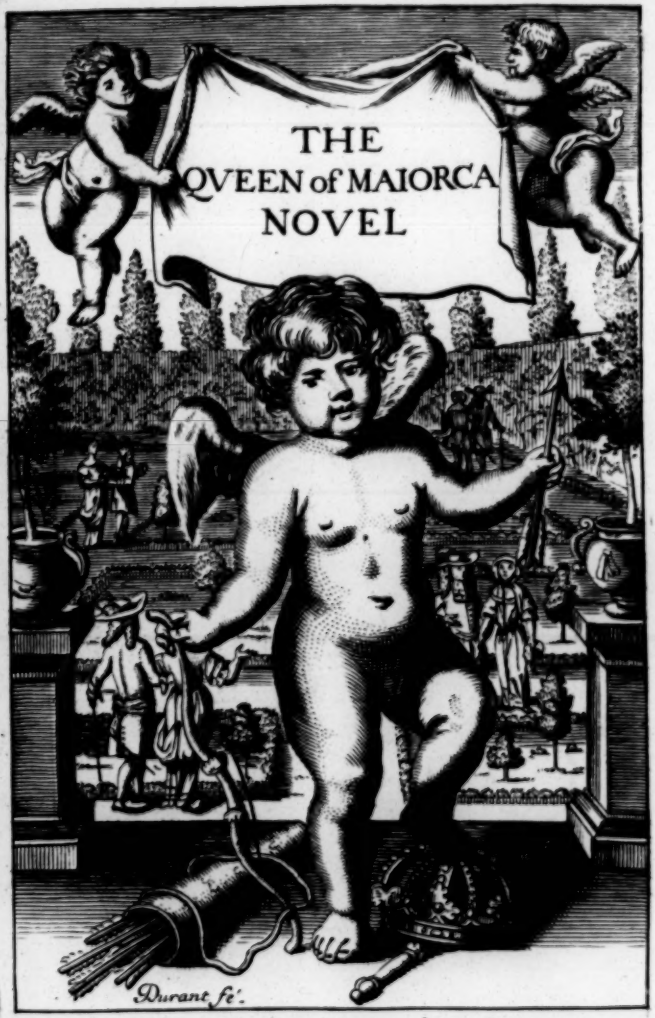

London *Printed for Richard Bentley*

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

AMOURS

OF THE

French Court,

VIZ.

Of { Madam *de La Valliere*, Madam *de Olonne*, Madam *de Chaſtillion*, Madam *de Sevigny*,

With the Intrigues of ſeveral other Perſons of Great *Quality*

IN THE

Palace-ROYAL.

In Four PARTS.

Faithfully Tranſlated out of *French.*

Obedience, Printed for *N.B.* at the *Three Cupids* in the Kingdom of Love, 1684.

THE HISTORY OF THE *PALAIS ROYAL*, &c.

LEt us wave all City-Adventures, and the Formal Gallantries of the Town; we have now more illuſtrious and ſplendid Subjects of Entertainment: The *King* in his Throne of *Love* with as much Undauntedneſs as in his Seat of *Juſtice*. Let us then a little obſerve his *Majeſty*; and if it be poſſible omit none of his Proceedings, nor the good Offices of the *Duke* of *Saint Agnan*: whom for the future we ſhall call *Duke-Mercury*; as he who by his Care and Pains hath coupled our Gods in

 deſpite

deſpite of the Jealouſy of our Goddeſſes.

To begin then with a Faithful Deſcription of the *King*: He is Tall, ſome-what Broad-ſhoulder'd, has a Handſome Leg, Dances well, and very Dextrous in all Bodily Exerciſes: He has enough of the Meen and Port of a *Monarch*, Dark-brown Hair, and his Face a little marked with the Small-Pox: His Eyes are ſparkling and ſweet, his Lips red; And yet all this renders him not Beautiful. He is of a Prodigious Wit, and Admirable in his Carriage towards her he loves: So that one wou'd think, he reſerves for ſuch occaſions the Vigor of his Mind, as well as that of his Body. And what convinces all men that his Wit is extraordinary, he hath never given his Love to any but Perſons of that Character. He hath acknowledged, that nothing in this Life does ſo ſenſibly affect him, as the Pleaſures of Love; and that's his Inclination. He is a little Rough, very Covetous; of a haughty and a diſdainful Humour; amongſt Men given to Vanity, a little Envious, and were he not a *King* ſome what uneaſie in Company. But on the other hand, He is Couragious, Indefati-

fatigable, True, full of Honour, extreamly Juſt to his Word; Grateful, of great Integrity; eſteeming ſuch as are ſo, ſlighting thoſe that are otherways: And in a word, conſtant in all his Undertakings.

Though I have told you, his only Weakneſs is his too much Love for the Femal Sex, yet he never admired many Women. The firſt Paſſion he had, was for *Mademoiſelle de Manbhiny*, a Lady of a low Stature, Ugly, and Fat, with the Air of an Hoſteſs; but Witty as an Angel, which covered all her Defects, and made her Company very delightful. She was in love with the *King*; and therefore ſome ſay He ſpent many pleaſant Hours with her; inſomuch, that *Madama de Venel* often ſurprized them, as they were preparing for greater Pleaſures: But we muſt tell the truth, their Joys never attained to a full accompliſhment. The *King* wou'd have Marry'd her, had not the *Cardinal* oppoſed it; who was baited by the *Queen-Mother*. and made to promiſe one day when he beg'd ſome Marks of her Kindneſs, that he wou'd hinder the Buſineſs from taking effect. What I deſire of you (ſaid ſhe)

is no ſuch great Proof of your Paſſion as you imagine; For, to be ſhort, if the *King* Marry your Neece. he will certainly Divorce from her, and Baniſh you; And I ſwear to you, the latter of theſe Two will more perplex me, than the Marriage; though I ſee, my Deſigns for a Peace quite ruined, if the *King* Marry not the Daughter of *Spain*. The *Cardinal* was out-witted, and promiſed what the *Queen* defired, that he might have what he expected; ſo true it is, that another Man's Buſineſs is none of ours. At this time, he ſhewed himſelf no *Italian*; For the *King* to this very day teſtifies an invincible Averſion to all Divorces, and declares it ſo often, that he gives good ground to beleive, he wou'd never have practiſed ſo baſe a thing.

The *Cardinal* at length Marryed his Neece to the Conſtable *Colona*; The News of which ſo afflicted our *King*, that he wept, cry'd, caſt himſelf at his feet, and called him *Pa Pa*. But in a word, it was the Fate of thoſe Lovers, to be ſeparated. That diſconſolate Lady being ready to depart, and for that purpoſe ſtepping into her Coach, wittily ſaid to her Lover, whom ſhe perceiv'd almoſt

almoſt dead through Exceſs of Grief; *You weep, you love me, you diſpare, are a* King, *and notwitſtanding, I am miſerable, and muſt indeed be gone.*

This Separation had like to have coſt the *King* his Life; But he was Young, and at laſt took Comfort again; though it wou'd not be ſo eaſy a matter now a dayes, to make him forget his Paſſion; For no man was ever more in Love, than now He is.

Mademoiſelle de La Valliere is the preſent Object of his Deſires. She was a *Maid of Honour* to *Madame*; And though ſhe be not after the order of *Melchiſedec*, yet excuſe me from relating her Genealogy. Her Perſon being the moſt illuſtrious Thing ſhe can pretend to, I will only tell you by the by, that the *Duke* of *Mombazom* promiſed her Father to procure him his Nobility, but he dyed before the *Duke* performed his Promiſe. His Widdow marry'd *Monſieur de St. Remy*. And in a word all that can be ſaid, is, that *La Valliere*, who five years ago was no Gentlewoman, is at preſent as Noble as the *King*.

There is ſomewhat now to be ſaid of that perſon, which hath ſo ſtrongly engaged the heart of a proud and haughty

Prince: She is of a middle Stature, and very Slender: Her Gate not graceful, becauſe ſhe is Crooked: She is of a fair Complexion, and marked with the *Small-Pox*: Her eyes are brown, caſting a languiſhing Look; but ſometimes alſo, full of Life and Spirit: Her Mouth is large, with lips pretty red; bad Teeth, no Breaſts, and flat Arms; which make Men judge diſadvantagiouſly of the reſt of her Body: She hath a ſparkling Wit, full of Life and Vigour, ſpeaks things pleaſantly, has much Solidity, and Learning alſo; For ſhe is acquainted with almoſt all the Hiſtories of the World, and has enough to Read them: Her Heart is great, ſteadfaſt, generous, void of Intereſt, and tender; and without doubt, not unapt for Love. She is Faithful and Sincere, free from all friſking Levity; and of all Women living, moſt capable of a great Engagement. She loves her Friends extreamly; and it is certain She loved the *King* above a Year before he was acquainted with it; and that ſhe often told a Friend of hers, That ſhe wiſhed he had not been of ſo high a Rank and Quality. It is well known to all that the Sport they made of it at Court,

ſtir'd

ſtir'd up a Curioſity in the *King* to know her; and as it is natural to Generous Souls, to Love thoſe who Love them; the *King* from that time had a Kindneſs for her; not that her Perſon pleaſed him, for his Paſſion was but Gratitude, and ſo he told the *Count de Guich*, that he would marry her to a *Marqueſs* whom he named, and a Friend of the *Counts*; which made him reply to the *King*, That his Friend loved handſom Women. Ha! Good *God* (ſaid the *King*) it is true, ſhe is not Beautiful, but I will do for her ſo, as to make her Deſirable.

Three Dayes after, the *King* went to viſit *Madame*, who was ill; and ſtaid with *La Valliere* in the Anti-Chamber, with whom he entertained a long Diſcourſe; and was ſo charmed with her Wit, that from that minute his Gratitude was turned into real Love. He made no ſtay with *Madame*, but returned again the next day; and ſo continued for the Space of a Month; which gave occaſion of a Rumour that he was in love with *Madame*, and her ſelf alſo to beleive it. But the *King* ſought only an opportunity to diſcover his Love which much preſt him; and he might have eaſily found it,

he considered only his Quality of *King*; But he looked more on that of a Lover; And in effect he appeared so timorous and bashful that he thereby made a full Conquest of Heart, which he had already sufficiently wounded.

Walking one day in the Park of *Versselles*, he complained that for Ten or Twelve Days, he found himself out of order: *Mademoiselle de La Valliere* appeared much concerned, and testifyed her trouble with a great deal of Tenderness. Alas! *Mademoiselle* (said he) how Good you are, to concern your self in the Health of a wretched *Prince*, who has not deserved from you the least Compassion, were it not that he is altogether at your Devotion. Yes, *Madame* (continued he, in a disorder that charmed the Fair One) You are the absolute Mistriss of my Life, my Death and Repose: and my Fortune depends wholly on you.

La Valliere blush't, and was so out of Countenance, that she remained Speechless: She saw at her Knees a great *King*, whom She loved, melting in Passion; which could not but put her to Plunge. What is the Cause of that Silence, *Mademoiselle*, (continued he?) Ah! It is an

Effect

Effect of your inſenſibility, and my Unhappineſs. You are not ſo tender, as you ſeem to be, and if ſo, how much am I to be pittyed, for Adoring you at the rate I do? No Sir (replyed ſhe) I am not inſenſible of what you feel for my ſake; My Heart ſhall make you a Return, if in reality you Love me: But alſo, if it be becauſe I have been expoſed in your Court, by reaſon of the particular Eſteem that I have had for your perſon: And that one ſhou'd eye nothing in a *King*, but his Crown, Scepter, and Diadem; that it is almoſt unlawful for any to praiſe him; and that not withſtanding, without minding the Cuſtom, I have praiſed that which is more peculiarly your own: If upon that account, I ſay, you think it will be eaſy to flatter my Vanity and to engage me to give a ſerious Anſwer, as to this point. Ah! Sir, conſider with your Majeſty that you can have no Glory by acting ſuch a Part; and that it is your Sincerity and Honour that moſt of all charmes me: I ſhould take the liberty to cenſure you in my Heart, as if you were an ordinary Man, if I had none in all *France*, to whom I might ſay with Confidence, that your Vertue is not perfect.

O!

O! how I eſteem your ſentiments, re-
plyed the King, in that you deſpiſe vi-
ces even in the Soul of a Monarch; but I
have cauſe to complain of you for ſuſpec-
ting me guilty of the moſt Ignominious
of Crimes: Good *God*! What glory
would it be to be reckon'd a Skilful cheat
when it ſhould be known all the World
over, that I had abuſed the moſt char-
ming Maid in *France*: I ſhould infallibly
be called the greateſt of Knaves; and in
that an honourable Character for a King!
No, *Mademoiſelle*, beleive it, I was born
what I am, I thank *God* I have Honour
and Virtue, and did I not really Love
you, I ſhould not tell you ſo: I do and
ſhall perſiſt in it with a conſtancy, which
I doubt not, you will eſteem; but, Alaſs!
I ſpeak like one in poſſeſſion of Bliſs, and
yet perhaps ſhall never be happy. I can-
not tell, (reply'd *La Valliere*) but I well
know, that if the trouble which is now
upon my mind continue, I am ſure to be
miſerable. A great ſhower of Rain fal-
ling broke up that Converſation, which
had laſted three Hours: There was much
ſadneſs obſerved in the Countenance of
La Valliere, and diſturbance in the Kings.
Next day he viſited her again, and enter-
tained

tained her with a Diſcourſe to the ſame purpoſe; after which he ſent her a pair of Pendants to the value of Fifty Thouſand Crowns; and two days after a Watch of an ineſtimable price, with this Letter.

TEll me ſincerely, Mademmoiſelle, *is it my Death you deſign; you muſt be ſatisfied. All are ſolicitous to know what diſturbs me; they tell me that* Madame *is not cruel, that Fortune is not niggardly to me; but they ſay not, I am in love with you and that you are the cauſe of my deſpair: You have a kind of tenderneſs that makes me mad: In* Gods Name, *change your manner of Carriage for a Prince, who dies for you; Be either altogether kind, or altogether cruel.*

The King, who is the moſt impatient Man living, when he is in Love, and holds it for a Maxime, that the more Wit and Diſcretion a Woman hath, the better ſhe Loves; and that when ſhe has once given her Heart there is nothing then in her Power that ſhe can refuſe her Lover, reſolved at length to know how matters ſtood with him and his Miſtreſs.

She

She her ſelf had confeſſed that all hi
Haughtineſs forſook him, and he accoſte
her trembling. He had Put himſelf i
moſt Magnificient Apparel, when h
went to ſee her at *Madam's* Appartment
and whilſt *Count de Guiche* entertaine
Madame, the Ladies that were with *L*
Valliere, out of reſpect with-drew, ſ
that he remained all alone with her. H
told her whatever a tender and violen
Love can put iu the mouth of a Witty an
Paſſionate Lover, aſſured her his Flam
ſhould be perpetual; that he beg'd no
that favour with the common deſign o
Men, but that he might only have th
ſatisfaction to perſwade himſelf by con
tinual Reflections on his Happineſs tha
ſhe had now no cauſe to doubt, but tha
his heart was wholly at her diſpoſal. O
the other hand ſhe aſſured him, that no
thing but Love could have made he
grant that favour, that ſhe was not daz
led with greatneſs; that ſhe Loved hi
Perſon, and not his Royalty; and in fine
having told him; pitty, Sir my weakneſ
ſhe allowed him that raviſhing enjoymen
for which the greateſt men in the Worl
ſpend many Vows and Prayers. Neve
Maid ſung ſo loud the Obits of an expi

ring

ring Virginity ſhe many times redoubled her Notes, for the *King* was braver than can be imgin'd, and like himſelf defied all Oppoſition. After he had received the favour he felt in himſelf new acceſſes of Love and ſwore to her, that if ſhe askt his Crown, he would willingly give it her. Next day coming again to ſee her he prayed him that they might conceal their Familiarities; for *Madame* (ſhe told him) beleived that he was in Love with her. It is certain, (he anſwer'd) That he could not harbour ſo much Treachery in his Heart, as to endeavour to impoſe upon her. But ſhould I beg it of you ſaid *La Valliere* to him.) Ah! how strangely do you put me to it, (Anſwered the King;) but I have told you, you may diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe. About Fort-night they continued *this* ſecret Commerce; but chance at length diſcovered it, which obliged the *King* and *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* to own the truth, and no more diſſemble. It cannot be expreſſed in what chafe and anger *Madame* was and how baſely ſhe thought her ſelf uſed; She is Lovely, high; and more than that, a Lady of Court. How, ſaid ſhe) prefer an ugly, crooked Citi-

zens

zens Daughter of *Tours*, to the Daughte
of a King, ſuch as I? She ſpoke of it t
both the *Queens* at *Varſilles*; but as
Virtuous Lady, who would not ſerve
a pretext for the *King*'s Amours: Th
Queen-Mother thought it expedient, tha
La Valliere ſhould be ſpoken to; and i
deed all the three gave her ſo ſharp a Le
ſon, that the poor Lady reſolved for th
reſt of her days, to take up her Quarte
in a *Nunnery*, there to Mortify her Bod
for the ſhort Pleaſures ſhe had taſted; an
too days after went to one, whether ſh
was no ſooner come; but ſhe deſired
Chamber and went into it there to b
wail the ſadneſs of her Condition. A
that time the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadours ha
publick Audience in the great Hall, whe
they are uſually received, many perſon
of Quality were there, and amongſt th
reſt the Duke of St. *Agnan*, who havin
for ſome time diſcourſed with the *Ma*
queſs of *Sourdis*, that talked very ſoftly
Anſwered aloud, and in a ſurprize
What, *La Valliere* in a *Monaſtery*? Th
King who heard only her Name, turne
towards them in great trouble, and ask
what the matter was; the Duke mad
Anſwer, *La Valliere* is in a *Nunnery*, a

Chall

Challiot. By good fortune the Ambaſſadours were diſpatch'd before, for in the Tranſport the *King* was put into by this News, he would have done things with little Conſideration. He commanded his Coach to be made ready; but without ſtaying for it, immediatly took Horſe: The *Queen* ſeeing him go away in this manner, told him, that he was not Maſter of himſelf. Ha! (replyed he, furious as a Young Lyon) if I be not of my ſelf *Madame*, I ſhall be of thoſe that provoke me: Having ſaid ſo, he departed, and at full ſpeed poſted to *Challiot*. So ſoon as he had asked for her, and ſhe was come to the grate: Ha! (cryed the *King* all bathed in tears) you take little care of the Life of thoſe that Love you: He would have Anſwered, but was hindred with Weeping: He prayed her preſently to come out, but ſhe reſiſted for a long time, alledging for her excuſe, the ill uſage ſhe might expect from *Madame*: In fine, (ſaid ſhe lifting up her eyes to Heaven) How weak are people that are in love, and I have no more ſtrength to withſtand! With that ſhe came out, and going into the Coach, which the *King* had Commanded to be brought;

This

This now (ſaid ſhe) will at length un
me: No (replyed her Crowned Love
I thank God I am *King* ; and I ſhall ma
it appear to any that dare be ſo bold
to diſpleaſure you. Upon the road
propoſed to give her a houſe, and re
nue, but that ſeeming too Conſpicuo
ſhe humbly thanked his Majeſty ; b
would not accept of it. So ſoon as t
King returned he told *Madame*, that
intreated her to look on *Mademoiſelle*
La Valliere, as a Lady whom he reco
mended to her more than his own Lif
Yes, (replyed *Madame* with a ſmil
I ſhall look upon her no more now, b
as a Lady at your ſervice. The *K*
ſeemed to ſlight that ſilly point ; b
continued his viſits with greater appli
tion than before, and ſent her continua
moſt rich preſents, even in the ſight
Madame. In the Mean time, the Ki
daily urged her to accept of a Houſe
her ſelf, which at length ſhe did ; o
(ſaid ſhe) that ſhe might have the gre
er conveniency of ſeeing him. He ga
her the *Palace* of *Brion*, which he himſ
ſaw furniſhed with the richeſt Furnitu
in *France*, to be changed four times a Ye
He hath honoured her Brother, thou

man of little worth, with a brave employment, and procured him for Wife and Heireſs, with an eſtate conſiderable enough for a Prince. The *Queen* was out of all patience, and almoſt dead of Jealouſy, for ſhe Loves the *King* and the *King* Loves *La Valliere*. Whilſt matters ſtood thus, the *King* fell ſick at *Varſailes*, and during his diſtemper, his Mind ran continually on his Miſtreſs, whom he would not ſee for fear of putting her into danger; but when all fear was over, the Duke of St. *Agnan* by order from the *King* went for her and brought her to an adjoyning Chamber, where ſhe ſtaid a little, becauſe the *Kings* Bed-Chamber was full of Viſitants, No ſooner had the Duke entred, and acquainted the *King* that *La Valliere* was come; but he willing to do diſmiſs the Company, made a bow to the Prince, telling him he muſt needs Write and give anſwer to a Packet he had juſt then received, and ſo delay'd not a minute the ſeeing of his dear *La Valliere*. O Heavens! (ſaid ſhe upon her entrance, with a tone, ſpeaking the moſt tender paſſion) Fortune does again reſtore me to my deareſt Prince! Yes my ſweet Child (replyed he) to love you

more ardently than ever; with that he ſhew'd her the Letter ſhe had ſent him, which he carried in his Boſom, and was conceived in theſe Terms.

IT is the report of all that you are very ill; perhaps it may be only raiſed to afflict me; it is likewiſe ſaid, that you are diſquieted at that late rumour: In theſe troubles, I demand from you the Life of my Lover, and I freely renounce the ſtate; yea and the whole World, What is the reaſon, if you love me as People ſay, that you will not ſee me? Farewell, ſend for me to Morrow; I mean if my anxiety ſuffer me to live till that day.

The *King* kiſt that Letter before her a Thouſand times over, telling her, he was endebted to her for his Life and Tranquility: But ſome exceſs that he could not forbare with his beloved, caſt him into a Relapſe, and made him as bad as he was before. Nevertheleſs, his endeavour were not without effect, ſeeing at Nine Months end, *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* paid for her pleaſures by the pains of bring in into the World a little Daughter to the joy of the Father, whom it naturally reſembled. But to return

to

to the *Kings* in diſpoſition, which was more violent than laſting, you muſt know that he was no ſooner perfectly recoverd, but all the Ladies at Court made it their buſineſs to make him change his Love. *Madame de Chevreuſe*, who is now the tomb of Pleaſures as ſhe was heretofore the Temple; expecting nothing for herſelf; brought forth *Madame de Luyes*, one of the greateſt beauties in *France*, but of little or no Wit. The Dutches of *Soubize*, whoſe Eyes are continually ſkeering, had better ſucceſs than the Princeſs of *Palatine*, and the Counteſs of *Soiſſons*. The *King* it's true, imparted all to *La Valliere*, and made himſelf merry with it; and ſhe without ceremony, viſited the Princeſs *Palatine*, and profeſſed much civility and friendſhip to her. The *King* got Notice of it and was much vexed. How (ſaid he) ſo little Jealouſy? Ah! *Mademiſelle*, there can be no great Love then. Pardon me Sir, (anſwered ſhe) none are more Jealous in friendſhip than my ſelf; but I have too good an opinion of your Wit, to think that you would love a great Statue, and not a lump of Snow. This gave no Satisfaction to the *King*, who in that point,

is the moſt uneaſy Man Living; inſ
much, that without any reaſon, f
a whole Month together he did nothi
but torment her and Croſs her: For ſo
time ſhe endured all with extraordina
patience; but at length ſhe took him
roundly, which he ſuffer'd very quie
though diſpair appeared in his Ey
Meeting with *Belfonds*, he told him th
he was the happieſt of Men, in that Glo
was the ſole Object of his Love. A
Sir (replyed *Belfonds* wittily) Glo
is a Miſtreſs more tickleſs than a Woma
and I wiſh Heavens had given me a he
as ſenſible of Love, as it is of that oth
Paſſion; my life would thereby have be
much more happy. The *King* fetcht
Sigh, and made no anſwer; but next d
he ſaw *Mademoiſelle de La Motte* a bri
Beauty very agreeable, and full of W
He ſaid many obliging things to h
waited conſtantly on her, Sighed ofte
and in a word, did enough to make
be beleived that he was in Love wi
her, and to perſwade her Mother of t
ſame; who chid her daughter for n
Correſponding with the paſſion of
great a *Monarch*. All the Ladies th
were friends to my Lady *Mareſchal*, n

to consult about the matter, and having sufficiently urged, that we live not now in the silly simplicity of our Fore-Fathers, where a bare peice of Gallantry was reckoned an affront; and when a Maid never heard of Love till her Wedding day; that the World was since grown more polished and rational, and by a happy vicissitude, Love and Gallantry had reception in all places: They lesson'd that Lovely Young Lady, whose heart was secretly engaged to the Duke of *Richelieu*, which made her take no delight in the passion of the *King*, nor in the counsel of her Relations. In the mean time the *King* went daily to *La Valliere*, and there did nothing but Muse and Read, without scarce speaking a word. None but *Monsieur de Vardes*, and *de Bussy*, touched on the right String; and dayly talked, that it was nothing but some little amorous disgust. In effect the *King* looked Yellow, went no more a Hunting, Laughed by constraint, and in a Humor, put himself quite out of Humor. He opened his mind to the Duke of St. *Aignan*, in such terms as made it appear he was caught for ever. Yes, yes, (said he to the Duke) if ever Man was to be pit-

tied, I am he; I do nothing but wh
Racks and Torments me, and ſometim
my very Crown is a Burden; I am as mu
in love St. *Agnan*, as Man can be, a
but to ſure, that I am not beloved agai
or but ſo faintly, as will never give
content. Is there any thing however, tha
have not done, to make my ſelf beLove
Speak St. *Agnan*, but ſpeak ſincerely, d
deſerve to be beloved? D'ont you ſee th
all who have Loved in my Court, are
comparably better beloved than I? T
Duke, who is a man of parts, and pe
ceived that it was only the exceſs of t
Kings Paſſion, that brought him to th
paſs, ſpoke ſo obligingly for *La Valli*
that the *King* fell more in Love with h
and told him, that he could brag that
obſerved an inviolable fidelity to
Miſtriſs; but that he pretended to
beloved of her again. About Two
the Clock, the *King* had this diſcour
with the Duke, and about Seven he w
taken with ſtrange Pains in the Hea
and cruel Vomitings. The *Duke* went
La Valliere, and told her word for wor
what the *King* had ſaid to him.
Valliere made anſwer, that the *Kin*

Whimſ

Whimſies were the cauſe of all his troubles; but that for all that, ſhe was not of the humour to ask him Pardon for a Wrong ſhe was not guilty of, and that ſhe had cauſe to complain of him: And that it was not becauſe he was her *King* that ſhe had ſtudied to pleaſe him, but that ſhe would have done the ſame for any other, whom ſhe had loved ſo well.

In the mean time, the *King* had a very bad Night, and all the Court came to wait on him next Day. *de Vardes* ſaid a thouſand witty Things (which carryed a double Meaning) concerning his diſtemper; So that the Amorous Patient pray'd his Confident to go to his Miſtris, and to inform her of the Cauſe of his Indiſpoſition. She received it with extream Sorrow, and acknowledged her ſelf overwhelmed with Trouble; and that he would do her a great Kindneſs to carry that Note to the *King*, whereof theſe were the words.

IF one knew the Cauſe of your Troubles, Life it ſelf ſhould not be ſpared to give you Eaſe. But, Good God! *How vain a thing it is*

to tell you ſo! It is not I, who give your Majeſty either Content or Diſpleaſure.

The *Duke* made haſte to carry this Note to the *King* and found the Young *Queen* on his Bed-ſide. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw him St. *Agnan* (cryed he) I am a weak Man and much weaker than you can imagine. Upon that the *Queen* withdrew, and the *King* read over the Note twenty times. He made the *Duke* admire her way of Writing, but could not endure that cruel Word, *Your Majeſty*: And was ſtill ſpeaking of it, when *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* enter'd his Chamber with *Madame de Montauzeir*; to whom that Torch-light-Viſit was the occaſion of all thoſe Favours, which the *King* did afterwards beſtow upon her.

Mountauzier, for Conveniency and out of reſpect, withdrew to the end of the Room with the *Duke* and *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* ſate down on the *King*'s Bed-ſide, being in a negligent dreſs, which pleaſed the *King* very well who is obſervant of every thing; She beheld him with ſuch a Paſſionate and Languiſhing Look, as might aſſure him, that her Heart was eternally his: The *King* tranſported

ported with Joy, and having begg'd her Pardon, kiſſed her hand a Quarter of an Hour without ſpeaking a word, But How miſerable ſhould I be *Mademoiſelle*, if you took no pitty on me. In fine, they talked and conferred Notes together, ſpending, at ieaſt five Hours in muttering, *I Love you, you were in the wrong, your Heart decives you, we had reaſon to be content, let us Love eternally.*

Thus they entertained themſelves with ſoft and tender Words; And upon my faith I beleive, (but am not certain on't) that the *King* who got next day to viſit *La Valliers*, did not ſpend it ſo after that Reconciliation. Never was a more happy Life than theirs, They have taken ſo much pains to perſwade one another of their fidelity, and mutual love that they have left no more ground to doubt of it.

La Vallire has with her *Mademoiſelle d' Artiny*, a Lady of high Quality, and Beautiful as an Angel, whom ſhe loved exceedingly, and is now her dear Confident: They ſtand not on ceremonies before her, *God* having endued her with a good commodious Diſpoſition.

Madame de Soiſſons, who thought her ſelf

ſelf heretofore much in Favor, has born very impatiently *La Valliere*'s Advancement; inſomuch that ſeeing her one day go before the Daughter of an *Advocate* of Parliament, on whom *Madame de Soiſſons* exceedingly doted, ſaid aloud to *Madame de Vantadour*; *I alwayes thought* La Valliere *was Crooked but never knew ſhe was Blind.* *La Valliere* who heard this, was ſenſibly touched therewith; and could not forbear to complain of it to the *King* with moſt biting and moſt *Satyrical* Words againſt *Madame do Soiſſons.* The *King* was highly offended, and ſaid to her as he was taking leave, ſpeak freely, *Mademoiſelle*, tell me what I ſhall do to thoſe that affront you? and be aſſured nothing will be impoſſible for me to give you Satisfaction.

As he was coming out of her Lodgings, he met the Duke of *St. Agnan*, whom he commanded to come into the Coach; but ſaid nothing to him there, only as he was ſtepping out: Well, (ſaid he) becauſe I love a Lady muſt all *France* hate her; but railing ſhall not do the work. I will have you go immediately to *Madame de Soiſſons*, and tell her that I forbid her the *Court*. The *Duke* ask't him, if he had

had well conſider'd on that Order: Yes (replyed the *King*) ſo well that I'le have you put it preſently in Execution: But durſt I be ſo bold, (anſwered the *Duke*) I would put you in mind that heretofore you had ſome Eſteem for *Madamo de Soiſſons*. I underſtand you, (replyed the *King*) that's as much as to ſay, that I have loved her; No, take my word, I never did: She had not Wit enough ever to make any impreſſion upon me, unleſs when at the Age of Fifteen, ſhe talked to me of Colours, which pleaſed me moſt; ſo that I ſhall not deprive my ſelf of any thing that might obſtruct the Revenge, which I owe to *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere*. I beleive it, (anſwered the *Duke*;) But Sir, have you no reſpect to a great Family, and to the Memory of her Uncle? How little do you know me, St. *Agnan*, (ſaid he) if you think, that the Conſideration of a Family is more powerful than that of a Miſtriſs? How! Muſt Maſter ſuch a one, ond Madame ſuch another, be permitted to inſult over a Perſon whom I Honor? Can they have a Reſpect for Me, who diſpiſe thoſe I Love? Can inſolence riſe higher than, to ſlight what the King eſteems? And in ſhort, is not *La Valliere*

as

as good as a *Manchiny*? I wonder that *de Vardes*, who knows ſo well what it is to Love, hath not taught *Madame de Siſſons, that a Man is incomparably more concerned at that which is ſpoke againſt ones Miſtreſs, than himſelf.* Dod! theſe little Blades will in a ſhort time, give Rules to my Love! Parbleu! this is a happy State indeed; there is not a Gentleman in my Kingdom ſo inconſiderable, who will not have his Miſtriſs reſpected by his Friends and Servants: And a *King* cannot do the ſame? I proteſt tho, that come what will I ſhall do it, and will begin with *Madame de Soiſſons.* But (ſaid the *Duke*) have you well weighed the intereſt of *Mademoiſſelle de La Valliere*? Don't you think the *Queene* will be over-joyed to find a pretext of exclaiming againſt her; and giving out, that ſhe is only the Cauſe of diſorders; Ha! (replyed the *King* in great trouble) enough, enough; I have no more to ſay: but that I am the moſt unfortunate of all Men living. Can there be a man ſo mean, that does not revenge his Miſtriſſes Quarrel, and I cannot do it? You are in the right: The *Queens* will fall foul on that poor Lady; and hereafter, make it their buſineſs to

inſult

inſult over her, and abuſe her. My Ladies will like it they have ſo great a Kindneſs for me. having ſaid ſo, the tears came trickling from his Eyes for Anger and Vexation.

The *Duke* went and gave *La Valliere* a faithful account of all that had paſſed; who ſent by him this Letter.

HOw I Love you my Dear! and how well do you deſerve it! But I am vexed that my misfortunes do diſturb your pleaſures: But why call I that a misfortune, which is not ſo? No, I correct my ſelf; for ſo long as my Dear Prince *loves me I cannot be Unfortunate: Nothing can afflict me, but the loſs of him. Theſe are my Thoughts, let Yours be conformable; and let us ſlight thoſe who have no power to injure us. Farewel, Illuſtrions Lover; come ſooner than you are accuſtomed to do.*

No ſooner received the *King* this Letter, but he immediately departed: And what kindneſs paſt between them in Word and Deed, there are ſome that Well know.

Whil'ſt Matters ſtood thus, the King ſaw the *Counteſs* of *Soiſſons* in the Garden of

of St. *Clou*, and put many ſlights upon her.

About a Fortnight after the *King* having ſpent his time with *La Valliere* from Noon till Four of the Clock next Morning, was coming to Bed; in his Chamber he found the Young *Queen* in her Petty-Coat ſitting by the fire with *Madam de Chevreuſe*, and being ſtill diſpleaſed with her upon *La Valliere*'s account, he asked her very coldly, why ſhe was not gone to Bed? I ſtaid for you (ſaid ſhe, with a dejected Countenance) By your Looks, (anſwered the the *King*) you are willing to ſtay very often for me. I know that very well (replyed ſhe) for you take much more Pleaſure in my Enemies, then in my Company. The *King* look'd upon her with ſome what of Diſdain, and told her in a jeering manner; Alas! *Madame*, How came you to be ſo well informed? And turning from her, Go to Bed (ſaid he) *Madame* and take your little reaſons to ſleep with you. The *Queen* was ſo touched at this, that ſhe threw her ſelf at the *King*'s Feet, who was walking in her Chamber. Well, *Madame* (ſaid he) what would you ſay? I would ſay, (anſwered the *Queen*) That do to me what you

you Pleaſe, I ſhall ever love you. And (ſaid the *King*) ſhall ſo carry my ſelf, that you ſhall have no cauſe of trouble. But if you would oblige me, give no more ear to *Madame do Soiſſons* nor to *Madame de Navilles*, the *King* named to her *Madama de Navilles*, becauſe ſhe had claſhed with *La Valliere* ; and perſiſting to urge, that *La Valliere* had never any Kindneſs for her, even before ſhe was in favour, the *King* dimiſſed both her and her Huſband.

Two months after the *King* took a fancy to have *La Valliere* introduced to the *Queens* ; and ſhe had a great deſire to be received into their Favour, For that effect he ſpoke to *Madame de Mountauzier* ; who by the *King*'s ſpecial Order, went immediately to the Chamber of the *Queen Conſort*. *Madame* (ſaid ſhe to her) it is the pleaſure of the *King*, that I muſt deliver to you a Comiſſion, which I am afraid will not be acceptable : It was not in my power to decline it : And the thing is *Madame*, that he intreats your Majeſty would receive *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere*, who is deſirous to pay you her Reſpects. She may forbare if ſhe pleaſe, there is no need of that, (replyed the *Queen*)

Queen) But durſt I tell your Majeſty (ſubjoyned *Madame de Montauzier* that complying with the *King*'s deſi will certainly affect him; and on the co trary, your denial will exaſperate hi For in a word if the *King* love that Lad your Reſervedneſs towards her, will nev Cure him, So that you may do an a more glorious for your Majeſty, if y will overcome the little Repugnanc which with-ſtands the Will of the *Kin* and if you think fit to follow the Examp of ſo many Illuſtrious Ladies, who ha nobly done ſo, when their Husbands we in Love. But *Madame* (interrupted t *Queen*) The way to ſee that Lady? love the *King* and the *King* loves no but her. The King who over heard a came briskly in; and in his preſence ſurprized the Queen, that ſhe bluſhed an fell a bleeding at the Noſe, which ga her a pretext to remove.

Three Days after ſhe was brought t Bed of a little *She-Black*, which had a moſt coſt her her Life. The whole *Co* were at their Prayers for her, the *Quee Mother* melted in tears by her Bed-ſid and the King appeared Melancholly But ſtill continued his private Viſits t

L

La Valliere, and gave her a Thouſand marks of his Love.

In the mean time, the Young Queen, in Preſence of his Mother, and Confeſſor, prayed him to give *La Valliere* in marriage. The King, who cannot diſſemble, could not reſolve to grant their Deſire; only being put into a plunge, told them, That if ſhe was willing, he ſhould not oppoſe it; and that they might think on a Match for her. They thought of *Monſieur de Vardes*, as the Man at Court moſt qualified to inſinuate into a Ladies Affection. But *de Vardes* was over Head and Ears in Love with *Madame de Soiſſon*: So that when the Matter was propoſed to him, he fell a Laughing, and told them, they were very Pleaſant; but he was not a Man for Matrimony. *Madame*, who knew *de Vardes* his Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Soiſſons*, gave her a Viſit, to condole with her, if her Lover ſhould conſent to that Marriage: And upon that occaſion, offered her her Services, by engaging the *Count de Guiche* (the Marqueſs his intimate Friend) to diſſuade him from it. Theſe are the two admirable Gallants, that have contracted together ſo ſtrict a Tye of Friendſhip, and

are the Confidents of one anothers A
mours.

De Vardes paid a Viſit to the Counteſ
and made her exceedingly prize the R
fuſal he had made of *La Valliere:* F
(ſaid he to her) it is not nicety; I val
not the Familiarity that the King has h
with her. The late *Count de Moret*, m
Father, who was as much a Gentlema
as any in *France*, married one of the M
ſtreſſes of *Henry the Fourth*, from who
I am Deſcended. You may believe the
that that would not ſtartle me: Beſide
having no Kindneſs for the King, I ſhou
be over-joyed to rob him of his Delight
But, *Madame*, (continued he, with
paſſionate and charming Accent!) it i
your eyes that hinder me, which woul
never after look upon me again wit
Kindneſs; or rather, it is the Poſſeſſio
of your Illuſtrious Heart, which I ſhould juſt
ly forfeit, did I but yield to give you ſuch
Diſcontent. I ſwear by your Self, (whic
to me is a ſacred Thing) that I ſhall neve
conſent to any Engagement, how advan
tagious ſo ever it might prove to me
The Counteſs was ſo Charmed with thoſ
generous and tender Sentiments of he
Lover, that ſhe could not tell how to ex
expreſs to him her Joy. *Madame*,

Madame, accompanied with the *Count de Guiche*, came juſt in the Nick of this their Extaſie; to whom they imparted all: And this was a Pleaſant Society united amongſt them, every one promiſing mutual good Offices to one another.

In the mean time, our two Loving Couple reſolved to break up a Commerce more Virtuous and Witty, than their own: For that Effect they Wrote a Letter to the *Signora Molina*, which the *Count* turned into *Spaniſh*; whereby they informed her of the Slight the King made of the Queen, the Love he had for *La Valliere*, and ſeveral other things of that Nature. For it is to be obſerved, that the Indignation of *Madame* againſt *La Valliere* ſtill laſted; and that the Counteſs mad, that her Lover was deſigned for her.

The *Signora Molina* ſhewed the King his Letter, who let *De Vardes* ſee it; and complained of it to him, as a faithful friend. *Love muſt certainly be a Violent Paſſion, in that it changes Mens Inclinations in a trice:* For *De Vardes* is known to be a Man of Sincerity, and even Ingenuity it ſelf: Nevertheleſs, his Remorſe for

that Perfidiouſneſs towards his King was but Superficial; it laſted but fro the *Louvre*, to the *Hotel de Soiſſons*: Whe finding his Miſtriſs and Confidents, th rally'd the King with much liberty, c ling him *Bragadocio*, as if the Pleaſur of Love were only for his Enjoymen The *Count* and *Madame* ſent often to o another Letters in theſe Terms, becau the King had debarred them a little fro the Freedom of their Viſits.

About this time it was, that the *Cou* diſguiſing himſelf in Womens Appare was obſerved in the Room, by the Que of *England*: And it was ſhortly after, th the King commanded him to go to *Ma ſeilles*, and to depart the very ſame Da without going to wait on *Madame*. G knows how he obſerved that Order; f the ſame Hour he came to ſee her in h Boots: Well! *Madame*, (cryed he at t Door) I brave the King, and the S preme Powers, that I may come and ta my Leave of you; and am too Happ if you alone (who are to me All in A do but aſſure me, that into what Pla my wretched Fortune ſhall guide me, y will ſtill wiſh me well. Yes, *Madame*, I am now tranſported with Grief, I n th

ther fear the Anger of the King, nor that of the Queens: I am only apprehenſive of the Rigor of a long Abſence. No (replied *Madame*, all in Tears, and Embracing him in her Arms) No, no, dear *Count*, nothing ſhall ever deſtroy the Affection, which I have bequeathed to you; and I ſhall not be behind with you, in deſpiſing every thing: Only love me, my Dear, and never forget me. So after many Lamentations and Embraces, they were neceſſitated to ſeparate.

Shortly after, ſome malicious Deſigns were framed againſt the Life of *La Valliere*: For the King, who loved her more paſſionately than ever, and who diſcovered the Greatneſs of her Affection, (when that Propoſition of Marriage was made to her) viſited her thrice a Day with an Aſſiduity that gave ſufficient Marks of his Love; not but that ſhe was extreamly concerned at the Liberty which he allowed her before the Queens, of taking a Husband: Are you the ſame (ſaid ſhe) that I have heard ſwear, that the moſt cruel of Deaths, is nothing in in reſpect of ſeeing the Perſon whom one loves, in the Arms of another? Are you He that ſaid, That on ſuch occaſion

Daggers and Poiſon were the only Reme-
dies? No, no, you are not; but to my
great Misfortune, I am ſtill the ſame I
was: Yet nevertheleſs, I perceive it wa
now time for me to examine my Reſolu-
tion, and to try if my Courage will b
able to afford me any Conſolation, whe
I ſhall ſhortly be deprived of your Heart
But (replied the King) put your ſelf i
my Place, and in God's Name tell me
what you would have anſwered? Wha
could I have ſaid leſs, ſeeing a Queen a
the Point of Death, conjuring me to giv
you in Marriage? How could I have ſpok
ſo cruelly as you would have had me, tha
I would do nothing? Was in not enoug
to ſay, That if you were willing, I ſhoul
not be againſt it? Had I ſo much Reaſo
ſtill to doubt of your Paſſion, as not t
rely on your Fidelity? No, I did yo
more right in truſting to the Sincerity o
your Heart: How many would there hav
been, who not being ſo averſe fro
Treachery as I am, would have grante
all to a dying Queen: But thanks to m
Love and and Integrity, I could never ſ
far prevail upon my ſelf, as to ſay that
would endeavour it. Now that my Ver
tue is ſo ſcrupulous, will you not confid
in

in me? Do not you credit my Words as your own Eyes? There is nothing more certain, (anſwered *La Valliere*) than that I believe you have much Vertue: Ah! if it be poſſible, my dear Prince, have as much Love; for in ſhort, I now declare to you, that it is eaſie for me to dye, but that it is impoſſible for me to ſhake off an Engagement ſo powerful as yours; and that I had rather renounce to live, than to be without the charming Hopes that you have given me: Love me then, for if you give over, I well perceive that after the Loſs of your Heart, my Life will ſeem tedious to me. What a baſeneſs would it be, (cryed the King, embracing her Knees!) if having heard what now I hear, any but you ſhould ever get Poſſeſſion of my Heart. So having aſſured her of an Eternal Conſtancy, he bid her farewel till next Day.

About this time it was (as I told you) when the King ſpent almoſt whole Nights with her, never leaving her until Three of the Clock; that one Night, juſt as he was gone, and ſhe began to fall aſleep, her little Dog awakened her by his Barking, and ſhe hearing a Noiſe at her Win-

dows, and the Tread of Feet in her Chamber, fled into her Maids Room: All the People of the Houſe ſaw the Ladders of Cord, which made ſo great a Noiſe next Morning, that it came to the King's Ears, and he immediately went to her, that he might learn the Truth of the Matter. So ſoon as he had it from her own Mouth, he was ſtrangely troubled; and the ſame Week appointed her Guards, and a Steward of her Houſe, who was to taſte of every thing ſhe ſhould Eat. Every one diſcanted on this according to their Humor; but the Wiſer knew from whence the Bolt was ſhot. Since that Accident the King's Love has daily increaſed, and the fear of loſing her has made him many times grow Pale in Company. *Madame*, who is not altogether of that Temper, continued her Diverſions, tho' the Count of *Guiche* was abſent: One Day when ſhe was diſcourſing with the King, ſhe endeavoured again to wheadle him; for pulling a Handkerchief out of her Pocket, ſhe dropt a Letter written by *Monſieur de Vardes*, which gave a Poſitive Account of the whole Letter that was written to the *Signora Molina*, concerning the King's

Love

Love for *La Valliere*, and wherein (as it was his Cuſtom) he called him Young *Bragadocio:* Never was man more ſurprized than the *King* was: And finding that *de Vardes*, in whom he confided, was a complice in the trick. he ſpoke of it to *Madame* without paſſion, but with extream Grief, which gave ſufficient evidence of his good diſpoſition: She who valued nothing, provided ſhe could juſtify the *Count de Guiche* frankly confeſſed to the *King* the whole intriegue of the Counteſs of *Soiſſons* and *de Vardes*: the *King* ſent for *de Vardes*, and having bitterly reproached him for his infidelity, baniſhed him. The Trouble that Madame *de Soiſſons* was in, cannot be expreſt, when ſhe came to know this News, which *de Vardes* informed her of by this Letter.

I Would tell you, Madame, the Nature of my Grief were I not a fraid to involve you in my Misfortune, which I ſhould embrace with Courage, did it not ſeparate me from you for ever. I expect from Deſpair a ſudden death, that will put an End to all my Miſeries, and give me that Repoſe, which for a long time I wanted. In God's *Name, Madame, now and then beſtow a thought upon*

an

an Honeſt, but unfortunate Lover; and make a generous Reſolution not to be diſcouraged at the croſſes you are to meet with, Ah! Madame, were I with you at this Minute, I would diſcloſe my Heart at your Feet.

Madame went to viſit her, and endeavored to comfort her, aſſuring her that *Monſieur de Vardes* would ſpeedily return which eaſed her a little: But at length finding no accompliſhment of her Promiſes and having recommended to her the Care of her Lover, and uppraided her Treachery, ſhe loſt all Patience; and finding the *King* in one of her Fits of Anger, diſcovered all to him; not valuing her own ruine, if ſhe could but undo the *Count de Guich.* She ſucceeded in her Enterprize, for the *King* ordered him to be Baniſhed: Next both She and her Husband, took the pains to taſt of the ſame cup; and none but *Madame* eſcaped whom the *King* hath never ſince loved nor eſteemed.

During thoſe Tranſactions, the *Duke of Nazarin*, who plays the Saint, demanded private audience of the *King*, and had it in his diſcourſe he entertained the *King* with a viſion that he had, the whole King-

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dom was like to be turned topſie turvey if he forſook not *La Valliere*; and gave him that advice in the name of God: And I (replyed the *King*) counſel you in my own Name, to have a care of your brain, which is ſadly out of frame; and to make Reſtitution of all that your Uncle hath unjuſtly got: The *Duke* made a moſt humble Reverence, and marched off.

Poor Father *Annat* (the *King*'s Confeſſour) inſpired by the *Queens*, went to him likewiſe, and pretended a deſire to leave the *Court*, cunningly inſinuating, that it was becauſe of his commerce with *La Valliere*. The *King* Laughing, bid him freely be gone. The *Father* finding himſelf ſnapt, would have taken up the Matter; but the *King* ſtill Laughing, told him, that hereafter he would have none but his *Pariſh-Prieſt*. It cannot be expreſſed, how much all of his Order were offended at him, for his Lack of Prudence.

Two or Three Months after, the *Queen-Mother* reſolved to make her laſt attempt: She ſpoke to him in the Accent of a Mother, and with Terms of tender affection; praying his Majeſty to reflect on the Scandal that his publick Love occaſioned. The *King*, who is not to be played with

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on that point, and who is ſtedfaſt in his Reſolutions, replyed to her; Ah! *Madame*, ſhould one beleive all that is ſpoken? I thought that your *Majeſty*, leaſt of any, ſhould have preached that Goſpel: However ſince I never made Obſervations on other Peoples affairs, I think they ought to do the like as to mine. The Prudent *Queen* held her Peace.

The *King* at night in his Cloſet, calling to mind that Converſation, ſaid openly, that he could not indure thoſe Creatures who having loved with all imaginable liberty themſelves, will needs cenſure the Actions of others; and becauſe Pleaſures forſake them, they are mad that any ſhould be in a condition of Enjoyments; when we are weary of Loving and Living, we ſhall ſpeak as they do. Conſider (ſaid he) *Madame de Chevreuſe*, Can any thing be bolder, than that that Womnn ſhould ſpeak againſt Gallantry? A Dutches of *Eguilon* alſo a Princeſs of *Carignan*, and generally all the Ladies at *Court*, are much the ſame. Then turning towards *Roquelaure*, In good Faith (continued he) Gallantry hath alwayes been, and will ever be: Thoſe that are not talked of, are either more ſecret in their

Affairs

Affairs, or mannage them with ſome baſe and inſignificant fellow, or, in a word, are ſo ſilly, that no Body minds them. The *King* being in a good Humour, had a little Fling at all our Ladies; he ſpoke of *Madame de Chaſtillon*, and the *Prince*, *Madame de Luines*, with the Preſident *Tambonneau*, the Princeſs of *Monacco*, with *Pegelin*, the Ladies of *Angouleſme*, *Vitry*, *Valentinois*, *Vienne*, *Soubize*, and *Brezy*; with their Beloved *Feuillade*, *de Vivonne*, *le Teleiere* and *Humieres*; and heartily Laughed at all.

Next a day troubleſome accident changed his Joy into Grief; for being with his Miſtreſs as Fine and Lovely as an *Adonis* and engaged in a concern wherein a third Party is never admitted, the poor Soul was taken with that diſtemper, which makes Women cry out ſo much, and that with ſo much Violence, and terrible Fits, that never was Man in more Perplexity, than our *Monarch*. All in diſorder he called out at the Windows for help, and bid in all haſt, call the Ladies *Montauzier*, and *de Choiſi*, whil'ſt a Maid of *La Vallieres* ran for the common Mid-Wife; but all came too late, to ſave the moſt ſtately Veſt that ever was, (being em-

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broidered and ſet with Diamonds and Pearls) from carrying of ſame marks of the diſorder. The Ladies upon their Arrival found the *King* ſweating like an Ox; having ſupported *La Valliere* in her pains; who was ſo cruel as to make him tear a Whisk worth a thouſand Crowns, whilſt ſhe hung about his Neck. She could ſuffer no other hands to come near her, but thoſe that are appointed for the managing of Scepters and Crowns. In a word, in this Juncture, the *King* did Things, if not beſeeming and neat, at leaſt very paſſionate. It is certain, that he was like to Dye, (when *Madame de Choiſi* cryed like a Fool) ſhe is dead; *Madame de Mountauzier* beleived it alſo; for ſhe ſounded a away in a violent fit. In the Name of God (cryed the *King* bath'd in tears, reſtore me *La Valliere* and take all that I have! He was upon his knees at the foot of the Bed, immoveable as a Statue, unleſs now and then, when he made ſuch Lamentable and Heavy out-cries, that the Ladies and Phyſicians ſeem'd drowned in tears: at length ſhe came to her ſelf again, and looking about her for the *King*, *Madame de Mountazier* deſired him draw near the Bed: She ſqueezed his hand

hand; but with ſo much weakneſs, that the *Kings* Grief increaſing, they were fain to pull him from her, and lay him on a Bed.

It was a little Boy that gave ſo much Trouble to our Maſter: Which was quickly mitigated by the Soveraign Medicines that were adminiſtred by the Phyſicians. So ſoon as ſhe was a little eaſed of her pains ſhe asked *Madame de Montauzeir*; What ſhe thought of the *King*'s Love? but in ſuch a manner as being her ſelf raviſhed therewith. *Madame de Mountauzier*, who was indeed ſurprized at what ſhe had ſeen, told her ſincerely, That one could not have too much love for a Prince, who loved ſo paſſionately.

It cannot be expreſſed, how Affectionately he thanked our Ladies; aſſuring them, that he ſhould make Royal acknowledgments, for the Service they had then done him: And in truth it is well ſeen, that he hath been as good as his Word. *La Valliere* cannot have too great an Eſteem of the Marks that the *King* has given her of his love; it being certain that his heart is naturally ſo dilicate, that he cannot endure the impurities of a Child-

Bed;

Bed; and hath always been obſerved with great Reluctancy to enter the *Queen* Chamber when ſhe was in that condition. Nevertheleſs he was conſtantly nailed to *La Valliere's* Beds-Head, and with his own Hands gave her Broths, and did often eat in her preſence. But for all the Care and Pains he was pleaſed to take, his face one is almoſt quite bent to one Side, which is much weaker than the other; and withall, ſo terribly Extenuated, that nothing now renders her Body Lovely, but the Charms of her Wit; which indeed does make ſuch daily improvement, that in all Appearance, the Love of thoſe Two is like to be perpetual.

La Valliere is certainly the object of that great paſſion which will alwaies raviſh the Heart and Soul of the *King*; all others being but ſudden flaſhes, deſigned only for the ſatisfaction of his body, and to expire with the enjoyment. It is my opinion likewiſe that the *Count de Guich* will for ever Love *Madame*; But I will not affirm that *Madame* will alwayes love the *Count*, for that Fair Princeſs cares not for old prentenſions; and if ſhe do nothing yet ſure I am ſhe'll give people occaſion to think enough.

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In the mean time, the *Count* hath written to his Father, beſeeching him to employ his intereſt, to procure the places that were his, to be conferred upon his Brother the *Count* of *Lovigny*: That he is reſolved never to ſet Foot in *France*; but more than death to ſhun that Miſerable and Ungrateful Country: That he has no Love nor eſteem for his King, no Virtuous nor Generous Friends, nor any agreeable Society, ſeeing the Wife whom he marryed by his order, does no ways pleaſe him; that he cannot, nor never could Live contentedly with her, that it was a weak reaſon to alledge to him her Beauty, ſince none of her charms affected him: That therefore, he would be pleaſed to ſell his Eſtate, which he knew well enough where to ſettle again; and that no Countrey is ſo pleaſant, as that where one Loves. The *Mareſcal* was grieved at this; but has armed himſelf with Reſolution.

Madames Vexation hath been much more Violent; and ſhe hath choſe the Dutches of *Crequi*, for the confident of her grief. This is one of the Loveliеſt Ladies at *Court*: She is tall and Brown her Eyes glance Languiſhing Looks, her

Mouth is pretty, and has extraordinar
Wit; She is a little Melancholly, an
inclined to Devotion: But Nature in h
now and then, ſurpaſſes Grace, a goo
Catholick but better *Roman*. I know no
how St. *Peter* will pardon her for havin
invaded his territores, and ſhared wit
him in his Empire. I ſpeak now of m
Jolly *Legate*, who every one knows t
be the hanſom'ſt man living; and th
none under an Angel, can challenge fro
him the prerogative of Beauty. He
of a vaſt Wit, couragious, inſinuatin
underſtands the Knack of Flattery: H
hath a very tender heart for Women,
very Honeſt and paſſionately loves m
Lady *Crequi*, who without doubt is n
Ungrateful: Both *Church* and *Court*
Eccho her Conqueſts; for the *Count*
Froulay is alſo much in love with he
But to conſider him one would think th
Love were the God of the ſick or of th
mad, he made ſuch hidious cryes and L
mentations. But we will leave him ther
that we may liſten to *Madame*; who co
plains to the Dutcheſs, of the little ca
the *Count* takes to ſend her News
him.

Well now, my Dear (ſaid ſhe) what thi
yo

you of that ungrateful Man, who having received a thouſand marks of my tender Affection, hath left me without hopes of returning, abandoned to the extremity of Sorrow. I know (poor Wretch!) that the *King*'s Order made him withdraw: I acknowledg that my Dear; But you will likewiſe grant, that if he love me ſo paſſionately as he hath always profeſſed, he would labour to pacify the *King*. But, Alas! it is to evident that the averſion he hath from him, and reſentment againſt his Enemies, is attributed to the Love he hath for me. Having then wiped her fair Eyes, She made two *Stanza*'s of a Song, and ſung them to a Melancholly Air.

I.

Fair Iris *by a River, ſide,*
(Her lovely eyes ore flow'd with tears)
Thus to Young Celimene *cry'd;*
Ah! nouriſh in thy breaſt juſt Fears
Of Men for they our tender Sex
Still with their fonl inconſtancies perplex.

II.

Beleive not, lovely Maid, tho Men
With eager Vows perſue thy Love :
With coldneſs anſwer them agen;
Thee, never let their courtſhips move.
For be the Traitors but one Week away,
They their falſe vows will to another pay.

This my Dear (ſaid ſhe to the *Dutcheſs*) is my opinion of all Men in general: Not that I doubt, but that there are ſome ſeceret Familiarities, where one may find fidelity and Conſtancy. Ha! *Madame* (replyed the *Dutcheſs*) you are much in the right: There are ſome happy people in the World, who make no noiſe nor deſire any other Witneſſes of their Integrity than themſelves; and without doubt that is the Greateſt. But I profeſs I cannot be perſwaded that Love which marches with Drums beating, and Colours flying, can be paſſionate and ſincere, no certainly it never is. Men have a kind of pride to outſtrip their Rivals; and it is Vanity that makes Ladies retain their Slaves: They would be extreamly vexed if it were not talked of at Court, That *Monſieur* the

Duke

Duke, *Monſieur* the *Count*, *Monſieur le Chevalier*, is in love with *Madame* ſuch a one: They are much more taken with the Pomp and Expence, than with Sighs and tears; ſo that it is no wonder, if ſuch commerce break up: For as Handſom Women are every where to be found, ſo Men recover as faſt as they loſe. But *Madame*, it is not ſo eaſy to find Ladies of clear Underſtanding, who are above Trifles, who have a tender and delicate Heart, and only love their Gallants for their Virtue, Love, and Fidelity. Never, (interrupted *Madame*) never did I ſo well before conceive the Pleaſures of a Secret Love: And indeed, *Dutches*, I perceive that our Lovely *Legate* hath inſpired into you a wiſe and diſcerning Heart; you ſhall tell me ſome Particulars of that at S. *Clou*, where I ſhall intreat your Company for ſome Days. She promiſed to do ſo, and parted on theſe terms.

Let us return to the *King*, who talks more at eaſe than theſe Ladies, of the Delight he takes in Loving, and in being Beloved.

The *Duke* of St. *Agnan*, and *Madame de Montauzeir*, thoſe he entertained, when upon a debate ariſing betwixt the Duke

Lady, concerning the effects of a prompt inclination; The *King*, to ſhew either his Wit, or his Memory, I know not which; but it is certain, that he wrote in a Table-Book, and ſhewed theſe Four Lines.

How little is true, what ſome beleive,
That Hearts at the firſt ſight, do Love conceive.
And yet theſe Flames are kindled by a Glance,
That after to the greateſt Heights advance.

It is to be well conſidered how Divine and Ravſhing this is. He would have *Madame de Mountauzeir*, who does whatever he pleaſes, write likewiſe ſomething concerning her Love, ſhe declined it as much as ſhe could, but at length made theſe following Lines upon what the *King* ſaid, that he was reſolved to ſatisfy his own Heart; and that he Laughed at thoſe who ſpent their Life in cenſuring the Actions of others.

Thoſe tender Sentiments, can any blame,
That now your Heart to gentle Love do frame?

Since

Since all Men know, Love's ſoft yet noble
Heat.
Makes a Young Prince both generous and
great.
Love in a Monarch *greatly I eſteem,*
And think a Quality ſo worthy him.
That where 'tis wanting one may all Things
fear,
As one may all Things hope, if Love appear.

The *King* returned the Praiſes that *Madame de Montauzier* had given him, and obliged the Duke alſo to employ his Muſe; which indited to him theſe Verſes.

Yes, mighty Love is of all Paſſions King,
And does attendant Virtues with him bring.
He ſpurs on noble hearts to their great Fate,
And every Hero's *Breaſt does animate.*

Madame de Mountauzier had more Wit than to neglect ſo fair an occaſion of making her Court to the *King:* She told him that his Joy was imperfect, if *La Valliere* ſaw not little poetical Converſation: The *King* liked it well, and thought fit to puzzle her in ſendnig it by an unknown Hand, which they did; and there-to ſhe added what follows.

Nothing ſo pleaſant can one ever find,
As Love which merit kindles in the mind:
Could any joys upon poor Mortals ſmile,
If love from Human-life were in exile?
Ah! no; for love to live its Pleaſure
gave;
Life without Love, can ſmall Enjoyment
have.

The ſame Perſon that carry'd th
Table-Book to her, brought it back again
and the *King* appeared as impatient to ſe
the Anſwer, and opened the Book wit
as much Diſorder, as if he had expecte
the News of Victory, or Loſs of ſom
great Battle: So true it is that the mean
eſt thing coming from the Hands of
Miſtreſs is of great Conſequence to
Lover. He was raviſhed to find Verſes i
that paſſionate ſtrain, which he beleive
were compoſed to encourage him in hi
Love; ſo he ſtaid not long before h
went, and gave her proofs thereof: H
preſently render'd her a Viſit though h
found her as paſſionte as ſhe uſed to b
yet he found her in extream Melancholl
which was occaſioned (as ſhe profeſſed
by the Fear ſhe had, that he would no
ab

alwayes love her with the ſame Fervency: For (continued ſhe) think not that my Glaſs deceives me; I well perceive, that for the future my perſon is not like to prove too agreeable; I have loſt almoſt all that could pleaſe: And in a Word, have reaſon to fear, that Your Eyes having no more Satisfaction in me, you will caſt them on ſome of the Beauties of your Court, that may give them more content: However, I dare be bold to ſay, that you ſhall never find in another, what you have found in me. I underſtand what you would ſay (replyed the *King*, with extream paſſion;) yes I know that I ſhall never find in any, thoſe Divine Characters that have charmed my heart; that I ſhall never find in any but your ſelf, that admirable and raviſhing Wit, which can render ones Life Happy and Pleaſant with you in the Solitude of remoteſt Deſerts. Wrong not then, by your Unjuſt Suſpicions a Prince who adores you; and beleive, that I ſhall never find in any that Heart that I eſteem ſo much, and on the Fidelity whereof, I wholly rely. I fancy there is none but it, that can Love as I deſire to be Beloved. What Trouble ſhould I have to diſcern whether thoſe

frisking

frisking Laſſes loved me or my Granduer, whether they delight to ſee a *King* at their feet. would not pleaſe them more than the exceſs of my love, could move their paſſion? But as for you, I am perſwaded, you have a Soul above Crowns and Diadems; that I pleaſe you better in the Quality of a Paſſionate *Lover*, than in the Charecter of a great and powerful *King*; and that you ſometime deſire, that I had not been born of a Throne, that you might have enjoyed me with greater freedom. Think with your ſelf then if knowing your ſentiments to be ſo Virtuous and Heroick, I can ever change for the Beauty of ſome Faces, which the leaſt Fit of Sickneſs can deſtroy. No, no, *Madame*; imagine not that it was the Luſtre of your Complexion, or the Sparkling of your Eyes, that hath Charmed me; you gained me by your lovely Qualities, and ſhall never loſe me whil'ſt I enjoy Life. In a word it was the integrity of your Soul, your Wit, and Heart, which have fettered my Liberty, and engaged me to your Devotion. How Good you are, my Dear Prince (replyed ſhe) to employ the force of your eloquence to aſſure a Heart whoſe too much fear pro-

proceeds only from too much love! How happy am I that I love a Prince who ſees ſo clearly into my Heart: Yes (continued ſhe, embracing him) you have reaſon to beleive, that I was not dazled with your greatneſs, that I had no regard to your Crown when I loved you; and that your Perſon alone was the the object of my deſires, it is beleive me to amiable to ſtand in need of Thrones and Scepters, to add to its Worth, and would to God, I had a Thouſand Times ſaid to my ſelf, that my Dear Prince had no other Fortune and Eſtate, but what his Virtue hath entailed upon him, and that I might with him ſpend my life in a private Condition remote from Court and Grandure; but love has not long ſuffered me to make ſo unjuſt a Wiſh. I am too well convinced, that no man living but your ſelf deſerves to Command us, and that Heaven without injuſtice) could place nothing over us but ſuch illuſtrious Vertues as yours, which ought to be encompaſſed with Crowns and Purple. Tho I cannot in Modeſty (replyed the *King*) hear ſo high praiſes without ſome Confuſion; yet I cannot deny, your Diſcourſe has infinitely pleaſed me: For to be ſhort

nothing is ſo ſweet as to be eſteemed b
the perſon whom one loves: and no S
tisfaction Comes near that.

Mademoiſelle de La Valliere once mo
told the *King*, that ſhe would betake he
ſelf to a *Nunnery*, in caſe his paſſion t
wards her diminiſhed. And it cannot b
imagined what an affectionate Anſw
the *King* made her.

When the *King* was gone *La Vallie*
went to viſit the *Princeſs*; with who
were many Ladies of the Court, and ſ
veral Accompliſhed Gentlemen.

Sometime after the *King* came wi
much ſatisfaction in his looks, the *Duc*
eſs of *Mazarine* being there, flurted ou
two or three blunt ſayings to *Monſieur*
Rochquelaur: At which the *Prince* of *Cou*
tenay (who was in love with her) wa
ſo aſhamed that he bluſhed: The *Kin*
perceiving it in a Fit of Laughter roſe u
and told *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* pretty
ſoftly, That he thank't her for the Car
ſhe took, to ſpeak nothing but wha
was agreeable, and he would have dyed
if he had met with that which happened
to the *Prince* of *Courtenay*. *La Vallier*
likewiſe laughing told him that ſhe ha
reaſon alſo to thank him for the Great-

neſ

neſs of his Wit, and that ſhe perceived that ſhe ſhould have been hardly put to it as well as he, if ſhe had met with the like misfortune. The truth is *Monſieur de Buſſy*, who heard them, ſaid that no body could treat a Subject more Pleaſantly and maliciously than they handled that point.

In the mean time, the *Dutcheſs* of *Crequi* failed not to wait on *Madame* at the day appointed, for their going to St. *Clou*: There ſhe found *Phiſon* who was coming to ſee one of *Madames* Maids that were ſick: He is *La Vallieres* Phiſician, a Witty and Merry Man. When he underſtood the ladies diſtemper, courage (ſaid he) I have remedies for all things even for the hearts of lovers. Good now (replyed *Madame*) tell me them quickly; for I have Ten or Twelve that I would willingly cure provided it coſts me no more but ſome garden herbs. Ha! *Madame* (anſwered he) it coſts me not ſo much as Herbs it coſts me nothing but Words. In fine, *Phiſon* that would ſacrifice any thing for *Madames* Diverſion, told her how the *King* had ſent for him, and with much earneſtneſs if *Mademoiſelle La Valliere* could certainly live, and if her leanneſs was not a bad preſage. And what an-

anſwer did you give him (replyed *Madame*?) How! (ſaid he) can your highneſs doubt of that? I aſſure you that aſſured him of her long life with as much boldneſs, as if I had Credentials from God Almighty: I ſpoke like a man skilful in life, death and deſtiny. And perceiving the *Kings* Joy, I was within an Ace of Promiſing that Lady Immortallity. Good God! (cryed *Madame*) What ſcerets Charms has that Creature, to inſpire ſo great a Paſſion? I aſſure you (replyed *Phiſon*) her Body does not afford them. *Madame* diſmiſſed *Phiſon* and prayed him to acquaint her with all his little News.

An hour after our two ladies took Coach for St. *Clou*: Going thither they met *Madame de Chevreuſe*, with her concealed Husband *Monſieur de L' Agies*: But their heads at that time running on *La Valliere's* good Fortune, they had no diſcourſe of the happineſs of thoſe Two Perſons; tho' I know none greater. She ask't therefore the *Dutcheſs*, if ſhe knew any thing more happy than that Lady. Yes, *Madame* (replyed boldly the *Dutcheſs*) I know my ſelf to be happier than ſhe, when I ſee the *Legate*, for he is certainly a thouſand times more charmig than the *King*.

Ha!

Ha! (anſwered *Madame*) but the *King* tho, is too lovely for ſuch a creature as ſhe; and there are but few that can diſpute any thing with him. But *Madame* (replyed the *Dutcheſs*, with ſome Anger) you your ſelf cannot deny, but the *Cardinal Legat* is beyond compariſon Handſomer, Genteeler, and in my mind, more Witty than the *King*: As for Tenderneſs, and Paſſion, my Heart is ſufficiently ſatisfyed with that. It is certain, what you ſay (anſwered *Madame*) that the *Legat* has a better and more genteel Meen than the *King*; but as to Wit, you muſt know, that none can have more than the *King* hath with her whom he loves, nor yet greater Reſpect. Once more, *Madame* you know not how agreeable the *King* is, in private with a Lady, for whom he has a Paſſion: Imagine that one told you, that ſhe is the only Perſon in the whole World, whom he eyes with as much love and paſſion at the laſt minute of a Viſit ſeven or eight Hours long, as he did at the firſt; he ſacrifices every thing to her, appears wholly to depend on her, and does her a thouſand little kind Offices. In fine if what *Madame d' Artiny* told one of my Friends be true, as I do beleive it

is,

is, I know no man who loves ſo well as the *King*. How! *Madame*, no not the *Count de Guiche*? He is indeed Lovely (reply'd *Madame*) but not ſo paſſionate as the *King*. With that the *Dutcheſs* prayed her to perform the promiſe ſhe had made, to give her a ſhort Account, how ſhe came to diſcover that the *King* was in love with *La Valliere*. *Madame* condeſcended, and did it in theſe Terms.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE *King's* Feign'd Amour FOR Madame.

YOu'l certainly confeſs, my dear that it is ſomewhat pleaſant for a *Princeſs* of my Quality, to be made the May-game of ſuch a Girl as *La Vallieré*; yet this hath been my Caſe: And ſeeing you were not at that time at *Paris* I'le tell you the whole adventure.

You muſt know then, that ſhortly after I was Married to *Monſieur*, whom I could never love, the *King* who I think is in the ſame terms with the *Queen*, came pretty often to ſee me, and complained of the troubles of his heart, in no obliging or gallant manner; that ſince the

departure of *Madame de Collona*, he ſpent but few Hours of his Life, which ſeemed not tedious to him: this he often told us in preſence of the greateſt Beauties in *France*; and tho' we found his way not altogether ſo Courtly, yet we ſtrove who ſhould give him moſt Diverſion.

Being one day more Penſive than ordinary, *Monſieur de Rocquelaure* to draw him out of his dumpiſh Fit, unhappily fell into one of his merry Humours; and perſonating one of my Maids who was deeply in love with the *King*, ſaid that he would ſee the *King* no more, for the repoſe and quiet of his own heart, with many other things of that Nature, which *La Valliere* had really ſpoken, you know that he has a drolling way in what ever he ſayes; and then ſucceeded in it ſo well that he diverted the *King*, and whole Company. The *King* ask't who ſhe was but having obſerved no ſuch thing, he was not curious to inform himſelf further: Only was much taken with the Buffooneries of the *Sieur de Rocquelaur*.

Three days after the *King* going out of my Chamber eſpied *Mademoiſelle de Tonnechalaure* paſs by: *Rocquelaur* (ſaid he) I ſhould be glad that were ſhe who is in love with me. No Sir (replyed *Rocquelaure*) but there ſhe is, (pointing to *La-val-*

Valliere:) To whom he ſaid in Preſcence of us all, with a very pleaſant Accent; Come hither my pretty Languiſhing Eyes who can'ſt not love below a *Monarch*, This peice of raillery ſo extreamly diſ-compoſed her, that ſhe was quite out of countenance, tho' the *King* made her a low bow, and ſpeak to her with all imaginable civility. It is certain, ſhe made no impreſſion on the *King* that day; however he would have none to rally her upon that that Subject. Her Luck was better ſix days after, for ſhe entertained him moſt wittily, for the ſpace of two hours: And that was the fatal Converſation that won him into the engagement wherein he ſtill perſiſts.

You know very well, he would have been aſhamed to come to ſee that Maid in my houſe without viſiting me: And therefore he found a means to have it ſpread a broad about the Court, that he was in love with me: He ſpoke of it continually, prais'd my Air and Beauty; and in ſhort, I had the Complements of all my Friends upon the News.

In the mean time, he gave me no other proofs of his affection but continual Viſits: When he obſerved any approach my ear to tell me ſome little idle ſtory, he fell again into ſtrange Fits of Melancholly, he put

me often upon the discourse of his
Ones, obliging me to tell him every
punctilio that concerned her: And
I observed the cause of that Curiosity
be only because of what he had been
and that otherwayes I was glad to div
him, I entertained him on that Subj
as much as he pleased. He often saw
in private, and some times talkt dr
lingly, to countenance his Coversatio
But if I did but in the least seem to
spect any thing. I clearly saw by
Looks that he has (when he is offende
that he was not well pleased. He
quently called for her and was re
more pleasing and more prompt in
tertaining the company, than when
was not there.

In the mean time consider how I su
red thereby; No Body offering to co
into my presence, for fear of giving h
offence, save only the poor *Count de Gu*
who boldly visited me still. Good Go
How blind I was! I remember one da
when *Mademoiselle de Tonnechalaute* w
sick of a Feaver, *La Valliere* went to
her; so soon as the King knew of it, h
great surprize he started up, and w
himself to bring her away. Ah! *Mad*
(said the *Count* to me) the King is exce
ingly Civil if he be not in Love. I conf

beleived it not ſo much, being ſaid to the contrary: and the *Queen-Conſort* confirmed me in my opinion more than any other by her indifference towards me; which ſhe pretended, was occaſioned by my laughing one night, when ſhe had like to have fallen as ſhe was dancing here: *Monſieur* likewiſe gave me ſome angry hints of it, as I was a Hunting.

In reallity when I conſider on't, our prightly Lovers made themſelves verry Merry with my ſimplicity: But let us make an end.

One day when the *Counteſs de Maure* came to viſit me, *La Valliere* askt her if ſhe had not ſeen *La Tonnechalaute*, who was gone to wait upon her. You know the Humour of the *Counteſs*, who was her intimate Friend: She thought that *La Valliere* ſpoke not as became her, of her Kinſwoman and Friend, and complained of it to me. I do confeſs the Whimſie of that Lady ſeemed to me pleaſant, in that ſhe took it amiſs, that ſhe took it amiſs, that ſhe gave not the Title of *Mademoiſelle de Tonnechalaute*; but having a ſecret Grudge againſt *La Vailliere*, becauſe the Night before, the *King* had entertained her almoſt all the while, I took her up ſo ſharply before *Madame de Mauſ*; letting her know, that I put a great

Difference between her, and my oth
Maids and that of late I obſerved ſhe w
grown ſomewhat Conceited and Wi
that ſhe wept for Anger and Vexatio
But what of all incenſed her moſt, w
that ſhe had heard us with contempt j
at her pretended paſſion for the *King*. A
as you know that *Madame de Maur*
poſitive in deciding matters, ſhe ſp
of her as a Maid, who would at leng
fall in love with the *Heroes* of a *Roma*

We had not fully determined th
point, when the *King* entred my Cha
ber. I declare to you *Dutcheſs*, that
time he appeared to me the moſt Lov
Perſon that ever I had ſeen. But Go
God how ſoon did that charming jo
vaniſh, when he perceived *La Vaill*
enter by another door, with eyes ſwol
and red with weeping? No, I ſhall n
undertake to deſcribe to you that cha
which he endeavoured to hide, by telli
her laughing, That he had ſo much ki
neſs for her, that he was willing to be
formed of her Troubles. I beleive at t
time ſhe ſpoke very well of me to hi
for preſently after he departed ſayi
that he had ſeen me and that that
enough.

He returned however at Night, w
the *Queen*, attended by many Ladies. T

Qu

Queen ſhewed us a moſt lovely Bracelet of Diamonds, in the Middle whereof was the picture of *Lucretia* in water moſt richly ſet, being a Maſter-peice of art, and the Work of that Famous *Italian*, who hath made ſo much noiſe in the World. There was not a Lady amongſt us all, but would have given any thing for that pretty Toy: And to what purpoſe ſhould I diſſemble, I confeſs I thought it deſigned for me; and that if I ſhould but ſignifie my deſire of having it, the *King* would certainly ask it of the *Queen*; for none but himſelf would ever have obtained it from her. The truth is I omitted nothing that might perſwade him that that Preſent might prove acceptable, if he beſtow it on me: But he was ſo Melancholly, that he made me no anſwer. Nevertheleſs, he took it from *Madame de Soiſſons*, who had it in her hand, and ſhew'd it to all our Maids; and addreſſing himſelf to *La Valliere*, he ask't her, that ſeeing we were all ſo much taken with it, what was her opinion thereof. With a Languiſhing Accent, ſhe anſwered him that it was precious and rare. the *King* had neither the patience nor prudence to forbare deſiring it, till he was gone from my Lodgings; for with much Seriouſneſs, he prayed the *Queen* to truck it with

him: ſhe gave it him with a great de of joy; and God knows how I was tranſ-ſported, when I ſaw it in his hands. Whe the Company was gone, I could not for-bare to tell all my Maids, that I ſhould think my ſelf exceedingly diſappointed if next Morning I had not that Jewel; *La Valliere* bluſh't, and made no anſwer, but immediately departed, and *La Tonnecha-laute* followed ſoftly. She obſerved *La Valliere* as plainly as I can ſee you, look on that bracelet, kiſs it and then put it in her pocket. When *La Tonnechalaute*, with deſign to put her in fear made a loud cry which did indeed ſurprize her; but being again recovered, ſhe ſought for no Eva-ſion but freely told her. Well! *Mademoi-ſelle* (ſaid ſhe) you are privy to the *King's* Secret; it is a nice point, conſider of it therefore more than once. *Tonnechalaute* at this earneſtly entreated her, that ſhe would tell her the whole intrigue: And *La Vallier* without mincing the Matter acquainted her with the State of Affairs as then it ſtood.

Next Morning ſhe wrote to the *King* an account of all that Adventure: And about Two of the Clock came to my Lodgings where he diſcours'd almoſt an Hour with her. He offered to have removed her from me that very day (but ſhe would not) he gave

gave the Pendants and Watch you know of; and desired her that adorned with them, she should come into my Chamber, which she did. I ask't her before the *King* who had bestowed those Things on her: I did (said the *King*, with little Civility) at this I stood speechless; but the *King* having pray'd me to go to *Varsailles*, and take that Creature along with me, I took no notice of it at that time, till I might have the opportunity of doing it before the *Queens*. The *King* without doubt suspected as much, for that day he did us all the civility, to leave us in the Vain that then fell, and took *La Villiere* by the hand, covering her Head with his Hat. Thus slighting our designs he, made no secret of an intrigue, whereof we intended to make a Mysterious Point.

Judge then after all this, my Dear, how great my obligations are to the *King*.

The *Dutchess* condoled with her; and after they had spent Five or Six dayes discoursing of their several affairs, they returned again to *Paris*.

Madame Sup't at *Louvre*, where she found almost all the Ladies of the Court, who came to Visit the *Queen-Mother*, then a little indisposed. The *King* perceiving *Monsieur de Rocqueluar* come in, ask't him if his roguery with Woman-kind must be

be always the ſubject of diſcourſe. This he ask't, becauſe the Night before he had made a very unhandſome rupture with *Madame de Gerſay*: Really (ſaid the *King*) that reputation of Procuring Ladies Favours, and then ſlighting of them, does no way pleaſe me: Who can countenance a Man, that wants ſincerity towards them? For in ſhort is there nothing to be feared, becauſe that all that they can do, is to perſecute us but with Tears and Complaining? That is barbarous: And beſides, who ever is honeſt in one Point, ſhould be ſo in all. In reallity (replyed the firſt and moſt beautiful *Dutcheſs* of *France*) it is a great Honour for us, that ſuch a *King* as ours does ſo generouſly maintain our Cauſe. Ha! *Madame* (ſaid the *King*) I ſhould not need to do ſo, were all Ladies like you. After all (ſaid the *Queen*) *Monſieur de Guiche* loſt himſelf ſo much Two or Three paſſages of that Nature, that not a Semptreſs in the Exchange would have truſted him, tho he were dead. But *Madame* (ſaid *Rocquelaur* to her ſmilling) when a Confeſſour commands to break off? Ah! (interrupted the King) a good Man hath always a Good Conſcience.

This Converſation laſted an Hour longer, the King ſtill pinching *Rocquelare* on that Subject. After-

Afterward he went to prepare for Confeſſion next Day, which he made with wonderful Devotion, and divided the day into three Parts; one for God another for the People, and a third for *La Valliere*, to whom he gave his richeſt preſents; amongſt which none pleaſed me more than a ſet of Chriſtial-Furniture rarely wrought. I am certain that all the Furniture I have ever ſeen, comes far ſhort of the Beauty and ſplendor of this, the Candleſtick alone being worth two thouſand Piſtols.

Two dayes after *La Valliere* ſent the *King* by one of her Brother's Gentlemen, a Suit of Cloaths and Trimming, with this Letter.

I Confeſs to you, I am not a little proud, when I conſider I am in a condition to make preſents to the greateſt Monarch in the World: For, my Illuſtrious Prince, you are willing I ſhould be perſwaded, that what ever comes from me is acceptable to you, and that you ſet more value upon a Mark of my Paſſion and Friendſhip, than all the treaſures of your Kingdom, *conſider tho a little whil'ſt you are a dreſſing that to pleaſe me there is no great need of Magnificence.*

This Letter as every thing that comes from *La Valliere*, exceedingly pleaſed the King and this is the Anſwer he made to it.

YEs my Dear little Minion, you are in a condition to make me preſents and I re-

ceive them from your hand with greater joy than the Empire of the World from the hands of all men: But my pretty Child reserve ever for me the glorious Present you have made me of your Heart, for it is that which makes me look upon all the rest with Pleasure. Have a little curiosity to come and see me in the habit you have bestowed upon me.

This Present turned to her great advantage; for the King having worn it a fortnight together sent her shortly after six Suite wonderfully Rich and Sumptuous, with a Skale and Girdle of Diamonds to mount by with greater ease to the top of *Parnassus*; and a Vest just like the Queens, which becomes her very well. She was in this Equipage when the King went to *Vincennes* to muster his Troops in presence of the Ambassadours of *England*. The King observing *La Vallieres* Coach passing, went to meet it at a Gallop, and stood an Hour and an half at the Boot uncovered, tho' there was then a little mizling rain, which much incommoded us: Upon his return meeting the Two Queens he made them a low reverence.

Next Week the two Lovers went by themselves to *Versailes*, *Mademoiselle d' Artigny* not being permitted to go with them; So true it is that Secrecy is the delight of Love, this puts me in mind of the Cardinal-Legate, who one day said to *Monsieur de Crequi*; *Parbleu Monsieur*, I should lose one half of my Pleasure if I thought any Body heard me.

About half way Des Fountaines, by Order from the King prepared a great treat for tehm, for which he had a hundred Pistols.

They staid seven or eight dayes at *Versailles*, where they diverted themselves at Hunting, Walking, in Bed, and at all other recreations they pleased.

As

As they were returning to *Paris Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* fell from her horſe, which would not have hurt her much had ſhe not been the Kings Miſtreſs; but becauſe of that ſhe muſt needs be let blood; and I know not why ſhe would have *Oppier* to be the Man: The King who would be preſent did more hurt than good; for he made ſuch a noiſe in the Surgeons ears, that for fear he twice miſt of his hit. Her Lover grew pale as a Linnen Cloath; but it was a quite other matter, when he ſaw that *Mademoiſelle de La Valliere* drawing haſtily back her Foot, broke the point of the Launcet: The King exaſperated as if the poor Wretch had done it purpoſely, gave him a kick with his foot with all his ſtrength, (which in truth is enough to be ſaid) and ſent him dancing from one end of the Chamber to the other. The King caſt himſelf into his place, and held the Foot of that rare one, till a nother Surgeon came, who pluck't out the point of that Launcet, and her let blood extreamly well; tho for all that ſhe was fain to keep her bed for a Month after.

The King for her ſake put off his Journey to Fountainblau, for the ſpace of Ten Dayes; but muſt then be gone. She had every day News from the King, and the King from her. This is one of the Letters which ſhe wrote to him.

GOod God how uneaſy a thing it is to love ſuch a Charming Prince as you are? one has never a minutes reſt, but even fears a thouſand things that can never happen. In a word, I am many times vexed that you are ſo extream lovely: Pitty then, that Heart which you render unhappy; and impute not to it the Troubles my Love occaſions, in being ſad, abſent importunate, and (if I dare ſay ſo) Jealous.

Here

Here you have the Anſwer.

THE ſad Eſtate to which my heart reduces me, in that I ſee you not (my Child) is ſo much to be pitied, as to oblige you to ſhare in my Pains, and to be affected with the evils that I ſuffer through your abſence; which all the Pleaſures of my Court cannot mitigate, or give eaſe to. So that I am fully perſwaded, you have ſome Minutes, wherein you ſuffer whatever can be ſuffered by one that Loves.

An Hour after this Letter was diſpatched, the King was ſo impatient of ſeeing his Miſtreſs, that he prayed the Duke of St. *Agnan* to go for her, not being able himſelf, becauſe of ſome important Affairs, that were then in agitation in his Councel. The Duke immediately departed, and two dayes after our two lovers taſted the Satisfaction of beholding one another, after a ſhort Abſence their joy was great, but the Queens was not ſo; who without this, had Vexation enough to hear the King almoſt every night dream, and talk aloud of that little *Pute*——(for ſo he called her, ſpeaking not good French.) She is a good Princeſs, and the King is a great Prince: None but he deſerves to Head us. There were never any Great Men, who have not as well as He been overcome by Love.

Let us alwaies then admire his Gratitude, Integrity, Paſſion, and great Conſtancy; and the *Wit* and *Moderation* of *La Valliere*.

FINIS.

Loves Empire;

Or, The GALLANTRIES Of the FRENCH COURT.

NOtwithstanding that in the Reign of *Lewis* the Fourteenth the War had continued above Twenty years, yet it did not hinder Love from causing some Amourous Intrigues; but as the Court was only filled

with old insensible Gentlemen, and young Sparks bred up in Armies, and whom their Profession had rendred Brutal, most of the Ladies were become less modest than formerly; and seeing they should have languished in Idleness if they had not made Advances, or at least if they had been Cruel, a great many grew tender hearted, and some very Confident.

Of this last Tribe was Madam *d'Olonne*. She had a round Face, a pretty Nose, a little Mouth, fine sparkling Eyes, and delicate Features, yet smiling, which embellishes most people, had in her a quite contrary effect; her Hair was a bright brown, her Complexion admirable, her Neck, Hands and Arms were well made, her shape was not to be commended, nor would she have been thought Charming had it not been for her Face: This much her Flatterers say, That when she first appeared at Court she had a handsome Body; which is the usual plea of those who would excuse Women who are too Corpulent. However this Lady was too sincere in this case to leave people in an Errour, for every one that had a mind might be informed of the contrary, and it was not her fault if she did not undeceive all the World.

Ma

Madam *d'Olonne* had a quick and pleaſant Wit when ſhe was free; yet ſhe was ſomething falſe, inconſtant, bold, malicious, loved pleaſures even to Debauch; and there was exceſs in her leaſt Divertiſements: Her Beauty rather than her Eſtate, which was but ſmall, obliged the Count *d'Olonne* to endeavour the making her his Wife: Which he quickly effected; for being a Perſon of Quality, and having a great Eſtate, he was agreeably received by Madam *de la Louppe* her Mother, and had not the leiſure to ſigh for Charms which for two years had inflamed the deſires of all the Court: This Match being conſummated, thoſe Lovers withdrew who pretended to Marriage, and others came who only aimed at being beloved. One of the firſt who offered himſelf was *Beuvron*, whom the Neighbourhood of Madam *d'Olonne* gave the more conveniency of ſeeing; and by this means loved her a pretty while without being diſcovered; and I fancy this Amour would have ſtill been concealed, if *Beuvron* had never had Rivals: But the Duke of *Candale* being fallen in love with Madam *d'Olonne*, quickly perceived what had thitherto remained concealed for want of intereſted People: Not but that *d'Olonne*

loved his Wife extreamly, but Husbands are ſtupid, and ſo are never Lovers, and the jealouſie of theſe is much more piercing than that of the others: So that the Duke of *Candale* ſaw things that *d' Olonne* did not, and never has ſeen, for he is ſtill ignorant that *Beuvron* has had an Intrigue with his Wife.

Beuvron had black Eys, a handſom Noſe, a little Mouth, a long Face, very black long and thick Hair, a fine Shape, and Wit enough; He was not one of thoſe who talk all in Company, but was a Man of good ſenſe and honour, tho he had naturally an averſion for War, ſo that being fallen in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, he ſought for an opportunity to diſcover to her his Paſſion: Their Neighbourhood at *Paris* gave him occaſions enough, but her Inconſtancy made him apprehend an Intrigue with her: At length happening one day to meet with her without other Company, *If I only deſigned, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *to let you know that I love you, words would be altogether unneceſſary, my cares and my looks have told you ſufficiently what effect your Charms have had upon me; But, Madam, as I expect you ſhould one day make returns to my flames, it is requiſite that I diſcover 'em, and aſſure you*

at the same time, that whether you love me or not, I am resolved to be your Votary as long as I live.

Beuvron having ceased speaking, *Sir*, answered Madam *d' Olonne*, *This is not the first time I perceived you loved me, and tho you did not acquaint me with it, I did not fail to think my self obliged to you for all you have done for me since the first moment you saw me, and this ought to be my Excuse when I confess I love you: Therefore do not esteem me the less, having long understood your sighs, and tho I should be something blamed for my little resistance, it would be a mark of the force of your merit rather than of my easiness.* It is easie to imagine that after this Confession it was not long before the Lady delivered up her Fort to her Gallant: This Intrigue lasted four or five Months without disturbance to either Party, but at length the Beauty of Madam *d' Olonne* was too much talked of, and that Conquest promised too much Glory in appearance to him who should make it, for *Beuvron* to be at rest. The Duke of *Candale*, who was the handsomest man of the Court, fancied that nothing was wanting to his Reputation, but the being beloved by the most beautiful Woman of the Kingdom: Wherefore he took a Resoluti-

on at the Army, three Months after the Campaigne, to be in love with her assoon as he should see her; and made appear by the great Passion he had afterwards for her, that Love is not always the work of Heaven and of Fortune.

The Duke of *Candale* had blew Eyes, a handsome Nose, irregular Features, a great and disagreeable Mouth, but very fine Teeth, light yellowish Hair both long and thick, his Shape was admirable, and he dressed so well, that the greatest Sparks endeavoured to imitate him; he had the air of a Person of great Quality, he held one of the first Ranks in *France*, was Duke and Peer, Governour of *Burgundy* joyntly with his Father, and sole Governour of *Auvergne*, and Colonel General of the French Infantry: His *Genius* was mean, but in his first Amours falling into the hands of a Lady who had an infinite deal of Wit, and as they had loved one another extreamly, she had taken so much care to polish him, and he to please that fair One, that Art had surpassed Nature, and he was a much better bred man than a thousand others who have more sense than he.

In-

Insomuch that being returned from *Catalonia*, where he had commanded the Army under the Prince of *Conty*, he begun by a thousand eagernesses to acquaint Madam *d'Olonne* with the love he had for her, thinking she had never had an Amourous Intrigue: But seeing she made no returns to his Passion, he resolved to acquaint her with it after such a manner as that she might not seem to be ignorant of it; but as he had a kind of bashful respect for all Women, he chose rather to write than speak to Madam *d' Olonne*, and his Letter was in these terms.

I Am grieved, Madam, that all Declarations of Love are alike, and that there is sometimes so much differences in Sentiments: I am very sensible that I love you more than all the World is used to love, and yet I cannot express it otherwise then is done by all the World: Wherefore do not take notice of my words that are weak, and may be deceitful, but be pleased to make reflexion on my Conduct towards you, and if you find that to continue it with the same force, I must needs be deeply struck; yield to these testimonies and be assured, that since I love you so much, not being beloved by you, I shall adore you, when

you oblige me to have acknowledgment.

Madam *d' Olonne* having read this Letter, made this Answer:

IF any thing hinders you from being believed when you talk of Love, it is not that it is importunate, but that you tell it too well; Great Passions are usually more disordered, and methinks you write like a very witty Man, who is not in love, but would fain be thought so; and since it seems so to me, who am infinitely desirous that what you say were true, judge what People would imagine to whom your Passion should be indifferent, they would presently think you had a mind to railly; For my part, I'le never make a rash judgment, but will accept the Offer you make me, and am willing to judge by your Conduct of the Sentiments you have for me.

This Letter which grateful People would have thought very kind, did not seem so to the Duke of *Candale*; As he was very vain, he had expected less intricate Favours: and this obliged him not to press Madam *d' Olonne* so much as she was willing he should have done, and made her a hard task in spight of her self; and the thing had lasted a long

long time, if the Fair One had not gained upon her Modeſty to make him ſo many advances, that he fancyed he might make an attack without being expoſed to a Repulſe. The buſineſs being done, he quickly perceived *Beuvron*'s Commerce. Uſually a Pretender looks only before him, but a Lover well treated, looks on the right and on the left, and is not long without diſcovering his Rival: Hereupon the Duke complaines; His Miſtreſs calls him Caprichious and Tyrant, and takes him up ſo roundly, that he aſks her pardon for his ſuſpicions, and fancies himſelf too happy in having appeaſed her. This Calm did not long continue, *Beuvron* for his part reproached her to as little purpoſe as the Duke did, and ſeeing he could not deſtroy his Rival himſelf, he cauſed notice to be given under hand to *Olonne* that his Wife entertained the Duke of *Candale* for her Galant. *D' Olonne* forbids her to ſee him, that is to ſay, redoubled the Paſſion of thoſe two Lovers, who having the more deſire to ſee one another ſince it was forbidden, found a thouſand more convenient oppurtunities than thoſe they had before; However *Beuvron* remaining Maſter of the field of Battails, the Duke of *Candale* renewed his Complaints againſt him,

and

and uſed all his endeavours to have him Caſhiered, but all to no purpoſe; Madam *d' Olonne* told him that ſhe perceived he only conſidered his own Intereſt, and that he cared not if he ruined her, ſince that if ſhe ſhould forbid *Beuvron* to ſee her, her husband and all the world would not doubt but that ſhe made that ſacrifice to him; Madam *d' Olonne* did not love *Beuvron* ſo much as ſhe did the Duke, yet ſhe was not willing however to loſe him, and as well becauſe One and One make Two, as that becauſe Cocquetts fancy they can retaine their Galants better by a little Jealouſy than a great Tranquility.

In the mean time *Paget* a man pretty well ſtricken in years, meanly born, but very rich, fell in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, and having diſcovered that ſhe loved the ſport, he fancyed that his Money would ſerve him inſtead of Merit, and founded his greateſt hopes upon the ſum he reſolved to offer her; He had acceſs enough to her houſe to have ſpoke to her himſelf, if he had durſt; but he had not the boldneſs to begin a diſcourſe, which might be of ill conſequence if it was not kindly received, ſo that he thought the beſt courſe would be to write to her, which he did in theſe termes. I

I Have often in my life been in Law, Madam, but I never loved any thing ſo much as I do you: and what makes me think ſo is, that I never gave to any of my Miſtreſſes above an hundred broad Pieces to purchaſe the Fruition of them; but to enjoy you I am willing to exceed to two Thouſand: Think of it I beſeech you, Madam, and be mindful that Mony was never ſo ſcayce as it is at preſent.

Quentine, Madam *d' Olonne*'s Waiting-woman and Confident, delivered her this Letter from *Paget*; and immediately after this Faire One made him he Anſwer that follows.

I Had already perceived you had a great deal of Wit by the converſation I had with you; but I knew not that you could write ſo well as you do; I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty as your Letter, I ſhould be overioyed if I might but receive often ſuch, and in the mean time ſhall be very glad to diſcourſe you this Evening at ſix a Clock.

Paget did not fail to be at the Aſſignation, and went thither in a Habit, that is to ſay, with his Bag and the appurtenances. *Quintine* having introduced him into her Miſtreſſes

ſtriſſes Cloſet, left them together: *See here, Madam,* ſaid he to her, ſhewing what he brought, *this is what is not daily met with: will you receive it? I am willing,* ſaid Madam d'*Olonne, and it will help to amuſe us.* Whereupon having counted the two Thouſand broad Pieces they had agreed for, ſhe ſhut them up in a little Trunk, and placing her ſelf by them upon a little Couch, which did not laſt her long, *Sir,* ſaid ſhe to him, *there is not a Man in* France *wrights like you; what I am going to ſay, is not to ſhew my ſelf a Critick, but it is certain that I find but few people that have ſo much Wit as you have. Moſt men entertain us only with Fopperies, and when they would write to us kind Letters, they think they have done Miracles in telling us that they adore us, that they ſhall dye if we do not Love them, and that if we will be ſo gracious to them, they will ſerve us as long as they live: we have much need indeed of their Services. I am overjoyed,* ſaid *Paget, that my Letters pleaſe you; I ſhould not ſay this elſewhere, but to you, Madam, I ſhall not mince the matter, my Letters coſt me nothing. This is hard to be beleived,* anſwered *ſhe, you muſt then have a very great* Stock. After ſome other Diſcourſes, which Love interrupted two or thre times, they agreed of an other Interview, and at that of another: Inſomuch

ſomuch that thoſe two thouſand Broad Pieces procured *Paget* three Aſſignations.

But Madam *d' Olonne* being willing to make advantage of the Love of this Citizen, and of his Riches, deſired him at the fourth Viſit to begin again to write to her ſuch Letters of Gallantry as that ſhe had received from him: But he ſeeing that this would come to be of Conſequence, he fell to reproaching her, which did him no good; and all that he could obtain was, that he ſhould not be drove from her Houſe, and that he might come and play when ſhe ſhould ſend for him.

Madam *d' Olonne* fancied that by letting *Paget* ſee her, ſhe ſhould inflame his deſires, and that perhaps he would be again ſo ſimple as to ſatisfie them at any rate; but tho he was ſo much in love as not to be able to forbear ſeeing her, yet he was not charmed to the degree of buying her Favours daily.

Things being in theſe terms, whether ſpight made *Paget* blab, or that his frequent Viſits and the Money that Madam *d' Olonne* had played away, cauſed the Duke of *Candale* to make reflexions, he deſired his Miſtreſs, when he departed for *Catalonia*, not to ſee *Paget* any more, whoſe Commerce

was

was injurious to her Reputation; which she promised him, but did not keep her word; Insomuch that the Duke being informed by those who sent him News from *Paris*, that *Paget* went oftner then ever to Madam *d'Olonnes* House, he wrote to her this Letter.

WHen I took my leave, I desired you, Madam, not to see that Rogue Paget *any more, and yet he is ever at your Elbow; are not you ashamed to give me reason to be Jealous of a wretched Citizen, who could never be feared, were it not that you your self did make him Confident? If you do not Blush, Madam, I blush for you and my self, and for fear of meriting that Scandal you would heap upon me, I shall make an Effort upon my love to consider you only as an infamous Woman.*

Madam *d'Olonne* was much surprized to receive so rude a Letter, but as her Conscience reproached yet more sharply then her Lover, she did not seek reasons for her excuse, and contented herself with answering in these termes.

MY Conduct hitherto is so ridiculous, my Dear, that I should despair of being ever

ever loved by you, if I could not redeem my Credit by the Assurances I give you of a more honest civil Carriage in the future; but I swear by you your self, which is what I have most dear in the world, that Paget *shall never enter my House; and that* Beuvron, *whom my Husband forces me to see, shall see me so seldome, that you shall know, that you alone are in stead of all things to me.*

The Duke of *Candale* was so fully assured by this Letter, that he resolved not to condemn his Mistris any more upon appearantes, which he judged to be all deceitful. And for having been, as he thought, without reason suspicious, he fell into the other extremity of Confidence, and took in good part all the Cocquetry and Infidelity that Madam *d' Olonne* committed for six Months together; for she continued to see *Paget*, and to give Favours to *Beuvron*; and tho the Duke of *Candale* had notice given him of it from several parts, he fancied that it proceeded from his Father or his Frinds, who were desirous to divert him from loving Madam *d' Olonne*, believing that this Passion would hinder him from thinking of Marrying.

So

So that he returned from the Army more in love than he had ever been; Madam *d'Olonne* likewiſe, with whom ſo long an abſence made the Duke of *Candale* paſſe for a new Galant, redoubled her eagerneſs for him, even in the ſight of all the Court; this Lover took the Imprudences ſhe committed to ſee him, for marks of a paſſion ſhe was no longer Miſtriſs of, tho they were only Teſtimonies of the natural Irregularity of her reaſon; when ſhe did any Paſſionate act that made a Noiſe, he thought her deeply in love and yet ſhe was only ſilly. And he was ſo perſwaded of the kindneſs ſhe had for him, that tho he ſhould dye for her ſake, he apprehended he ſhould be ſtill ungrateful.

It is eaſy to imagine that the Carriage of theſe Lovers made a great Noiſe; they had both of them Enemies; but the Fortune of the One and the Beauty of the Other made a great many envy them: tho all the world would have ſerved them, they would have deſtroyed all by their Imprudence, and all the world would have done them hurt: They made Aſſignations every where, without having taken any meaſures with any Body. They ſaw One another often in a houſe, that the Duke of *Candale* kept in the

the name of a Country Lady whom Madam *d' Olonne* pretended to visit most commonly by night at her own House; all these Rendevouzes did not take up all the time of this perfidious One, for when the Duke left her she went to the conquest of some new Lover, or at least to reassume *Beuvron* by a thousand kindnesses for the fears the Duke gave him.

The Winter passed thus without the Duke of *Candales* suspecting the least ill in all she did, and he left her to return to the Army as well satisfied as he had ever been: he had not been there two Months but that he learnt news which troubled his joy: His particular friends who took strict notice of his Mistresses Conduct did not dare to say any thing to him as long as they found him prepossessed by that faithless One; but something very extraordinary having happened since his absence, and not fearing a sight of her should destroy the impressions they would give him, they altogether hazarded, without making appear any design or concert, to acquaint him with her behaviour. Whereupon they each of them singly sent him word that *Ieannin* was deeply engaged with Madam *d' Olonne*, that his

assiduities gave cause to believe, not only a design, but a happy success; and in a word, that tho she were not culpable, he ought not to be satisfied with her, seeing she was suspected by all People.

But while these News are going to put the Duke of *Candale* in a rage, it is fit I should speak of the birth, progress, and end of *Jeannin*'s Passion.

Jeannin de Castille was well shaped, had a pleasing Countenance, was very spruce, but had little Wit; his Quality and Profession were the same that *Pages*, and was very rich as well as he. He was handsome enough to have it believed that in case he had worn a Sword, his Merit alone might have procured him the Ladies Favours, but his Profession and his Riches made it suspected, that all the Women he had had intrigues with, were interessed, insomuch that when he was seen to be in love with Madam *d'Olonne*, it was not doubted but that she would be beloved for his Money.

The King after having passed the Summers upon the Frontiers, usually returned to *Paris* in the Winters, and all the Divertisements of the World possessed his Mind by turns; Billiards, Tennis, Hunting, Plays, and Dancing had each their time

with

with him: At that time Lotteries were ſo much the mode, that every one had them; ſome of Money, others of Jewels and Moveables. Madam *d' Olonne* reſolved to have One of Money; but whereas in the moſt part of them all the Caſh was employed they had received, and that Fortune ſhared it, in this, which was of Ten thouſand Crowns, there was not Five employed, and thoſe Five too were diſtributed according as Madam *d' Olonne* thought fit. *Jeannin* was preſent when ſhe made the firſt Propoſals of the Lottery, and as ſhe asked a Sum of every one according to their Abilities, and that ſhe told him he was to give an Hundred pound, he made Anſwer, That he was willingly, and moreover promiſed her to procure amongſt his Friends wherewith to make it up a Thouſand. Preſently after, all the Company being gone except *Jeannin*, *I know not, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *whether you are yet acquainted with my Paſſion, for I have loved you a long time, and my ſighs already mount to a very great ſum; but after having given my ſelf entirely to you, I muſt needs ask the confirmation of my Bail, which I beſeech you to ſign, Madam, and obſerve, that beſides the Hundred pound you taxed me, I give you Nine hundred more for*

the having your Affection; for what I said of my Friends was only to deceive the People that were here when I spoke to you of this Affair. I confess, Sir, answered Madam *d' Olonne, I never thought you in love till now, not but that I have observed by certain Meenes in you, what made me suspect some things, but I am so disgusted with those kind of ways, and sighs and languishings are in my mind so poor a Galantry, and such feeble Testimonies of love, that if you had not taken a more gentile Course with me, you had lost your pains all your life time.* Now as for Acknowledgment, you may believe that People are not far from loving, when we are well assured of being beloved: There need no more to make *Jeannin* believe that he was at the Critical Minute. He cast himself at Madam *d' Olonne*'s feet, and as he would have made use of that Action of Humility for a pretext to higher Enterprizes, *No,* said she, *you are mistaken, Sir; In what Country have you heard say that Women make Advances? When you shall have given me reall marks of a great Passion, I shall not be ungrateful. Jeannin,* seeing that with her, Money was to be delivered before the Commodity, told her, That he had two Hundred broad Pieces, and that he would give them her if she

pleased:

pleaſed: She conſented, and having received them; *If you think fit, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *to grant me ſome favour upon the account of this Money, you will extreamly oblige me; or if you will ſtay till you have received the whole Sum, give me a Note under your Hand of the value received.* She choſe rather to kiſs than write; and a Moment after *Jeannin* went away, aſſuring her that he would bring the reſt on the morrow, which he did not fail to do; and the Moment was no ſooner counted, then that ſhe kept her word with him with all the Honour that can be expected in ſuch a Treaty.

Tho *Jeannin* came in through the ſame Door that *Paget* did, ſhe uſed him much better; whether ſhe hoped to draw greater Advantages from him at length, or that he had ſome concealed Merit that ſerved him inſtead of Liberality; ſhe did not ask him new Proofs of Love for the giving him new Favours. The Thouſand pounds made her love him three Months together, that is to ſay, treated him as if ſhe had loved him.

In the mean time the Duke of *Candale* having received Advice of his Miſtreſſes new Intrigues, he wrote her this Letter.

THo you would justifie your self to me of all the things you are Accused of, I can no longer love you, tho all that is said of you was done only out of Malice: All Lovers are usually overjoyed to hear their Mistresses named, as for me I tremble as soon as I hear or read your Name, I ever fancy in these Occasions, that I shall learn some Story worse, if possible, than the former: And yet I need not know more to have the utmost Contempt for you, you cannot add any thing to your Infamy, Wherefore expect all the Resentment that a Woman without Honour deserves, from an honest Man that has loved her extreamly. I shall not come to particulars with you, because I do not seek for your Justification, for you are Convicted in my Opinion, and I will never have more to do with you.

The Duke of *Candale* wrote this Letter just as he was upon returning to Court; he had newly lost a Battail, which did not a little contribute to the bitterness of his Letter: He could not suffer being beaten every where, and it would have been some Comfort to him in the Misfortunes of the War, if he had been more happy in Love. So that he began his Journey under a terri-

ble

ble Melancholy: At another time he would have come Poſt, but as if he had had ſome fore-knowledge of his ill Fortune, he came as ſlowly as poſſible; he began to find himſelf ſomething Indiſpoſed upon the way. At *Vienna* he fell very ill, but being but a days Journey from *Lyons*, he reſolved to go thither, knowing he ſhould be better looked to. But the Fatigues of the Campagnia having brought him very low, his Troubles made an end of him; for notwithſtanding he was young, and had the aſſiſtance of the beſt Phyſicians, yet they could not ſave his Life: But as his greateſt ſufferings could not make him forget Madam *d'Olome*'s Infidelity, he wrote to her this Letter juſt before his Death.

IF I could preſerve any kindneſs for you upon my Death-bed, I ſhould be very loath to dye; but not being able to eſteem you any longer, it is without Regret that I leave the World; I only loved it that I might paſs it the more ſweetly with you: But ſince ſome little Merit I had, and the greateſt Paſſion imaginable, could not procure me your Affection, I do not deſire to live any longer, but perceive that Death will free me from a great many Troubles. If you were capable of any tender-

neſs, you could not ſee me in the Condition I am in, without dying for grief: But God be thanked, Nature has done the buſineſs, and ſince you could daily torment the Man of the World who loved you the moſt, you may well ſee him die without being concerned.

Adieu.

The firſt Letter that the Duke of *Candale* wrote to Madam *d'Olonne* about *Jeannin*, had made her ſo much affraid of his Return, that ſhe dreaded it like Death, and I fancy ſhe wiſhed ſhe might never ſee him more. And yet the rumour of his being in that Extremity grieved her to the heart; and the News of his Death, which her Friend the Counteſs of *Fieſque* brought her, had like to have made her dye her ſelf. She loſt her Senſes for ſome moments, and came only to herſelf at the Name of *Merille*, whom ſhe was told asked to ſpeak with her.

Merille was the Duke's principal Confident, and brought Madam *d'Olonne* the Letter from his Maſter that he had written to her as he lay a dying, and the little Trunk wherein he put his Letters, and all the other Favours he had received from her. After having read this laſt Letter, ſhe fell

a Crying more bitterly than before. The Countess not being willing to leave her in so deplorable Condition, proposed the opening that Trunck for the amusing her grief. The Countess found at first a Handkerchief stained with blood in several places. *Ah! my God*, cryed Madam *d'Olonne*, *how has that poor Man, who had so many other things of greater Consequence, kept this Handkerchief till now; is there any thing in the world so kind!* And thereupon she related to the Countess, that having cut her Finger as she was working by him some years ago, he had asked that Handkerchief of her, with which she had wiped her hand, and had kept it ever since. After that they found Bracelets, Purses, Hair and Pictures of Madam *d'Olonne*, and coming to the Letters, the Countess desired her Friend that she might read some of them. Madam *d'Olonne* having given her Consent, the Countess opened this first.

IT is reported here you have been beaten; this is perhaps a false Rumour, and set on foot by those who envy you: But perhaps it is a Truth. Ah! My God! in this uncertainty I require my Lovers life of you, and I abandon to you the Army, yes, my God, and not

only

only the Army, but the State and all the World together. Since I have been told this ſad News without particularizing any thing of you, I have made twenty viſits a day; I fell to talk of the War, to ſee if I could learn any thing that might give me caſe: I am told every where that you have been beaten; but they do not ſpeak particularly of you, and I dare not ask what is become of you, not that I am afraid of making appear thereby that I love you; I am in too great a fright to take care of my Reputation; but I fear to learn more than I am willing to know. This is the ſtate I am and ſhall be in till the arrival of the firſt Poſt, if I am able to expect it. What redoubles my diſquiets is, that you have ſo often promiſed to ſend me expreſs Couriers upon all extraordinary Affairs, that I take it ill I have had none in this.

While the Counteſs was reading this Letter with motions of Concern and Pity, Madam *d' Olonne* was melting into tears; after having peruſed it, they were both ſome time without ſpeaking: *I'le read no more now*, ſaid the Counteſs, *for ſince it puts me in pain, it muſt needs trouble you much more. No, No*, replyed Madam *d' Olonne*, *continue, I beſeech you, my Dear, it makes*

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me weep, but it puts me in mind of him. The Countess having opened a Letter, found it in these terms.

HOw! Will you never leave me at rest: Shall I always be in fear of losing you, either by your Death or Inconstancy: As long as the Campaigne lasts, I am in perpetual Alarms, the Enemies do not fire a Shot but what I imagine is aimed at you; and then I hear you have lost a Battail without knowing what is become of you, and though after a thousand mortal Apprehensions, I know at length my good fortune has saved you, (for you know by Experience you are not at all obliged to your own) I am told you are at Avignon *in the Arms of Madam* de Castillanne, *where you comfort your self for your Misfortunes. If it be so, I am very unhappy you did not lose your Life with the Battail: Yes, my Dear, I should choose rather to see you Dead than Inconstant; for I should have had the pleasure to believe that had you lived longer, you would have still loved me, whereas my Heart is only filled with rage to see my self abandoned for another, who does not love you so much as I do.*

Is it true, Merille, said the Countess, *that the Duke of* Candale *was in love with Madam*

de

de Castillanne? *No, No, Madam,* said he to her, *he was two days in* Avignon *at his return from the Army, to refresh himself, and there he made two Visits to Madam* de Castellanne; *judge if this can be called Love.* But, *Madam,* added he, addressing himself to Madam *d' Olonne, Who has given you such good Information of all my Master did? Alas!* answered she, *I only know the publick report, but it is so common, that this Amour is even said to be partly Cause of his Death*: And then she fell a crying again more than ever. The Countess, who only sought to make a Diversion to her Grief, asked her if she knew not the Hand of a Superscription of a Letter she shewed her: *Yes,* answered Madam *d' Olonne, it is a Letter from my Steward. This must be something very Curious,* said the Countess, *I must see what he writes*; and thereupon opened this Letter.

LEt my Lady tell you what she will, her House is never empty of Normans; these Devils would be much better in their Country than here; I am mad, my Lord, to see what I see, which I do not send you the Particulars of, because I hope you will be here very suddenly, where you will take order for all your self.

By

By theſe Normans the Steward meant *Beuvron* and his Brothers, *Jarry* and the Chevalier *de Sainct Earemond*, and the Abbot *de Villerceaux*, who were very aſſiduous at Madam *d' Olonne*'s Houſe. The plainneſs with which this poor Man ſent this News to the Duke of *Candale*, did ſo move that fooliſh Woman, that after having looked upon the Counteſs to ſee how ſhe took it, ſhe burſt out a laughing; the Counteſs not having ſo much reaſon to be afflicted as ſhe had, did the like: But poor *Merille* not being able to bear with ſo unreaſonable a Joy, redoubled his Fears, and went out of the Cabinet in a pet. Two or three days after Madam *d' Olonne* being perfectly comforted, the Counteſs and her other Friends adviſed her to mourn for her Honours ſake, her Intrigue with the Duke of *Candale* having been too publick, to make a Myſtery of it: So that ſhe conſtrained her ſelf four or five days, after which ſhe followed her old Courſe, and that which haſtened her laying by her Mask of Mourning was the Carneval, which by giving her an opportunity to ſatisfie her Inclination, helped her likewiſe to content her Husband, who had great ſuſpicions of her Correſpondence with the Duke of *Candale*, and thought him-

himself very happy in being freed from him. Wherefore to make him believe she was no longer concerned, she masked herself four or five times with him, and being willing to regain entirely his Confidence by a great sincerity, she not only confessed to him her love for the Duke, not only that she had suffered the Fort to be taken, but the particulars of their Enjoyments: And as she specified the number, *He had but little luck for you, Madam*, said he, insulting the memory of the poor deceased, *since he persevered so seldom with so beautiful a Woman as you are.*

She had left her Bed but a week, which she had kept above four, by reason of a great hurt she had in her leg, when she resolved to mask herself. And this design advanced her Cure more then all the Remedies she had used of a long time: So that she went in Masquerade four or five times with her Husband; but as these were only little private Masquerades, she resolved to have a great and famous One that might be talked of; and to that intent she, and three more, disguised themselves like Capuchins, and caused two others of her Friends to be diguised like Nuns: The Capuchins were she herself, her Husband, *Terry*, and the

Abbot

Abbot *de Villerſeaux*: The Nuns were my Lord *Croſts* an Engliſhman, and the Marqueſs *de Sillery*. This Troop run into all Companies on *Shrove-Tueſday* Night. The King and Queen his Mother having been informed of this Maſquerade, were extreamly diſpleaſed with Madam *d' Olonne*, and ſaid openly that they would revenge the Injury and Contempt that had been had of Religion in that Occaſion. Some time after their Majeſties were pacified, and all theſe Threatnings ended in their having no more eſteem for Madam *d' Olonne*.

During all theſe paſſages, *Jeannin* peaceably enjoyed his Miſtreſs. When ſhe cauſed the Lottery to be drawn, I have already ſaid that of Ten thouſand Crowns ſhe had received, ſhe had employed but the half at moſt, and the greateſt part of this half was diſtributed to the Capuchins, to the Nuns, and others of the Cabal. The Prince of *Marſillac*, who was young, to get the chiefeſt part upon this Stage, had the greateſt Lot, which was a Silver Ciſtern. *Jeannin*, with all the Favours he received, had only a Jewel of very ſmall value: The great Rumour that run of the deceit of this Lottery, vexed him to ſee that he was no better treated than the moſt indifferent.

different. He complained to Madam *d' Olonne*, she not thinking fit to acquaint him with her Roguery, received his Complaints very ill, insomuch that before they parted, they both fell to Reproaches, the one for his Money, the other for her Favours. The Conclusion of which was, Madam *d' Olonne's* forbidding him her House, and *Jeannin* told her that he had never obeyed her so willingly as he should do in that Occasion, and that this Command would save him both Trouble and Expence.

In the mean time *Beuvron's* Commerce with her, lasted still; whether the Spark was not much in love, or that he thought himself happy in having her Favours at any rate, he tormented her a little about her Behaviour, she also treated as one she made use of when others failed her, and her love for him was as little as nothing.

Shortly after her falling out with *Jeannin*, *Marsillac* who had Friends who were much brisker than he was himself, was advised by them to apply himself to Madam *d' Olonne*, and told him that he was of an Age to make himself talked of, that Women procured Esteem as well as War, that Madam *d' Olonne* being one of the greatest Beauties of the Court, besides the great

Pleasures

Pleaſures, would likewiſe be an Honour to him ſhe ſhould love; and that it was very glorious to fill the place of the Duke of *Candale*. With all theſe Reaſons they egged on *Marillac* to make his Viſits to Madam *d' Olonne*; but becauſe he was naturally very diſtruſtful of himſelf, his Cabal being alſo very diſtruſtful of him, judged it was not fit he ſhould be left upon his word with her; and it was concluded that *Sillery* ſhould be appointed for his Governour, and to aſſiſt him upon occaſion. *Marillac* had made great Application to her for two Months for this, without having ſpoke to her of Love, otherwiſe then in general terms: He had however told *Sillery*, that it was above ſix Weeks ſince he had made an Amarous Declaration to her, and had likewiſe invented a very harſh Anſwer, that he ſaid ſhe made him, that he might not think it ſtrange he was ſo long without receiving Favours. Whereupon this Governour, to ſerve his Pupil, ſpoke thus to Madam *d' Olonne*: *I know very well, Madam, that nothing is ſo free as Love, and that if the heart is not touched by inclination, the mind will never be much perſwaded by words; but I muſt however tell you, that when a Perſon is young and unmarried, I do not*

comprehend why a young amorous Gentleman is refused, who is as well provided, or I am much mistaken, as any man about Court; it is poor Marsillac *I speak of, Madam, since he is desperately in love with you, why are you ungrateful? Or if you find you cannot love him, why do you amuse him? Love him or dismiss him. I know not since when,* answered Madam *d' Olonne, that Men pretend we should love them, without their having made it their Requeſt; for I have heard say, it was they who formerly made Court. I know very well that in these latter days they treat Gallantry after a strange manner; but I knew not that they had reduced it to the point of requiring that Women should be their Votaries. How,* answered *Sillery, has not* Marsillac *declared he loved you? No, Sir,* said she to him, *it is you who first tell it me. Not but that his Assiduities have made me suspect he had some design; but till we are spoke to, we do not understand the rest. Ah Madam,* replied *Sillery, you are not then so much in fault as I thought,* Marsillac's *Youth renders him fearful; but the same Youth makes Women excuse several things: Persons of his Age are seldome faulty, and men but Twenty years old always meet with Compassion. I grant,* replied Madam *d' Olonne, that the Bashfulness of a young Man raises*

Pity, and never Anger; but I likewiſe pretend he ſhould be reſpectful. Do you call reſpect, Madam, ſaid *Sillery* to her, *the not daring to ſay we are in love? It is all meer folly, I ſay, in regard of a Woman who would not make Returns: For in that Caſe the Gallant would not loſe his time; and would quickly know what he was to truſt to: But this reſpect which you require, Madam, is only of advantage to you with thoſe you have no inclination for; for if the Man you are inclined to love ſhould have too much of it, you would be very much perplexed.* As he had done ſpeaking, Company came in, whereupon he took his leave, and went to ſeek out *Marſillac*, to whom having made a thouſand Reproaches for his Timidity, he made him promiſe that before that day was at an end, he would make an amorous Declaration to his Miſtreſs: He likewiſe told him part of the things it was requiſite he ſhould ſay, which *Marſillac* had forgot within a Moment after; and having encouraged him as much as he could, he ſaw him ſet out for this great Expedition.

However *Marſillac* was under ſtrange diſquiets, ſometimes he thought his Coach went too faſt, ſometimes he wiſhed he might not find Madam *d'Olonne* at home, or that he might find ſome body with her:

In a word, he feared the same things that a brisk Man would have desired with all his heart. However, he was so unhappy as to meet with his Mistress, and to find her alone. He came up to her with so disordered a Countenance, that if *Sillery* had not already acquainted her with his Love, she would have discovered it by seeing him only that time. This Disorder helped to perswade her more then all he, or the Eloquence of his Friend could have said to her: And it is for this reason that Fools are more happy than the Wise in Love.

The first thing that *Marsillac* did after being seated, was putting on his Hat, so little was he himself; an instant after perceiving his folly, he took off his Hat and Gloves, then put on one again, and all this without saying a Word. *What's the matter, Sir*, said Madam *d' Olonne, you seem to be concerned at something. Do not you Divine it, Madam*, said *Marsillac? No*, said she, *I do not comprehend it; How should I understand what you do not tell me, being hardly able to conceive what I am told? I shall tell you then, what it is*, replied *Marsillac* simpering, *I am in love with you. But why so much Ceremony*, said she, *for so small a thing: I do not see there is so much difficulty in loving,*

loving, there appearing much more in loving well. Ah Madam! I find it much harder to tell it than to do it; I find none at all in loving you, and I ſhould find it ſo difficult to ceaſe loving you, that I ſhould never be able to forbear, tho you ſhould order it me a thouſand times. I Sir, replied Madam *d' Olonne* bluſhing, *I have nothing to Command you.* Any other than *Marſillac* would have underſtood the cunning way that Madam *d' Olonne* made uſe of to permit him to love her: But his Wit was gone a Wool-gathering, and all Delicacy upon him was loſt. *How Madam*, ſaid he to her, *do you not eſteem me enough to honour me with your Commands. Well*, ſaid ſhe to him, *ſhould you be glad I ordered you not to love me any longer? No, Madam*, replied he bluntly. *What would you be at then*, ſaid Madam *d' Olonne? Love you as long as I live*, ſaid he. *Well*, ſaid ſhe, *love me as long as you pleaſe and hope.* This had been ſufficient for a more preſſing Gallant than *Marſillac* to have pretended to enjoyment immediately; and yet notwithſtanding all that Madam *d' Olonne* could do, he made her wait two Months, and at length, when they came to the point, ſhe was forced to make all the Advances. The eſtabliſhing this new Commerce did not

make her break that she had with *Beuvron*: The last Lover was ever the most beloved, but he was not so much in her Favour as to drive away *Beuvron*, who was a second Husband to her.

A little before the Rupture of *Jeanne* with Madam *d' Olonne*, the Chevalier of *Grammont* was fallen in love with her, and he being a very extraordinary Person, it is fit I give a Description of him.

The Chevalier had brisk Eyes, a handsome Nose, a pretty Mouth, a dimple in his Chin, and I know not what of fine in his Phisiognomy, his Shape had been comely, had he not stooped, his Wit was delicate and gallant. However, his Meen and his Accent gave a Grace to what he said, that became nothing in the Mouth of another. A mark of this is that he writ the worst of any Body, and he writ as he spoke. Though it be superfluous to say that a Rival is incommode, the Chevalier was to that point, that it would have been better for a poor Woman to be troubled with four others than he alone. He was so sprightly that he hardly ever slept, he was liberal to Profusion, and by that means his Mistress and his Rivals could not have Servants nor Secrets but what he knew, otherwise the best

beſt Man in the World. It was twelve years ſince he began to love the Counteſs of *Fieſque*, a Woman as extraordinary as he was a Man, that is to ſay, as ſingular in Merits as he was in ill Qualities; but as of thoſe twelve years ſhe had been baniſhed, ſive from Mademoiſelle *d'Orleans, Gaſton's of France's* Daughter, a Princeſs whom Fortune perſecuted, becauſe ſhe had Vertue, and could not reduce her great Courage to the baſeneſſes that the Court demands. During their abſence the Chevalier had tied himſelf to a very regular Conſtancy; and tho the Counteſs was very lovely, he merited ſome excuſe for his Lightneſs, being he had never received any favour from her. He had however cauſed ſeveral to be jealous; *Rouville* was one of thoſe who were ſo: As he was one day reproaching the Counteſs that ſhe loved the Chevalier, that fair One told him that he was mad to believe ſhe could love the greateſt Cheat in the World. *This is a pleaſant reaſon, Madam, which you alledge, I know you are a greater Cheat than he, and yet I cannot forbear loving you.*

Tho the Chevalier was in love with all Women, the Counteſs however had that power over him, that what engagement

ſoever he had elſewhere, ſo ſoon as he knew that any One viſited her oftner than ordinary, he quitted all to return to her. And he was in the Right, for the Counteſs was a lovely Woman, ſhe had blew and ſparkling Eyes, a handſome Noſe, an agreeable Mouth, of a fine Colour, and white and ſmooth Skin; the forme of her Face was long, and never any One but ſhe in the world was embelliſhed with a long Chin; her hair was brown, and ſhe was ever Gallantly dreſt, but her finery proceeded rather from Art than the magnificence of her Clothes; her Will was free and naturall, her Humour cannot be deſcribed, for it was with the Modeſty of her Sex of the Humour of all the World. People by much thinking of what they have to do, think uſually better at the end than at the beginning. The contrary happened uſually to the Counteſs, her Reflections ſpoyled her firſt Motions. I know not if the Confidence ſhe had in her Merit made her careleſs of ſeeking Lovers, for ſhe took no pains at all to have them. And indeed when any One of himſelf made his addreſſes to her, ſhe neither affected Rigour to be rid of him, nor Kindneſs to retain him, he left of his Courtſhip if he pleaſed, if he pleaſed he con-

continued it: and what courſe ſoever he took he did not ſubſiſt to her coſt. So that the Chevalier as I have ſaid, had not viſited her in five years time, and during that abſence that he might not loſe time he had had a thouſand Miſtreſſes, amongſt others *Victoria Manciri*, Ducheſs of *Mercœur*, and three dayes after her Death, Madam *de Villars*, and it was for this reaſon that *Benſerade*, who was in love with her, made this Sonnet upon the Chevalier.

Can you rejoice after that Mortall ſtroak
That kill'd the loveliest Object e're was ſeen?
A real Lovers heart would have been broke,
In the ſame Tomb he would have buryed been.

A Heart ſo Charm'd can it new flames receive?
'Tis an unheard of infidelity!
When a fair Miſtreſs's death you ought to grieve,
You turn Gallant, and at new Game would fly.

For this unworthy weakneſs you will ſmart;
Your love have fail'd, & love will fail your heart,
And you're already fall'n into the Snare.

I know the Beauty who does you decoy
I love her, and that all I may declare;
What gives you eaſe, alas! does me deſtroy.

The

The Counteſs returning ſome time after to *Paris*, the Chevalier not being tyed to Madam *Villars* by any favours, quitted her to return to the Counteſs; but as he was never long in the ſame ſtate, and being tyred with her, he made his addreſſes to Madam *d' Olonne*, at the ſame time that *Marſillac* entred into an engagement with her, and tho the Chevalier was leſs Modeſt than *Marſillac* with the Ladies, he was not however the more preſſing; on the contrary provided he might toy with 'em, have it ſaid in the world that he was in love, find ſome People of eaſie belief to flatter his vanity, put a Rival in pain, be better received than he, he was not at all fond of a ſurrender. One thing he did that made it more difficult for him to perſwade than it was for another, was that he never ſpoke ſeriouſly. Inſomuch that a Woman muſt needs flatter her ſelf extreamely, to beleive he was in love with her.

I have already ſaid that never any Gallant that was not beloved was more incommode than he, he had ever two or three Lacquies without Liveries, whom he called his Bloodhounds, whom he cauſed to dog and obſerve his Rivals and his Miſtreſſes.

Ma-

Madam *d' Olonne* being in pain One day how ſhe ſhould go to an Aſſignation ſhe had made with *Marſillac*, without being diſcovered by the Chevalier, reſolved for her pleaſure to go hooded up with her Chamber Maid, and to Paſs the River in a Boat; after having given orders to her ſervants to go wait for her at *Fauxbourgs Saint Germain*, the firſt Man who gave her his hand to help her into the Boat, was the Chevaliers Bloodhound, before whom, without knowing him, ſhe had been merry with her Chamber Maid, for that ſhe had deceived the Chevalier, and talked of what they were going to do that day; this Bloodhound went immediately to acquaint his Maſter, who ſtrangly ſurpriſed Madam *d' Olonne* the next day, when he acquainted her with the perticulars of her Rendevouz of the Evening before.

An honeſt welbred Man having convicted his Miſtreſs of loving another than himſelf, withdraws immediately and without noiſe, particularly if ſhe had not made him any promiſe; but the Chevalier was not of that humour; when he could not procure being beloved, he would rather choſe to have been ſtabbed than leave his Miſtreſs and Rival in repoſe. Now Madam

dam *d' Olonne* having reckoned for nothing the Aſſiduities that the Chevalier had payed her for three Months together, and turned into Raillery all that he had told her of his Paſſion, and the more for that ſhe was perſwaded, that he had as great an one for the Counteſs as he could have for her, ſhe hated him as the Devil. Then this Lover fancying that a Letter would do his buiſneſs much better than all he had done or ſaid thitherto, in that Opinion he writ to her in theſe termes.

IS it poſſible, my Goddeſs, that you ſhould be ignorant of the love, that your fair Eyes, my Suns, have kindled in my heart? That it be uſeleſs to have recourſe with you to thoſe Declarations which we are forced to have with mortal Beauties, and that mental Prayers, ought to ſuffice you, I have told you a thouſand times that I loved you; yet you laugh and make me no anſwer. Is this a good or an ill ſign my Queen, I conjure you to explain your ſelf therein, that the moſt paſſionate of mortals may continue to adore you, and ceaſe to diſpleaſe you.

Madam *d'Olonne* having received this Letter, carried it immediately to the Counteſs, with whom ſhe fancyed it had been concerted,

certed, but did not seem to beleive any such thing at first. As there was always a seeming kindness between them, she smiling valued at a high rate her refusing her Lover, and the notice she gave of the infidelity he would have committed. This vexed the Countess, tho she did not love the Chevalier: most Women are no more willing to lose their Lovers whom they had no kindness for than those they favour, and particularly when they abandon them to give themselves to others, and their Vexation does not so much proceed from the loss they have as from the preference of their Rivals: which was the Countesses case in this encounter. However she thanked Madam *d' Olonne* for the intention she had to oblige her, but protested she had no engagement with the Chevalier, but that on the contrary she should be obliged to those who would rid her of him. Madam *d' Olonne* did not content her self with shewing that Letter to the Countess, she likewise vapoured with it to *Marsillac*; and whether she or the Countess spoke of it to others, every body knew that the Poor Chevalier had been sacrificed, and he himself was quickly acquainted with the jests that were made upon his Letter.

Con-

Contempt offends all Lovers, but when Raillery is joyned with it they are netled to the heart: The Chevalier seeing himself Casheired and laughed at, kept no longer any measures, he said all manner of ill things of Madam *d' Olonne*, and it was perceived in this Occasion, that this fooliſh Woman had found the secret of losing her reputation by preserving her Honour of being Cruel, and cryed out upon for a Gilt.

The Chevalier hated none of his Rivals so much as he did *Marsillac*, as well because he thought him better treated, as for that he fancyed he the least deserved it: he called Madam *d' Olonne*'s Lovers, the Philistins, and said that *Marsillac* by reason he had but little Wit, had defeated them all with the Jaw bone Bone of an Ass.

In this same time the Count of *Guiche*, the Mareschal of *Grammont*'s Son, as beautiful as an Angell, and full of Love, fancyed that the conquest of the Countess would be both easie and honorable to him; insomuch that he resolved to undertake it out of motives of Glory; he mentioned it to *Manicamp* his faithful and necessary Friend, who approved his designe, and offered to serve him in it. The Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* have so great a part

in

in this ſtory, that it is neceſſary to ſpeak of them *en paſſant*, and make them perfectly known; and in order to that it is fit I begin with the deſcription of the former.

The count *de Guiche* had great black Eyes, a handſome Noſe, well made, his Mouth was ſomething wide, the forme of his Face round, his Complexion was admirable, had a great Forehead and a fine Shape: he had Wit, was very knowing, addicted to raillery, light, preſumptuous, brave, haſty and without friendſhip: he was Colonel of the French Gards, jointly with the Mareſchal of *Grammont* his Father.

Manicamp had ſweet blew Eyes, a Hawk's Noſe, a wide Mouth, his Lips were very red and full, his Complexion was ſomething yellow, his Face was flat, his Haire thick long and white, his Shape was fine if it had not been too much neglected: As for Wit ſhe had enough of the Count *de Guiche*'s ſort; he had not acquired ſo much, but his *Genius* way at leaſt as good; his Fortune not being ſo well ſetled as the others, made him ſomething the more cautious; but they had naturally both the ſame inclinations to the hinder parts and to raillery;

and

and indeed they loved one another as ardently as if they had been of different Sexes.

At the same time Madam *d' Olonne* shewed all the World the Chevalier *de Grammont*'s Letter, he discovered the love the Count *de Guicke* had for the Countess of *Fiesque*, this was of no small use to him for the making her fall out with Madam *d' Olonne*, fancying his Reconciliation would be the more easy with the Countess, the less he kept measures with the others: but while he is endeavouring to make Peace for himself, let us se what the Count *de Guicke* did to render himself lovely. First you must know then that the Count had a very great passion for Mademoiselle *de Beauvais*, a Maid of mean Birth, but of a great deal of Wit; it must likewise be known that he had been so traversed by his Relations in that Amour, that they feared she would make him commit the same folly, that his Sister had caused the Marquess of *Richilieu* to do, whom that Consideration, as well as the Rigours of the faire One, had very much disgusted, and had the deeper engaged him in the design of Loving the Countess; but he had not for this fair One, all the inclination she deserved, and it was less a second passion than a Remedy to the former.

former. But he got little ground, & all that he could do was to move the Counteſs and to put the Chevalier into diſpair, and for that end he kept to Lookes and Aſſiduities, without caring to ſpur on faſter. The Counteſs, whoſe heart, as is beleived, was never ſmitten with any thing but the merit of *Guiſtand*, the Prince of *Condé*'s Favourite, whom ſhe had not ſeen in four or five years, but with whom ſhe had kept a commerce of Letters, felt her Conſtancy ſhaken by the Count *de Guiches* addreſſes, and notwithſtanding all that *Gerſé*, *Guiſtavel*'s friend, could ſay to her, for the obliging her to chace away the Count, ſhe would not at firſt yeild to it, but ſeemed to ridicule that Amour; and a long time eluded the Counſels of all her friends: yet at length ſhe her ſelf perceiving that the Count took no advantage of it, ſhe reſolved to procure her ſelf honour by making a Virtue of the neceſſity ſhe beleived her ſelf in of loving her, and that this might not ſeem a Sacrifice to the Chevalier, who had bragged he could cauſe his Nephew to be Caſhiered, ſhe turned them both off, yeilding at that time to the adviſe of *Gerſé*, as ſhe told him; and hereupon was made this jeaſt, that the Counteſs was

going to ſigne the Diſcharges and Paſſports of her Lovers, but the Chevalier cauſed her to be ſo intreated by her beſt Friends, that he obtained leave to ſee her at a fortnights end, and it was upon this that this Song was made to the tune of Saraband.

So zealouſly old Gerſé *plaid his part,*
With ſuch ſucceſs he ſerv'd his Flemmiſh Friend,
That the fair Lady, who has ſtill my Heart,
Never to ſee her did me Orders ſend.
He fancied then, and I was much afraid,
An everlaſting Doom on me was laid;
In a ſhort baniſhment yet all will end.

Five or ſix Months being paſſed, during which the Chevalier was too happy, he was not troubled with his Nephew, had enjoyed the pleaſures of ſolely loving the Counteſs; ſome freinds of the Count *de Guiche* repreſented to him that being the handſomeſt Man of the Court, it was a ſhame for him to find any Lady cruel, and that the ſucceſs he had had with the Counteſs had done him any injury in the world: theſe reaſons made him reſolve to reingage himſelf: He returned from he Campagne wounded in his Right Hand, but his Wound, tho great, not having

having hindred him from going abroad ſome times, he met the Counteſs One day in the *Tuilleryes*: He had the Abbot *Fouequett* with him, who was that Lady's particular friend, who thinking to do them a pleaſure, engaged them in diſcourſe, and left them together a pretty long time. The Count ſaid nothing at all of love, but his ways and his looks made the Counteſs underſtand but too much, nay more than he deſigned ſhe ſhould: This Converſation was quickly ended by the Count *de Guiche*'s fainting away, out of which he was recovered by the help of the Counteſs and the Abbot.

Their Opinion of the cauſe of his fainting away were divers, the Abbot attributed it to the Counts wound, and the Counteſs to his paſſion. A Woman believes nothing more willingly than that ſhe is beloved, becauſe Love makes her beleive that ſhe ought to be beloved, and becauſe One is not hard to be perſwaded of what One deſires. Theſe reaſons made the Counteſs not at all doubt of the Count *de Guiche*'s Love. At that time Madam *de Olonne* not being willing that a young ſpark ſo well made ſhould eſcape her, deſired *Vieneuil* to bring the Count *de Guiche* to her, but this Gentleman's time was not yet

come, he went from thence as free as he came thither. He continued his Design for the Countess, his Assiduities having renewed the Chevaliers jealousie; he to inform himself how his Nephew stood with his Mistress, wrote with his left Hand the following Letter to that fair One.

IT is no small trouble to have only a poor left Hand; I beseech you, Madam, to grant me the honour of seeing you some time this day, but my dear Unkle must know nothing of it, for I should run a risque of my Life, and perhaps you your self would come off but little better.

The Countess having read this Letter, gave charge to her Porter to bid him who should come for an Answer, that he should tell his Master, That he should send *Manicamp* to her at Three a Clock in the Afternoon. When the Chevalier had received this Answer, he fancied he had wherewith to Convict the Countess of being in the deepest Engagement of an Amorous Intrigue with his Nephew; and in that Opinion he went to her House: The Rage he was in had so changed his Countenance, that had the Countess ever so little distrusted

ſted him, ſhe had diſcovered all at the firſt ſight; but not ſuſpecting the leaſt, ſhe took no notice of his looks. *Madam*, ſaid he to her, *is it long ſince you ſaw the Count* de Guiche? *Not theſe five or ſix days*, anſwered ſhe. *But*, replied the Chevalier, *It is not ſo long ſince you received Letters from him. I, Letters from the Count* de Guiche? ſaid ſhe; *Why ſhould he write to me? Is he in a Condition to write to any Body? Take care of what you ſay, Madam*, replyed the Chevalier, *for it is of moment. The truth is*, ſaid the Counteſs, *that* Manicamp *has newly ſent to ask me if the Count* de Guiche *might come and ſee me to day; and I ſent him word, he ſhould come without his Friend. It is true*, replyed the Chevalier haſtily, *that you juſt now ſent word to* Manicamp *that he ſhould come without the Count* de Guiche, *but it was upon the Count's Letter that you ſent him that Meſſage, and I come to know it, Madam, becauſe that it was I that writ it, and had your Anſwer delivered to me. Is it not ſufficient that you do not make Returns to the Paſſion I have had theſe Twelve years for you, but you muſt prefer a young Boy before me, who does not love you, nor has ſeemed to love you above a Fortnight?* After this Diſcourſe he was like a Mad-man for a Quarter of an hour toge-

ther. The Counteſs ſeeing herſelf Convicted, would turn the thing into Raillery: *But ſince you ſuſpected an Intrigue between me and your Nephew*, ſaid ſhe to him, *why did you not ask me things of greater importance than an hour to ſee me?* *Ah! Madam*, replyed he, *I know but too much to make me believe that you are the moſt ungrateful Woman in the World, and I the moſt unfortunate of all Men.* *Manicamp* came in juſt as he had ſpoke theſe words, whereupon he went away to conceal the diſorder he was in. *What's the matter, Madam*, ſaid *Manicamp, I find you in a ſtrange perplexity?* The Counteſs related to him all the Chevaliers Deceipt, and their Converſation thereupon; and after ſome Diſcourſes upon this Subject, *Manicamp* went away, and within an hour brought this Letter from the Count *de Guiche*.

For fear Forgers ſhould injure me by acting my part, and leſt you ſhould be miſtaken in the Character and the Stile, I was deſirous to make known to you both the one and the other; the laſt is more difficult, being dictated by ſomething above their Sentiments.

The Counteſs having read this Letter, *My*

My God, ſaid ſhe to him, *how ſilly is your Friend! I am affraid he will bring trouble both upon me and himſelf. Provided, Madam*, anſwered *Manicamp*, *that you underſtand one another, you cannot come to trouble. But*, anſwered the Counteſs, *can he only act with me the part of a Lover? Yes, Madam*, ſaid he, *it is impoſſible for him to change; and what ought to perſwade you, is that he returns to the Charge after having been routed: This ſhews a furious neceſſity in him of loving you.* As they were going to continue this Converſation, Company came in who interrupted it, *Manicamp* taking leave, went immediately to his Friend to acquaint him with what had juſt paſſed between the Counteſs and him. The Count *de Guiche* not believing that the Letter he had written to the Counteſs, was ſufficient to perſwade her perfectly of his Paſſion, he wrote another, which expreſſed it more clearly, and gave it *Manicamp* in charge; who carrying it the next day to that fair One, loſt it by the way, inſomuch that he returned immediately to acquaint the Count with the Accident that had befallen him; whereupon that Count writ this Letter to the Counteſs.

IF you were perſwaded of my Sentiments, you would eaſily comprehend, that I am ill ſatisfied with ſo careleſs a Man as Manicamp; *you are going to ſee the greateſt quarrel in the World, if you do not prevent it; think but what I do for you, ſince I break with the beſt of my Friends without Return on my ſide; but, as he has ſtill other Aſſiſtance, and that you are not ſo much diſpleaſed as I am, I fear he will force me to pardon him through your Interceſſion.*

Manicamp went and ſought every where for the Counteſs, and having at length found her at Play at Madam *de Bonnelle*'s, *I bring good luck, Madam, to People I approach,* ſaid he to her; and having placed himſelf by her, he neatly ſlipt his Friends Letter into her Pocket, and went away. The Counteſs withdrawing ſome time after to her own Houſe, having left off Play, in taking out her Handkerchief, ſhe found the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, ſealed and without Superſcription; if ſhe had thought what it was, ſhe would not have opened it, but for fear ſhe ſhould be obliged not to break it open, ſhe was not willing to ſpend thoughts upon it, and opened it immediately

ately without the leaſt reflexion: All the Counteſſe's vivacity could not make her imagine what the Count *de Guiche* meant by his being diſſatisfied with *Manicamp*; inſomuch that ſhe ordered one of her Servants to go tell him, he ſhould come and ſee her on the Morrow, being reſolved to rattle him for the Letter he had given her from the Count *de Guiche*, and to forbid him to charge himſelf with any more for the future. As he entred the Chamber the next day, her Curioſity made her forget her Anger: *Well*, ſaid ſhe, *tell me your quarrel with your Friend. It is, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *that as I was bringing you a Letter two days ago, I loſt it, and he is enraged againſt me, and I know not what to ſay to him, for I am in the fault.* The Counteſs fearing this loſt Letter might be found by ſome one who might make a Story of it, to make the publick Sport; *Go*, ſaid ſhe to him, *go ſeek it every where, and do not return till you have brought it me back.* *Manicamp* went away immediately, and returned in the Evening to tell her, that he could not find it, that the Count *de Guiche* would no longer ſee him, and that he came to beſeech her to reconcile them. *I will*, ſaid ſhe, *tho you do not deſerve it: And I ſhall go to morrow to*

Ma-

Mademoiſelle, bid your Friend be there. I have no more Commerce with him, ſaid *Manicamp* to her, *and nothing can appeaſe him but a Letter from you. I write to the Count* de Guiche! replyed the Counteſs, *you are a pleaſant Man to make ſuch a Propoſal. Tho we are fallen out, Madam,* anſwered *Manicamp, I cannot forbear telling you ſtill that he deſerves that favour. Do not think of him in this Occaſion, give this Letter to the Friendſhip you have for me, and I promiſe that when it has done the buſineſs, I will return it into your hands.* The Counteſs having made him engage his word he would bring back her Letter, ſhe writ to him the day following in theſe terms.

THe intention of theſe Lines are only to ask Manicamp's *pardon, and if it is neceſſary to ſay any thing more to oblige you to grant it me, give credit to what he ſhall acquaint you with from me; he is ſo much my Friend, that I cannot refuſe any thing that may be uſeful to him.*

The Count of *Guiche* having received this Letter, found it too hard to reſtore it; he fancied he ſhould get quit by diſavowing *Manicamp*, and in the mean time he encharged him with this Anſwer.

I

I Could infinitely desire you were as much inclined to grant me what I should desire of you, as it was easie for me to grant pardon to the Criminal: I avow to you, that with such a Recommendation it was impossible to refuse anything: If I was so happy as to be able to give you proofs thereof by something more difficult, you would know that you did me an injustice, when you doubted of the truth of my Sentiments: They are, I assure you, as passionate as so lovely a Person as you are can inspire, and shall ever be as modest as you can desire them. Notwithstanding all what our Governours say, I conjure you to follow the advice of the Criminal; for tho he is something careless, his zeal for our Service deserves to be Commended.

That advice was to be very distrustful of the Chevalier, who did all he could to traverse his Nephew, and to make him appear indiscreet and unfaithful to the Countess. After that *Manicamp* told her that the Letter she had written to the Count *de Guiche*, had so transported him with joy, that it was impossible to get it from him, but that she should not be in pain, for that it would be as safe in his Friends hands as in the fire; and

and moreover, that he had never ſeen a Man ſo much in love as the Count was, and that he would certainly love her as long as he lived. *But*, interrupted the Counteſs, *what is the meaning of ſo many Viſits that your Friend makes to Madam* d' Olonne? *Does he go to deſire her to intercede with me for him? He does not viſit her at all, Madam,* anſwered *Manicamp, that is to ſay, he has been there but once or twice; but I diſcover the Chivaliers Malice in what you tell me, and I am certain the Count* de Guiche *will know this Knaviſh trick to be of his Unkles Stamp. But, Madam, hear my Friend before you Condemn him. I am of your Opinion*, ſaid ſhe to him; and indeed *Manicamp* gueſſed right: For the Chevalier had told the Counteſs that the Count *de Guiche* was in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, that ſhe only ſerved for a Pretext, and a thouſand other things of that Nature, that appeared to her ſo likely, that though ſhe diſtruſted the Chevalier in what concerned the Count *de Guiche*, ſhe could not forbear giving Credit to him in this Encounter. The next day a Lady of her Acquaintance being come to preſs her to go into the Country, ſhe let herſelf be perſwaded: And really fancying the Count *de Guiche* falſe, ſhe would not come to any Ex-

Explication with him; and not to break off all, she thought it convenient to prepossess *Guitand* by a false Confidence, for fear he should learn by other means the truth of all; Wherefore she sent him a Copy of the Count *de Guiche*'s last Letter, and after that her Friend and she went out of Town. The Chevalier, who had an Eye upon all the Countesses Actions, and had bribed all her Servants, had the Pacquet she sent to *Guitand* two hours after it was made up. He took a Copy of the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, and cast the Pacquet into the Fire. Two days after, having learnt that the Countess was gone, he wrote to her this Letter.

IF you had had as much desire to informe your self of things you seemed to doubt of, as I had by a thousand true reasons to take from you all manner of Scruples, you would not have undertaken so long a Journey, or at least you would have been sorry to have appeared so good a Friend. I would not forbid your having a kindness, but I should extreamly desire to have some part in the Application, and I avow to you, that if I was happy enough to compas it by the same means, I should endeavour to render my self worthy of it by my Conduct.

While

While this Letter was a carrying to the Counteſs, the Chevalier went to ſeek out his Nephew, with whom he found *Manicamp*. After a Prologue of Raillery upon the good Fortunes of the Count *de Guiche* in General: *Faith, my poor Friends*, ſaid he to them, *I confeſs you are younger and genteeler than I am, and I ſhall never diſpute with you a Miſtreſs I have not been a long time acquainted with: But however, you muſt yield the Counteſs to me, and all thoſe I have any Engagement with. The Vanity Women take in a great number of Galants may oblige them to give you ſome hopes. There are few who at the firſt onſet will ſtifle the Vows of their Adorers: But ſooner or later they return to reaſon; and it is then that the new Comer paſſes his time very ill, and that the old Gallant joinly with his Miſtreſs cry, Farewel you Gentlemen Serenaders. You promiſed me, Count* de Guiche, *never to torment me more, as to what concerns the Counteſs; you have broke your word, and committed an infidelity that has done you no good: For the Counteſs has given me all the Letters you wrote to her; I'le ſhow you the Originals when you will: In the mean time here is a Copy of the laſt Letter you ſent her*; and ſaying that, he took out a Letter of the Count *de Guiche*'s, and having read it; *Well! my Dear,*

Dears, said he to them, *you'l hunt upon my grounds again, will you?*

While the Chevalier was speaking, the Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* looked amazedly upon one another, not being able to comprehend that the Countess had so basely deceived them. At length *Manicamp* broak silence, and addressing himself to the Count, *You are treated*, said he to him, *as you deserved; but since the Countess has not had any Consideration for us*, added he, turning towards the Chevalier, *we are not obliged to have any for her: We easily perceived we have been Sacrificed, but there was a time, Chevalier, that you was so too; We have indeed great reason to complain of her, but you have none at all to be satisfied with her: When we some times rejoyced and were merry at your Costs, the Countess went halves with us at the least. The truth is*, said the Count *de Guiche*, *that you would not have reason to be satisfied with the Countesses preference in your Favours, if you knew the esteem she has of you; and this makes me draw infallible Consequences that she is deeply engaged with you, since after all the things she has told me, she only betrays me to give you satisfaction.* Thereupon being all three really reconciled, and having given one another a thousand Assurances of

Friend

Friendſhip for the future, they parted.

The Count *de Guiche* and *Manicamp* ſhut themſelves up to make a Letter of reproaches in *Manicamps* Name to the Counteſs, to which the poor Counteſs being innocent, made anſwer, that he and his Friend had been taken for Cullies, and that the Chevalier was cunninger than they; that ſhe could not tell by what means he had got the Letter he had ſhowed them, but that they One day ſhould clearly ſee that ſhe had not made a Sacrifice of them. This Letter not finding *Manicamp* any longer at *Paris*, he being gone out the day before with the Count *de Guiche* to follow the King in his Progreſs to *Lyons*, he did not receive it till he arrived at Court, and thought neither the more, nor the leſs advantageouſly of the Counteſs: during all theſe paſſages, *Marſillac*'s Intrigue with Madam *d' Olonne* jogged on; that Lover ſeeing her with the greateſt conveniency imaginable by night at her Houſe, and by day at Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle*'s, a lovely Creature, and of a great deal of Wit. Madam *d' Olonne* had by her Bedſide a Cloſet, in a corner of which ſhe had cauſed a trap Door to be made, which went into another Cloſet underneath, where-

in

in *Marſillac* entred when it was night; a Foot-Carpet concealed the Trapdoor, and a Table covered it. Thus *Marſillac* paſſing the Night with Madam *d'Olonne*, according to the common report, did not loſe his time: This laſted till ſhe went to the Waters, in which time *Marſillac*, who wrote to her a thouſand Letters that are not mentioned here, becauſe they are not worth the pains; wrote this Amourous Ticket to her one day, beforebidding her Adieu.

I never felt ſo lively a Grief as that I am ſenſible of at preſent, my Dear, becauſe I never yet parted from you ſince we have been in love with one another. Nothing but abſence, and that too the firſt abſence of what a perſon infinitely loves, can reduce one into the lamentable Condition I am in. If any thing could leſſen my trouble, my Dear, it would be the belief that you would ſuffer as much as I do. Do not take it ill that I wiſh you in pain, ſince it is a mark of your love. Farewel my Dear, be well aſſured that I love you, and that I ſhall love you ever; for if you are once really perſwaded of this truth, it is impoſſible but that you muſt love me as long as you live.

Her Anſwer was:

COmfort your ſelf, my Dear, If my Grief gives you eaſe, it is as great as you

could desire it; I cannot explaine it better, than by telling you that I suffer as much as I love you: If you doubt it, my Dear, come to me, but come early, that I may be a long time with you, and that I may in some manner recompence my self for the absence I am going to suffer. Farewell my Dear, be assured of my passion, it is at least as great as yours.

Marsillac did not fail to be at the Assignation much sooner than ordinary; In accosting his Mistress he flung himself upon her Bed, and was thus a long time melting into tears, and all his words were interrupted by sobs. Madam *d'Olonne* for her part appeared no less concerned, but as she was desirous to receive other Marks of Love from her Galant than those of Grief; *How! my Dear*, said she to him, *you send me word a little while a go that my Grief would ease yours, and yet the affliction you see me in, does not render you the more capable of Comfort.* At these words *Marsillac* redoubled his sighs, without making her an answer, the dulness of his Soul had caused the same effect in his Body; and I fancy that this Lover deplored at that time more the absence of his Vigour, than that of his Mistress. However as young People recover easily, and he being of a good complexion,

he

he began to come to himself, and recovered his strength in a little time: Insomuch that Madam *d' Olonne* could hardly discover he had been so lately ill. After he had given her so many testimonies of his good health, she recommended to him to have care of it above all things, and told him that he should judge thereby of the Love he had for her. Thereupon they made a thousand Protestations of loving one another all their life-time; they agreed of the means of writing, and then took leave; the one to go to Court, the other to the Wells. Prince *Marsillac* went the next day to take his leave of Mademoiselle *Cornuelle*, his good Friend, he desired her to perswade his Mistress to be more circumspect in her Carriage than she had yet been. *Rely upon me for that*, said this young Lady to him, *she must be very incorrigible if I do not keep her within bounds*. Two dayes after Mademoiselle *Cornuelle* went to Madam *d' Olonnes*, and having prayed her to order her Porter to say she was gone out: *I am too much your friend, Madam*, said she to her, not *to speake franckly to you in all that concerns your Carriage and your Reputation; you are beautyfull, young, you are of Quality, you have Riches and will, you have infinitely*

Charmed a Prince who loves you extreamly: All this ought to render you happy, however you are not so; you know what Reports run of you, we have talked of them sometimes together, and this being so, you are mad you are not contented: I do not pretend to consider your weakenesses, I am a Woman as well as you, and I know by my self the want of our Sex: Your Manners are insupportable, you love pleasures Madam, and I allow them, but you take delight to set People a talking, and it is that I condemn you for; Can you not leave off your Extravagances? it is impossible but that you must be in a Rage, when you hear of the Reputation you have in the world, and Men conceal the love they have for you more out of Shame than Modesty. Well my Dear, said Madam d'Olonne, do you here any thing new? does the World renew its Satyr's against me? No, Madam, said Mademoiselle, it does only continue them, because you still continue to give it new matters. I know not what I must do then, replyed Madam d'Olonne, all the Prudence that one can have in love, I fancyed I had; and that since I have been concerned in loving, I never fruitlesly delayed nor spun out any Intrigue, well knowing that the greatest Noise is usually made before the busmess is agreed on; and when Lovers act not

not in Concert together. Pretthee tell me exactly my Dear, added she, what I must do to love well, and entertain a Gallantry, that shall do me no injury in the world, tho it should be suspected: For I am resolved to do my Devoir in the future with the utmost Regularity. There are so many things to say upon that point, said Mademoiselle *Cornuelle, that I should never have don, if I would neglect nothing, however I shall tell you the principal as succinctly as possible.*

First you must know Madam, that there are three sorts of Women who make love, The Debauchées, the Cocquets, and the honest Mistresses. Tho the first are abominable, they certainly deserve more compassion than hatred, because they are hurryed away by the force of their Temper, and that almost an impossible application is required to reforme Nature; however if in any encounter we ought to conquer our selves, it is in that, wherein no less is concerned than our honours or lives.

As for Cocquets, the number being much greater, I shall enlarge more upon that point: The difference between Debauchées, and them, is, that in the Ill the former commit, there is at least sincerity, and in what the Cocquets do there is Treachery; The Cocquets tell us to excuse

themſelves when they give ear to the Courtſhip of all Comers, that how honeſt ſoever a Woman is, ſhe never hates a perſon who tells her he loves her.

But one may anſwer them that diſtinctions are to be made: either that Lover addreſſes himſelf to a Woman, who will be either honeſt for her ſelf or for a Lover: allow that ſhe cannot hate a Man for the Sentiments he had for her, yet this will not hinder her from being carefull of not having ſo much Complaiſance for him as for another, who had never declared any thing to her, for fear ſhe ſhould thereby entertain his hopes, and that at length it might make a noiſe, and be injurious to the reputation ſhe would preſerve.

If the Woman be prepoſſeſſed that the Man declares love to her, ſhe will have the ſame precautions as the other to hinder it from continuing; but if he perſiſts, I maintain that ſhe ſhall hate him as much as ſhe ſhall love her true Gallant: it being natural to hate the Enemies of the perſon we love, becauſe love will not allow love to be importunate, and becauſe that a Lover well treated may ſuſpect that a Paſſion that continues in his Rival, is at leaſt nouriſhed by ſome hopes; an honeſt

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs conſiders his Rival as her mortal Enemy, who maks her run the riſque of loſing her Lover whom ſhe loves more than her life. This being plain, you muſt likewiſe know that there are ſeveral ſorts of Cocquets; ſome take a pride in being beloved by a great many People, without ever loving any of them, and do not perceive that it is the advances themſelves make which invite men, and which retain them rather than merit. Beſides as it is not poſſible they ſhould diſpoſe their Favours ſo equally, but that ſome one will ſeem better treated than others, and there being ſome who will not content themſelves with equality, but pretend to preference; This gives jealouſy to the Malecontents, and makes them ſay in quitting them, all, nay more than they know.

There are other Cocquets who manage ſeveral Lovers, that they may ſave the real one in the multitude, and cauſe it to be ſaid, they have no amorous Intrigue, ſince they treat equally all thoſe who viſit them; but the beſt luck that can happen to them is to have the truth diſcovered; or at leaſt, it is better than by believing they love no Body, every one fancies they love All.

There are others who by managing ſe-

veral Gallants would fain perſwade, that if they ſhould love any one of them, they ſhould hazard the vexing him, In the mean time they vex and loſe him by theſe means. For to imagine that it is in the abſence of their true Lover that they make love, he will know nothing of it; or if it is in his preſence, by acting in concert together, he will eaſily ſee that is nothing, ſince he is taken for a Witneſs of what is done, or at all hazards if he is troubled, their Careſſing him, and their Promiſes to do ſo no more, will oblige him to be ſatisfied. All this is very ſubject to caution, a Lover is not long deceived, and if he does not diſcover it to day, he will diſcover it to Morrow.

And crying 'tis well, adieu my Dear,
I find no longer pleaſure here.

And tho his Paſſion ſhould be ſo ſtrong, that he could not get rid of it, the reproaches and noiſe he would make, would occaſion more vexation to the Cocquet Miſtreſs than all thoſe managements could have procured her Pleaſure. There are Cocquets who fancy they have ſo ill a repute in the World, that they dare not be cruel and rigorous to any man, for fear it ſhould paſs for a Sacrifice to ſome other, and ne

ver think that it would be better for their Honour that they were convicted of Sacrifice: This is, Madam, the Courſe the Coquets take. I muſt let you ſee that of honeſt Miſtreſſes.

As for them, they are either ſatisfied with their Lovers, or they are not: If they are not, they endeavour to reduce them to their Devoir by a tender and civil Carriage: If this cannot abſolutely be, they break off without noiſe, upon a pretext of Devotion, or the Jealouſie of a Husband, after having got from them, if they can, their Letters, and all that could Convict them: And above all things they ſo contrive it, that their Lovers do not fancy they abandom them for others.

If they are ſatisfied with their Lovers, they love them with all their hearts, they are continually telling it them, and they write them the kindeſt Letters they can: But as this does not prove their love, becauſe Coquets ſay as much, or more every day, their Actions and their Carriage does ſufficiently juſtifie the meaning of their Hearts, becauſe there is only that infallible. We can indeed ſay, We love tho we do not, but we cannot ſeem kind to any one long without having an affection for him.

An

An honeſt Miſtreſs is more afraid of giving Jealouſie to her Gallant than of Death, and when ſhe ſees him alarmed with any Suſpicion that the obſtinacy of his Rival might give him, ſhe does not content herſelf with the teſtimony of her Conſcience, ſhe redoubles her Cares and Careſſes for him, and her rigours for the other; ſhe does not defer the extreameſt Severity till another time, fancying ſhe could never be ſoon enough rid of an importunate Perſon. She knows that as many Moments as ſhe defers the chacing away this Rival, ſhe ſhould give as many ſtabs in his Heart ſhe is in love with. She knows that as ſoon as her Lover begins to have Suſpicions, the leaſt care ſhe ſhould take to remove them, would preſerve in him the eſteem and love he has for her; whereas if ſhe neglected to ſatisfie and cure him, he would come again to have ſo little Confidence in her, that ſhe ſhould not be able to recover his good Opinion, tho ſhe even offered him to loſe her Reputation for his ſake. She knows that a Lover would ever believe, that it would be the fear ſhe was in of him, had forced thoſe Sacrifices from her, that at another time he would have took for great Marks of love. She knows that in the Woman

man a Man confides in, all is excuſed, and that nothing is pardoned in her that is diſtruſted. She knows that at length a Man comes to be fatigued with the trouble a Miſtreſs gives him, and the reproaches that he has made her after having pardoned her a thouſand conſiderable Faults, that he breaks off upon a Trifle, the meaſures being plain, and he not able to ſuffer any longer ſo much vexation.

There are Women who love their Gallants extreamly, and yet make them jealous by their ill carriage, and this proceeds from their flattering themſelves too much with the aſſurance they have of their good Intentions, and for that they do not ſufficiently quaſh the hopes of thoſe men, who make Court to them, or who only ſeem to love them by their Cares and their Aſſiduities; and they are ignorant that the Civilities of a Woman one loves, are ſuch Favours as all Lovers flatter themſelves with ſometimes, becauſe they have Merit; or often becauſe they think they have ſo: Sometimes becauſe they have no good Opinion of the Perſons they make their Addreſſes to, and who fancy that the reſiſtance that they make is only to ſet a greater value upon themſelves. Inſomuch, that if a Woman,

man, who has never given occaſion to be talked of, is ſtill very jealous of her Reputation, ſhe ought to take care, as I have already ſaid, not to entertain in any manner the hopes of all that has the Air of a Lover, and if it is a Woman who has not thitherto been careful enough of her Carriage, but deſigns to be ſo for the future, which is your caſe, Madam, it is requiſite that ſhe be more rude than another, and eſpecially that ſhe be impartial in her Severity, for the leaſt favour ſhe ſhall let herſelf looſe to, does more reingage a Lover than a thouſand Refuſals does diſguſt him.

An honeſt Miſtreſs has ſo much ſincerity for her Lover, that rather than fail to tell him things of conſequence, ſhe tells him even what are trifles: Well knowing, that if he came to be informed by other means of certain indifferent things, that are rendred Criminal at their being told again, it would have the worſt effect imaginable. She keeps no Meaſures with him in point of Confidence, ſhe tells him not only her own ſecrets, but even thoſe ſhe knew before, or what ſhe learns elſewhere every day. She calls thoſe people ridiculous, Who ſay, that being Miſtreſs of anothers Secrets, we ought not to tell it our Lovers: She anſwers

ſwers to that, that if they ſtill love us, they will never ſay any thing of it: And if they happen to abandon us, we ſhould have much more to loſe than our Friends ſecret; but ſhe fancies, we ought never to conſider them, as ſuch as will one day leave off loving us, and that otherwiſe we ſhould be Fools to grant them Favours.

In a word, her Maxim is, That who gives her heart has nothing more to manage; ſhe knows that there are only two Encounters that can diſpence her from telling all to her Lover; the one if he was indiſcreet, and the other if he had any Gallantry before hers. For it would be imprudence in her to ſpeak to him in that caſe, at leaſt without he preſſed her extreamly, and then it would be he himſelf that occaſioned his own Vexation.

Finally, an honeſt Miſtreſs believes that what juſtifies her Love even with the moſt ſevere Men, is, when ſhe is deeply ſmitten, when ſhe takes pleaſure in making it appear to her Lover, when ſhe ſurprizes him by a thouſand little favours, that he did not expect; when ſhe has no reſerve for him; when ſhe applies herſelf to procure him eſteem amongſt all People; and that in a word, ſhe makes of her Paſſion the great-

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eſt buſineſs of her Life: Without this, Madam, ſhe holds Love for a Debauche, and that it is a Brutal Commerce, and a Trade by which ruined Women ſubſiſt.

Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle* having left off ſpeaking, Good God! ſaid Madam *d' Olonne*, what fine things have you now ſaid; but how difficult are they to be put in practice? I even find therein ſome injuſtice; for in a word, ſince we even deceive our Husbands, whom the Laws have made our Maſters, why ſhould our Gallants come off at a better rate? They whom nothing obliges us to love but the choice we make, and whom we take to ſerve us as long, and as little as we pleaſe. I did not ſay, anſwered Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle*, that we ought not to abandon our Gallants, when they diſpleaſe us either by their own defects, or our wearineſs; but I have ſhown you the nice manner by which you ought to diſengage your ſelf from them, not to give them any reaſon to cry out upon you in the world: For in a word, Madam, ſince they have impoſed that tyranny upon the Honour of Ladies, not to love what they find lovely, we muſt comply with Cuſtome, and conceal our ſelves at leaſt when we will love. Well! my Dear, ſaid Madam *d' Olonne* to her, I

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am going to act wonders, I am fully reſolved of it, but withal I ground the greateſt hopes of my Conduct upon avoiding Occaſions.

Whether it be by avoiding, or reſiſtance, ſaid Mademoiſelle *de Cornuelle*, it is no matter, provided your Lover be ſatisfied with you; and thereupon having exhorted her to remain firm in her good Intentions, ſhe took her leave.

During Madam *d' Olonne*'s ſeparation from *Marſillac*, they wrote to one another very often, but as there was nothing therein remarkable, I ſhall not mention their Letters, which ſpoke of their love, and of their impatience to ſee one another again, but in a very common manner. Madam *d' Olonne* was the firſt who returned to *Paris*; the Count *de Guiche* during the Progreſs to *Lyons*, perſwaded *Monſieur*, the King's Brother, with whom he was much in favour, to have a Gallantry at his return to *Paris* with Madam *d' Olonne*, and had offered himſelf to ſerve him in it, and to procure him content in a ſhort time. This Prince had promiſed the Count *de Guiche* to make the neceſſary Paces to engage that Cocquet, inſomuch that in the Converſations he had with Madam *d' Olonne*, he only

ly ſpoke to her of the love that Prince had for her: He told her that he had declared it to him more than an hundred times upon the Journey, and that ſhe would certainly ſee him ſigh aſſoon as he was returned. A Woman who had Citizens and Gentlemen her Gallants, ſome handſome, others ugly, might well love a comely Prince, Madam *d' Olonne* received the Count *de Guiche*'s Propoſition with an unexpreſſible joy; and it was ſo great, that ſhe did not ſo much as make thoſe Excuſes which Coquets make in ſuch like Encounters. Another would have ſaid that ſhe would not love any one, but leſs a Prince than any man ſoever, becauſe he would not have ſo much application. Madam *d' Olonne*, who was the moſt natural Woman in the World, and the moſt paſſionate, kept no bounds of Modeſty, but anſwered the Count *de Guiche*, That ſhe eſteemed herſelf more than ſhe had yet done, ſince ſhe pleaſed ſo great and ſo rational a Prince. When the Court was returned to *Paris*, the Duke of *Orleans* did not anſwer the eagerneſſes, the Count had prepared Madam *d' Olonne* for, who delivered herſelf all entirely. All this produced nothing, and made her but the more know how indifferent ſhe was to that Prince.

Prince. The Count *de Guiche* seeing that the Duke of *Orleans* did not bite at the Hook, changed his Design, and was desirous at least that the Services he would have rendred to Madam *d' Olonne*, should be of some advantage to him. Whereupon he resolved to act the part of a Lover himself, and being the Commerce he had had with her upon the Amours of the Duke of *Orleans*, had made him very familiar, he did not balance to write to her this Letter.

'WE have laboured hitherto in vain, Madam, the Queen haters you, and 'the Duke of *Orleans* apprehends displeasing her, I have reason to be in despair, 'Madam, but you can comfort me if you 'please, and I do Conjure you to do it, 'since the natural sharpness of the Mother, 'and the weakness of the Son, have ruined 'our Projects, other Measures are to be taken. Let us love one another, Madam, it 'is already done on my part; and I easily 'perceive, that had the Duke of *Orleans* loved you, I should quickly have fallen out 'with him, because I should not have been 'able to have resisted the inclination I have 'for you. I do not question but that at 'first you will be shocked at the difference,

'but lay aside your Ambition, and you will 'not find your self so miserable as you ima- 'gine. I am certain that when Spight shall 'have cast you into my Arms, Love will 'there retain you.

Let People say what they will against Women, there is sometimes more imprudence than malice in their Conduct: Most of them no longer think, when they are courted, that they ought never to love: In the mean time they proceed further than they imagine, they do things sometimes, thinking they shall be always Cruel, which they extreamly repent of, when they are become more Humane. The same thing happened to Madam *d' Olonne*; she was stung to the quick that she had failed of the Prince's Heart, after having reckoned it amongst her Conquests; in seeking some one to apply herself to for the amusing her grief, she found nothing more likely to believe, than that the Count *de Guiche* for his own Interest had hindred him from loving her. Insomuch that as well to revenge herself of him, as to reassure *Marsillac*, whom this Intrigue had alarmed, she sacrificed to him the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, without considering that Love would perhaps oblige

lige her to do the ſame with thoſe of *Marſillac*, and he whom Madam *d' Olonne* gave a thouſand Favours to, made the uſe of them that is common, when one is ſatisfied with his Miſtreſs, he rendred her a thouſand thanks for her Sincerity, and contented himſelf with triumphing over his Rivals, without ſhowing any indiſcreet Pride.

In the mean time the Count *de Guiche* not knowing the Deſtiny of his Letter, went the day after to Madam *d' Olonne*'s Houſe; but ſo much Company was there that day, that he could not ſpeak to her about buſineſs at that time. He only obſerved that ſhe had eyed him very much, and from her Houſe he went to acquaint *Fieſque* with the ſtate of his Affairs, who ſince his return from *Lyons*, he had made his Confident; he went likewiſe to tell the ſame to *Vineuil*; and they both judged by the weakneſs of the Lady, and the Gentleneſs of the Spark, that his purſuit would neither be long nor in vain: And the truth is, Madam *d'Olonne* had found the Count *de Guiche* ſo handſome, and ſo much to her mind, that ſhe repented the Sacrifice ſhe had newly made to *Marſillac*. The day after the Count *de Guiche* returned to her Houſe, and

having found her alone, he ſpoke to her of his Paſſion, the fair One was pleaſed, and received that Declaration the moſt agreably imaginable; but after having agreed upon loving one another, as they were upon certain Conditions, People came in; which obliged the Count *de Guiche* to go out a Moment after.

Madam *d'Olonne* having diſingaged herſelf from her Company as ſoon as ſhe was able, took Coach, being deſirous to diſcover if the Counteſs *de Fieſque* took no Intereſt any longer in the Count *de Guiche*: She went to her, and after ſome Converſations upon other ſubjects, ſhe asked her advice in the Deſignes ſhe told her the Count *de Guiche* had for her. The Counteſs told her that ſhe was only to conſult her Heart in ſuch Occaſions: *My heart does not ſay to me much in favour of the Count*, replyed Madam *d'Olonne*, *and my Reaſon tells me a thouſand things againſt him: He is a Spark I can never love.* In ſaying theſe words, ſhe took leave of the Counteſs, without waiting for her Anſwer.

On the other ſide the Count *de Guiche* being returned to his Houſe, he met with *Vinevil*, who waited for him with great impatience to know what poſture his Affairs were

were in; the Count *de Guiche* told him ſomething coldly, that he believed all was broaken off, conſidering how Madam *d'Olonne* treated him; and *Vinevil* deſiring to know the particulars of the Converſation, the Count *de Guiche* not being willing to diſcover what paſſed, changed diſcourſe every moment; this gave ſome ſuſpicions to *Vineuil* who was cunning and in love with Madam *d'Olonne*, and only concerned himſelf in the affairs of the Count *de Guiche*, that he might prevail with his Miſtreſs by the things he ſhould have learnt. He went away ſeeing he could not make any diſcovery, and was for three days in mortal diſquiets, not being able to learn the certainty of what he ſuſpected, and what he would know. He went to *Fieſque's* Houſe with the Countenance of a diſgraced Favourite, ſince he ſaw he had no longer any ſhare in the Count *de Guiche's* confidenc, he ſaid nothing of it to that fair One, not to diſcredit himſelf in ſhowing his Misfortune,

At three days end he went to the Count *de Guiche's* Houſe. *What have I done my Lord*, ſaid he to him, *that obliges you to treat me thus? I eaſily perceive that you hide from me your intrigue with Madam* de O-

Olonne, *learn me the reaſon of it, or if you have none, continue to tell me what you know as you uſed to do. I ask your pardon my poor* Vinevil, ſaid the Count *de Guiche* to him, *but Madam* d'Olonne *upon granting me enjoyment, exacted from me not to ſpeak thereof to you nor to* Fieſque, *much leſs then to any others, becauſe ſhe ſaid that you are malicious, and* Fieſque *jealous. How indiſcreet ſoever a perſon is, there is no Intrigue but what's kept ſecret in the beginning, if there be no need of a Confident: This I have had experience of in this Occaſion, for I am naturally enough inclined to tell an amourous adventure: And yet I have been three dayes without acquainting you with this, tho you know all my ſecrets; but have patience, my Dear, I am going to tell you all that paſſed between Madam* d' Olonne *and me, and by the exacteſt Relation in the World, in ſome manner requite the offence done to the friendſhip I have for you.*

You know then that the firſt Viſit made her, after having written to her the Letter you have ſeen, I did not find in her looks any averſion or kindneſs; and the Company that was at her houſe hindred me from having any further information. All that I could remarke was, that ſhe obſerved me from time to time; but returning thither the day after, and having found her alone,

alone, I represented my love to her so well, and so eagerly pressed her to make returns to it, that she Confessed she loved me, and promised to give me marks thereof upon Condition I have newly told you. You know very well that I would promise her all in those moments; we heard a noise, insomuch that Madam *d' Olonne* bid me come again the next day dressed in Womens Cloathes, and as one who brought her Lace to sell; whereupon being returned to my House, I found you there, and you might easily perceive by the cold reception I made you, that all the World importuned me at that time, and particularly you, my Dear, whom I was more jealous of than any one; you likewise perceived it, and it was that which made you suspect I did not tell you all: when you was gone, I gave order that my Porter should say I was not at home, and prepared my self for my Mascarade of the Morrow: All the pleasure that imagination can give beforehand, I had for four and twenty hours together: The four or five last hours were more tedious than all the others; at length that which I expected with so much impatience, being come, I caused my self to be carryed to Madam *d' Olonne*'s House, I found her

in a Cornet upon her Bed, in a Roſe Colour Undreſs. I cannot expreſs to you my Dear, how beautifull ſhe was that day, all that can be ſaid, comes ſhort of the Charms ſhe had: her Neck was half uncovered, ſhe had more Hair looſe than uſual, and all in rings and curles, her Eyes were more ſparkling than the Stars. Love and the colour of her Face animated her Complexion with the fineſt Vermillion in the World. *Well, my Dear, ſaid ſhe to me, are not you full of acknowledgment that I ſpare you the pains of ſighing a long time? do you find that I make you pay too dear for the Favours you receive? Tell me my Dear*, added ſhe, *but you are mute. Ah! Madam* anſwered I her, *I ſhould be inſenſible were I in cold Blood, ſeeing you in this poſture. But may I aſſure my ſelf, ſaid ſhe, that you have forgotten little* Beauvais *and the Counteſs of* Fieſque? *yes* ſaid I to her, *Madam, you may; and how ſhould I remember others*, added I, *ſince you may perceive I have almoſt forgot my ſelf? I only fear*, replyed ſhe, *the future; for for the preſent, my Dear, I am much miſtaken if I ſuffer you to think of any Body beſides my ſelf*; And in finiſhing theſe words ſhe took me about the Neck, and preſſing me you know how with her Arms, ſhe pulled

pulled me upon her; Both of us lying in manner, we kiſſed ill one another a thouſand times: But not willing to ſtop there, and this ſeeking for ſomething more ſolid; but on my part in vain. We ought to know our ſelves, and what we are fit for: For my part I perceive I am no Womans man. It was impoſſible for me to come off with Honour, what effect ſoever my fancy made, and the Idea and the preſence of the moſt beautifull Object in the World. *What's the matter* ſaid ſhe to me, *My Lord, What ales you, What is it that puts you in ſo ſad a Condition? Is it my Perſon that diſguſts you, or do you only bring me the leavings of an other?* This Diſcourſe made me ſo aſhamed and out of Countenance, my Dear, that it quite deprived me of the forces I had left. *I beg of you, Madam*, ſaid I to her, *not to ruine a wretch with reproaches! Certainly I am bewitched.* In ſtead of giving me an anſwer ſhe called her Chamber-Maid, *Prethee tell me* Quentine *how do I look to day? am not I very ugly? Do not deceive your Lady, there is ſomething about me that does not ſit well?* *Quentine* not daring to anſwer ſeeing her in that rage, Madam *d' Olonne* ſnatching a looking-Glaſs from her ſhe held in her hands? After having made all the geſtures

ſhe

ſhe uſed to do when ſhe deſigned to Charm any one to judge if my inſufficiency proceeded from her fault or mine. She got up and ſhaked her Petticoat that was ſomething ruffled, and went in a fury into her Cloſet that ſtood by her Bed-ſide. For my part, I was like a Condemned Man, I asked my ſelf if all that had paſſed was not a Dream, with all the reflections that one can make in ſuch an Encounter; I went to *Manicamps* Houſe, where having related to him all my adventure. *I am mightily obliged to you, my Dear* ſaid he to me, *for certainly it was for the love of me that you were ſo inſenſible near ſo pretty a Woman. Tho perhaps you may be the Cauſe of it*, ſaid I to him, *I did it not to oblige you; I love you extreamely, and I do confeſs it; but withall that I had forgot you in that occaſion; I do not Comprehend ſo extraordinary an Obligation by quitting the habit of a Man: I had quitted you before, but that part is dead in me, by which I have been hitherto a kind of Chancellour.* As I had done ſpeaking, one of my Servants brought me a Letter from Madam *d' Olonne* that one of hers had given him, here it is in my Pocket; in ſaying that the Count read this Letter to *Vinevil*.

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IF I was a lover of Venereal pleaſures, I ſhould lament my having been diſappointed, but far from complaining; I am obliged to your inſufficiency, it is the cauſe that in the expectation of delights you were not able to give me, I enjoyed others by imagination that laſted much longer than thoſe you could have been capable of furniſhing, tho you had been as well provided as an other Man. I ſend at preſent to know how you do, and if you were able to get afoot to your Lodgings: It is not without reaſon that I make this inquiry, for I never ſaw a Man under ſuch ſad Circumſtances as you were when I left you. I Counſel you to ſettle your Affairs with more natural heat than you had when I ſaw you; for you cannot live much longer. Really my Lord, you raiſe my pity, and what outrage ſoever I have received from you, I ſhall not forbear giving you good advice. Avoid Manicamp *if you are wiſe, you may recover your health, if you leave off ſeeking him for ſome time, it is certainly from him that your impotence proceeds: for my part neither my Glaſs nor my looks belying me, I do not fear being either accuſed or reproached.*

I had no ſooner made an end of reading this Letter, than that I made her this anſwer.

I Confeſs, Madam I have had failings in my lifetime, for I am a man, and ſtill young; but I never had a worſe than that laſt Night. It is not to be excuſed Madam, and tho your ſentence be never ſo ſevere, it can be but what I have deſerved: I have killed, I have betrayed, I have committed ſacriledge; for all theſe Crimes you need only ſeek out puniſhments, if you pleaſe, my Death, I will bring you my ſword; if you only condemn me to be whipt, I will come naked to you in my ſhirt; Remember Madam, that I failed in Power, not in Will; I was like a Brave ſoldier who finds himſelf without Arms when he ſhould engage: I ſhould be extreamly puzzel'd Madam, to tell you from whence this prov'd; perhaps it happend to me as it does to thoſe whoſe ſtomack is gone when they expect to eat moſt, perhaps the force of Imagination conſumed the force of Nature. See what it is, Madam, to be ſo Charming. An Ordinary Beauty who ſhould not have troubled the Courſe of nature, would have been better entertained. Adieu, Madam, I have nothing more to ſay to you, but that perhaps you would pardon me what is paſt, if you would give me the opportunity of doing better herafter, to which purpoſe I only demand till to morrow at the ſame hour as yeſterday.

After having ſent by one of my Footmen theſe fair promiſes to Madam *d' Olonne's* Lacquis, who waited for an anſwer at my Houſe, I went home, and not doubting, but that my offers would be kindly received, I reſolved to take all imaginable Care of my ſelf: I bathed and was rubbed with Eſſences, I eat new laid Eggs and Artichoaks, and then drunk ſome Wine; I walked a while in my Chamber, and then went to Bed without *Manicamp*. My Head was ſo full of the deſign of repairing my fault that I ſhun'd my Friends as I would have done the Plague. I got up the next day brisk both in Body and mind, I dined betimes, and eat what was Provocative, but as little as I had done at Supper; and having ſpent the Afternoon in preparing my little Equipages of Love, I went to Madam *d' Olonne's* Houſe, at the ſame hour as the time before. I found her upon the ſame Bed, which made me immediately apprehend that it portended me ſome ill Fortune; but in a word, having encouraged my ſelf as much as I could, I caſt my ſelf at her Knees. She was half undreſt, and held a Fan ſhe played with. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw me ſhe bluſht a little, without doubt remembring the late affront ſhe had received

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and *Quentine* being retired, I placed my self by her upon the Bed. The first thing she did was to put her Fan before her Eyes, and that having rendred her as bold as if there had been a Wall between us both. *Ah! Well*, said she to me, *poor Paralitick, are you come here a compleat Man to day? Ah! Madam* answered I to her, *let us talk no more of what is past*: And thereupon thundering into her Arms, I kissed her a thousand times, and begged she would let me see her naked: after a little resistance that she made to augment my Desires, and to affect Modesty, which becomes a Woman so well, rather than out of any distrust she had of her self, she let me see all I had a mind to. I saw a curious, white, plump and the best proportioned Body in the world. After that I fell again to embracing her, we already made a noise with smacking and Bussing, our hands already clasped in one another, expressed the utmost tendernesses of love; already the mixture of our loves had made the union of our Bodies, when she perceived the sad pickle I was in. It was then that seeing I continued to outrage her, she thought of nothing but vengeance; she called me all manner of ill names, she there attended me with

with the greateſt violence imaginable. For my part without making either Prayers or Complaints, knowing what I had deſerved, I went home in a fury and having put my ſelf to Bed, I turned all my choler againſt the cauſe of my Diſgrace.

Fury then ſeiz'd me, patience me forſook
A Razor in my hand, enrag'd I took,
But my deſigne I found was all in vain,
Being the Author of my ſhameful pain.
All in a fright, and quite froze up with fear,
Some wrinckles of it only did appear.
And towards it's Center ſeem'd to crow'd, I thought,
And thus for refuge in my Belly ſought.

So that not being able to do any thing, the rage I was in made me talk to my ſelf much to this purpoſe. Ah! Traytor, what haſt thou to ſay, infamous part of my ſelf, and really ſhameful Member, for it would be very ridiculous to give thee an other name? Tell me, have I ever obliged thee to uſe me in this manner? and make me receive the cruelleſt Affronts in the World? to make me abuſe the favours that are done me? and being but two and twenty make me have the infirmities of old Age?

Age? while that Choler made me ſpeak thus.

My Eyes towards Heaven I then did ghaſtly turn,
My cruel Fate I did lament and mourn;
I ſaw that all reproaches were in vain
To talk to it, to rocks was to complain.

I ſpent the Night in mortal Agonies, I knew not if I ought to write to Madam *d'Olonne*, or ſurpriſe her by an unexpected Viſit: at lenght after having been a long-time conſidering, I choſe to do the laſt, at the hazard of finding an obſtacle to our pleaſures; but I was ſo happy as to find her a lone, juſt as it grew dark. She had put her ſelf to Bed as ſoon as I was gone from her; At my Coming into her Chamber I told her, *Madam, I come either to dy at your feet or give you ſatisfaction, I begg you would not be in a rage, I know what I have merited.*

Madam *d'Olonne*, who feared as much as I did ſuch an other miſchance as thoſe that had happned to me, took care not to daunt me with reproaches; on the contrary ſhe told me all that might re-eſtabliſh in me a good opinion of my ſelf which I had

had almoſt loſt; and faith, if I was enchanted, as I told her, two dayes before I broak the Charme, the third time you may imagine, added the Count *de Guiche*, that ſhe called me no ill names at parting, as ſhe had done the other times: This is the ſtate of our Intrigue, which I begg you would ſeem to be ignorant of: *Vinevil* having promiſed him he would, they parted, the Count *de Guiche* went to the Counteſs of *Fieſque*'s Houſe, to whom amongſt other things he ſaid he had no thoughts of Madam *d' Olonne*.

This Gallant's Intrigue had not continued long with his new Miſtreſs when *Marſillac* diſcovered it, tho he had ſo little ſence, and ſhe had taken all imaginable care to deceive him; but jealouſy that ſerves in ſtead of cunning, made him diſcover in her leſs eagerneſs for him than was uſual. Inſomuch that having made her ſome Modeſt Complaints in the beginning, and afterwards more ſharp ones, ſeeing at length they did not at all reſtrain her, he reſolved to revenge himſelf at one blow, both of his Rival and his Miſtreſs. Whereupon he gave his friends, Madam *d' Olonne*'s Letters, and deſired them to ſhow 'em in all Companies. Mademoiſelle *d' Orleans* ha-

ted the Count *de Guiche* extreamly. He gave her the Letter the Count had written to his Miſtreſs, in which he had ſpoken ill of the Queen and the Duke of *Orleans*. The firſt thing the Prince did was to ſhow the Duke of *Orleans* the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, thinking to animate him ſo much the more againſt him, for that ſhe knew that Prince had had a great kindneſs for him: however that Prince was not in ſo great a paſſion as ſhe hoped he would have been, and contented himſelf with telling *Pequelain* that his Coſin was ungrateful that he had never given him reaſon to talk of him as he did, and that all the reſentment he ſhould have of it was, to have no longer the ſame eſteem for him he had had; but if the Queen knew after what manner he had talked of her, ſhe would not certainly have ſo much moderation as ſhe had. The Princeſs not being well pleaſed to ſee his Royall highneſs ſo favourable, to the Count *de Guiche*, reſolved to tell the Queen, and having acquainted one of her Confidents with her deſign, the Marſhal of *Grammont* came to hear of it. He went and beſeeched her not to ruine his ſon; ſhe promiſed him ſhe would not, and kept her word. This Princeſs was haughty and did not eaſily pardon

People,

People, who had not for her all the respect her illustrious Birth and extraordinary Merit obliged all the World to; but when she was once perswaded they loved her, nothing was so good natured as she.

While that the Marshall and his Friends were endeavouring to stifle the Noise that *Marsillac* had made with the Count *de Guiche*'s Letter, Madam *d' Olonne* was known to shew this for the breaking of a Marriage that made *Marsillac*'s fortune.

You do not think, Madam of the constraint I am in, I am forced to go two or three times a Week to visit Mademoiselle *de Rochegayon*, to talk to her as if I loved her, and to this purpose must spend that time I ought only to employ in seeing, writing and thinking of you: and in what Condition soever I may be, it would be a great trouble to me to be obliged to keep company with a Child: but now that I live only for your sake, you may very well imagine that it is to me the cruellest of Tortures: that which makes me take patience in some manner, is that I hope to revenge my self on her by marrying her without loving her, and after that seeing more clearly the difference there is between you and her I shall love you all my life time, yet

more if it was possible than I do at present.

This at first surprized all the World: Thitherto indiscreet Gallants had only been found, and never Mistresses: They could not imagine that a Woman to revenge her self of a Man she no longer loved, would help one in that manner to convict herself. This indiscretion had not however the effect that Madam *d' Olonne* had promised herself: Monsieur *de Lianeourt*, Mademoiselle *de la Rochegayon*'s Father, knowing that Madam *d' Olonne* was desirous to incense him against *Marsillac*, answered those who spoke to him of that Letter, That were it not for offending God, *Marsillac* could not do better than apply himself to gain the Heart of so beautyful a Lady as Madam *d' Olonne*, that this was not the first time that Wives were spoke ill of at Mistresses Bed-side: But as the passion Men had for her, was more voilent than that they had for others, it did not usually last so long: As for example, that of *Marsillac* was not so fixed to Madam *d' Olonne*, and he still loved Mademoiselle *de la Rochegayon*. So that Madam *d' Olonne* did not spoil *Marsillac*'s Fortune, as she hoped to have done; and only confirming what he had said of her; she deprived her friends of the means of vindicating her.

Things

Things being in these termes and the Count *de Guiche* remaining Master in appearance, Madam *d' Olonne* went one Evening to the Countess of *Fiesque*, she prayed her to make her acknowledgments to the Abbot *Foucquett* for some service she pretended to have received from him, and to exaggerate very highly the obligation she had to him: But the Abbot being one of the principal Personages of this History, it is requisite to describe how he was made.

The Abbot *Foucquett*, the Treasurers Brother, was originally of *Anjou*, his Family were Gown-men till this Man made his Fortune, and then as Noble as the King. His Eyes were blew and lively, a handsome Nose, a great Forehead, a pointed Chin, the form of his Face was flat, his Hair was a bright brown, his shape was ordinary, and his meen base; his Conduct in the World was quite contrary to his profession, he was active ambitious, and haughty towards People; he did not love, but the most ardent and best Friend that ever was; he had engaged himself in an Amourous Intrigue more out of Pride than out of love; but afterwards Love became Master: The first Woman he had made love to was Madam *de Chevreuse*,

of the House of *Lorraine*, by whom he was entertained with a very great Passion, the other was Madam *de Chastillon*, who in the Favours she had granted him, had more considered her Intrests than her Pleasures: she being one of the most Beautyfull and extraordinary Women of *France*, it is Convenient to make here the Description of her Life.

The End.

LOVES EMPIRE, &c.

THE HISTORY OF Madam *de Chaſtillon.*

HER Grace, the Dutcheſs *de Chaſtillon*, Monſieur *de Bouteville*'s Daughter, who was Beheaded for having fought a Duel, contrary to the Edict

dicts of the late King, *Lewis* the Fourteenth's Father, Wife of *Gaſpard* Duke of *Chaſtillon*, had black and lively Eyes, a little Forehead, a handſome Noſe, a red Lip, and full Mouth, her Complexion was as ſhe thought fit, but ſhe had uſually white and red, ſhe was ſo Charming when ſhe ſmiled, that ſhe ſet all hearts on a flame; her Hair was very black, ſhe was tall, had a good Aire, but long, dry, and black hands, her Arms were flat, and of the ſame colour, which made People draw ill Concluſions of thoſe parts they did not ſee: She had a loft and agreeable Wit, was inſinuating and given to flattery, was faithleſs, intereſſed and uncapable of Friendſhip; and yet what Experience ſoever Men had had of her ill Qualities, when ſhe had a mind to Charm, it was impoſſible for them to forbear loving her; ſhe had ſome ways with her that were very tempting, and others that made her be deſpiſed by all People; for Money and Honours ſhe would have diſhonoured herſelf, and have ſacrificed Father, Mother, and Lovers.

Gaſpard d' Coligny, and ſince Duke of *Chaſtillon*, after the Death of the Marſhal his Father, and of his eldeſt Brother, fell in Love with Mademoiſelle *de Bouteville*; and

and being the Prince of *Condé* fell likewiſe in love with her, *Coligny* deſired him to break off his Amour, ſince his Highneſſes deſign was only Gallantry, and he intended Marriage. The Prince being *Coligny*'s Relation and Friend, could not civilly refuſe him his demand; and as his Paſſion was of a very freſh date, he did not find it difficult to get rid of it: He not only promiſed *Coligny* that he would think of her no more, but that he would ſerve him in this Affair againſt the Marſhal his Father, and his Relations who oppoſed it; and indeed notwithſtanding all the Orders of Parliament, and all the Obſtacles that the Marſhal his Father was able to raiſe againſt it, the Prince aſſiſted *Coligny* ſo well, then of that Name, but ſince the death of his Father called *Chaſtillon*, that he made him carry away Mademoiſelle *de Bouteville*, and lent him Twenty thouſand Francks for his Maintenance. *Coligny* carried his Miſtreſs to *Chaſteau-Thierry*, where he Conſummated the marriage: From thence they proceeded farther, and went to *Steny*, a Town of Safety, which the Prince, whom it belonged to, had given them, for their abode. Whether that *Coligny* did not find his Miſtreſs ſo full of Charms as he had fancied in her, or that

Love

Love being satisfied, he had time to reflect on the ill Condition his Fortune was in, or that he feared he had given his Wife the Disease he had, he fell into a terrible Melancholy on the Morrow after his Marriage: And while he was at *Steny*, his Melancholy continued upon him to that degree, that he was as constant to the Woods as a Savage. Two or three days after he went to the Army, and his Wife into a Convent of the Religieuses, two Leagues from *Paris*. It was thither that *Roquelaure*, knowing the Necessity she was in, sent her a Thousand broad Pieces, and *Vinevil* two thousand Crowns, which Sums are still owing to them, tho the Dutchess is very rich, and that Money was employed to her own use.

Coligny being under Age when he married his Wife, it rendred his Marriage invalid, but being of Age at his Return, a Contract of Marriage was made in the *Hostel* of *Condé* before all the young Ladies Relations, and they were afterwards married in *Nostre Dame* by the Coadjutor of *Paris*. Sometime after Madam *de Chastillon* being indispos'd, went to the Wells, where she met with the Duke of *Nemours*, who fell in love with her.

The

The Duke of *Nemours* had very white Hair, a handſome Noſe, a little Mouth, and of a fine Colour, and was the prettieſt ſhape Man imaginable: The leaſt of his Actions was attended with an unexpreſſible Grace, his Humour was gay, wanton and toying, and his Will was admirable brisk and quaint. The liberty of ſeeing one another at all hours, which Cuſtom has introduced in Places where the Waters are taken, gave a thouſand opportunities to the Duke of *Nemours* of acquainting his Miſtreſs with his Paſſion: But knowing that an Amorous Intrigue was never better regulated, at leaſt with Ladies we have ſome eſteem for, than by making a Declaration by word of Mouth or by Writing: He reſolved to ſpeak; and being one day alone with her at her Lodgings, 'I have been above 'three weeks, Madam, ſaid he to her, con'ſidering whether I ſhould tell you the im'preſſion your Charms have made upon my 'heart; and when I determined at length 'to acquaint you with it, it is after having 'ſeen all the Difficulties that I can find in 'this Deſign: I do my ſelf Juſtice, Madam, 'and for that reaſon I ought not to enter'tain any hopes. Beſides, you have lately 'married a beloved Lover, and it is a diffi-

'cult

'cult Enterprize to remove him out of your 'heart, and to put my self in his place. 'However I love you, Madam, and tho you 'should not to be ungrateful, make use of 'that reason against me, I confess that it is 'my Star, and not my Choice that obliges 'me to love you. Madam *de Chastillon* ne-'ver had had so much joy as this Discourse 'gave her. Monsieur *de Nemours* appeared to her so lovely, that if it had been the Custom for Women to have made Declarations of Love first, she would not have deferred it so long as her Gallant did. But the fear of not seeming modest enough perplexed her so extreamly, that she was sometime without knowing what Answer to make. At length forcing herself to speak for the concealing the disorder that her silence made appear; 'You are in the right 'my Lord, said she to him, with all imagi-'nable postures, to believe that I love my 'Husband very much; but give me leave to 'tell you, that you do your self wrong in 'being so Modest as you are: And if I was 'in a Condition to acknowledge the kind-'ness you have for me, you would see that 'others esteem you more than you do your 'self. Ah! Madam, replyed the Duke of '*Nemours*, it is in your power, Madam, and 'only

'only in yours, to make me the moſt hap-'py and moſt eſteemed Man in *France*. He had hardly finiſhed theſe words, then that the Counteſs of *Maure* came into the Chamber, before whom it was requiſite to change Converſation, tho theſe two Lovers did not change their thoughts; Their diſtraction and diſorder made the Counteſs of *Maure* judge that their Intrigue was much more advanced than it really was, and for this reaſon ſhe was preparing to make a very ſhort Viſit, when the Duke of *Nemours* prevented her. The amorous and diſcreet Prince well knowing that he acted but an ill part before ſuch a ſharp-ſighted Woman as the Counteſs of *Maure* was, went out, and being got home, he wrote this Letter to his Miſtreſs.

I *Leave you, Madam, that I may be more with you then I was; the Counteſs of* Maure *obſerved me, and I durſt not look upon you; and ſhe being cunning, I was even afraid that my Affection would diſcover me; for in ſhort, Madam, it is ſo well known that People muſt eye you when they are in the ſame place, that thoſe that do not are ſuſpected of ſome Deſign. If I do not ſee you at preſent, Madam, at leaſt it is not perceived that I am in love, and I*

have

have the liberty of acquainting you only with it. How happy ſhould I be, Madam, were I able to perſwade you, to the point it is, and how unjuſt would you be in that caſe, Madam, if you had not ſome kindneſs for me.

Madam *de Chaſtillon* was very much perplexed at the receipt of this Letter; ſhe knew not whether ſhe had beſt be cruel or kind. Kindneſs might gain the heart of her Lover, and Severity his eſteem, and both might diſguſt him. At length ſhe reſolved to do what was moſt difficult, as being moſt honeſt: And notwithſtanding all that her heart inſpired her with, ſhe choſe rather to follow the counſel of her Reaſon: Wherefore ſhe made the Duke no Anſwer; and as he came on the Morrow into her Chamber, *Are you come again my Lord*, ſaid ſhe to him, *to commit ſome new Offence? becauſe my humour and looks are eaſie and ſoft, you think there is no more to do than falling on: And if your eſteem is only to be purchaſed by rudeneſs, ſet that value on it as to conſtrain my ſelf for ſome time: Yes, my Lord, I ſhall be angry, and I perceive I muſt be ſo with you.* Theſe laſt words were as a Thunder-clap fallen upon this poor Lover; tears came into his Eyes, and his tears ſpoke much better for him

then

than all he could have ſaid. After having been a moment without ſpeaking, 'I am 'infinitely grieved, Madam, anſwered he 'her, to ſee you thus in anger; and I wiſh 'I was dead ſince I have diſpleaſed you. You 'ſhall ſee, Madam, that in the Vengeance 'I am reſolved to take of the offence you 'have received, that your intereſts are much 'more dear to me than my own; I am going 'ſo far from you, Madam, that my Love 'ſhall no longer importune you. This is 'not what I require of you, interrupted 'that fair One, you may ſtill ſtay here, 'without diſpleaſing me. Cannot you ſee 'me without telling me you love me, or at 'leaſt without writing me it? No, no, Ma-'dam, replyed he, it is abſolutely impoſſi-'ble. Well then, my Lord, I conſent that 'you ſee me, replyed Madam *de Chaſtillon*; 'but obſerve well all that I do for you. Ah! 'Madam, interrupted the Duke, throwing 'himſelf at her feet, if I have adored you 'when you were ſo cruel, judge what I 'ſhall do when you are kind: Yes, Madam, 'be pleaſed to gueſs at it, for it is impoſſible 'for me to expreſs the ſenſe I have of it. This Converſation did not end as it began: Madam *de Chaſtillon* diſpenſed herſelf from keeping all the rigour ſhe had promiſed her-

ſelf, and if the Duke of *Nemours* had not great Favours, at leaſt he had hopes of being beloved. In confidence of this he was no ſooner got home, then that he wrote this Letter to his Miſtreſs.

AFter having told me, Madam, that you conſented I ſhould ſee you, ſince it was impoſſible for me to ſee you without telling you that I love you, or at leaſt without writing it, I ought to write to you in confidence that my Letter will not be ill received: However, I tremble, Madam, and Love that is never without fears of diſpleaſing, makes me imagine, that you may have changed your mind within theſe three hours: Do me the favour, Madam, to inform me by two Lines. If you knew with what ardour I deſire it, and with what tranſports of joy I ſhall receive it, you would not judge me unworthy of this Grace.

Madam *de Chaſtillon* had no ſooner received this Letter, then that ſhe made this Anſwer.

WHy ſhould I have changed my Mind, my Lord? but my God, how preſſing you are! Are not you ſatisfied with knowing your power, and muſt you needs triumph likewiſe over anothers weakneſs?

The Duke of *Nemours* received this Letter

ter with such a joy, as put him almost out of himself, he kissed it a thousand times, not being able to forbear reading of it. In the mean time the Passion of these two Lovers augmented every day; and Madam *de Chastillon*, who had already yielded up her heart, no longer defended the rest, but only to render it the more considerable by the difficulty. In short, the time of taking the Waters being passed, they were to part, and tho they both returned to *Paris*, they both imagined they should not see one another again with so much Conveniency as they had done at *Bourbon:* In the view of these Difficulties their Farewel was very moving! The Duke of *Nemours* assured his Mistress more by his tears that he should ever love her, than by the things he said to her; and the constraint that Madam *de Chastillon* used not to weep, had the same effect in her Lover: They parted very sad, but deeply perswaded that they would love one another passionately, & that they should ever do so. They seldom met the rest of the Autumn, because they were observed; but Letters passed often between them.

In the beginning of Winter, the Civil War which begun to break forth, obliged the King to leave *Paris* something surprize-

ingly, and retire to St. *Germains*. At that time, the Marshal, *Coligny*'s Father, happened to dye, and the Prince of *Condé*, who was then the Cardinal of *Mazarine*'s right Arm, obtained the Patent of Duke and Peer for his Cosin *de Coligny*. The Troops coming from all parts, the City was blocked up; the Court however did not seem very sad, and the Courtiers and Souldiers were over-joyed at the ill posture of Affairs; the Cardinal only, whom they might ruin, concealed part of them from the Queen, and all from the young King, whom when they talked to of War, it was only to acquaint him with the defeats of the Enemies, and the rest of the time they amused him in Plays that were sutable to his Age: Amongst other Persons with whom he loved to play, the Dutchess of *Chastillon* held the first rank; and hereupon *Benserade* made this Sonnet under her Husband's Name.

Chastillon *keep your Charms*
For another Lover,
Tho you stand with open Arms,
And keep a mighty Pother.
The King's too young to quench the Fires
Of such an eager Beauty.

Ha

How can ſuch raging hot deſires
Be ſtill'd by Minority.

In theſe little Playes the Duke of *Nemours* did not loſe his time, they ever furniſhed the Dutcheſs and him with occaſions of giving one another teſtimonies of their love; and by the ſame degrees that the paſſion of theſe two Lovers augmented, their prudence did the Contrary: it was obſerved that at a Play called the *Bohemien* they placed themſelves oppoſite to one another, and were always whiſpering, and that when one was blind-folded, the other stood ſo as to be caught; to the end that the hand in ſeeking to know who it was that was taken might have a pretext to feel every where: In ſhort there was not one of theſe Plays but what furniſhed them with the means of tickling their amourous fancy.

The Duke of *Chaſtillon*, whom the knowledge of his Wife's humour obliged to obſerve her, ſaw ſomething of an Intrigue between the Duke of *Nemours* and her; Glory more than Love made him receive his diſcovery with an extreame Impatience. He ſpoke of it to one of his beſt Friends, who ſharing his grief as deeply as poſſible, went and told the Dutcheſs of it. *The*

ſervice that I have devoted, ſaid he, to the Family of his Grace your Husband, obliges me to come and give you an advice which is of Conſequence. Beautyfull as you are, Madam, it is impoſſible but that you muſt have adorers, and as certainly your intentions being good, you have not ſo ſtrict a raine over your own actions; moſt Women who envy you, and Men jealous of the Glory of the Duke your Husband, give an ill interpretation to all you do. My Lord your Husband, himſelf has perceived that your Conduct, which tho it were more imprudent than Criminal, does not faile however to do you an injury in the World, and trouble him: you know how haughty he is, Madam, and how much he would fear to be ridiculed upon that point: I give you notice of it, and humbly beſeech you to take care; for if by relying too much upon the clearneſs of your Conſcience, you ſhould be too negligent of your Reputation, his Grace may come to ſuch Violences againſt you, as would not leave you in a Condition to make appear to him your innocence. What you tell me, Sir, answered Madam *de Chaſtillon, ought not to ſurprize me; my Lord Duke began betimes to accuſtom me to his Caprichio's: On the day after our Wedding, he fell into ſo furious a jealouſy of* Roquelaure, *who had helped him to carry me away, that he could not conceal it;*

and

and yet he could never have had leſs reaſon than at what he gave him; and now again I find that he renews his ſuſpicions, and yet I cannot devine of whom it is: All that I can ſay is, that I doubt whether his mind would be at reſt, tho I were in the Countrey and ſaw none but my Domeſticks. I ſhall not come to further particulars with you, Madam. I even know not whether my Lord Duke aimes at any one, when he tells me he is ſatisfied with you; but you may upon what I have told you take meaſures for your Conduct. And thereupon having taken leave of her, he left her under terrible diſquiets. She immediately gave notice of all this to the Duke of *Nemours*, and they reſolved together that they would conſtrain themſelves more than they had thitherto done.

In the mean time the Prince of *Condé*, was wholly taken up in Contriving how to reduce the People of *Paris* by Famine, to deliver the Parliament, that had promiſed a ſum to thoſe who would bring the Cardinals Head, fancyed that the taking of *Charenton* would much advance this Succeſs, which *Clanle* guarded with five or ſix hundred Men: he reaſſembled part of the Quarters, and with a thouſand Men, at the head of whom *Gaſton* of *France*, the

King's Unkle, and Lieutenant General of the Regency, would needs place himself, he came to Attack *Charenton* in three places. As the Retrenchments at the *Avenues* were but bad, it was not difficult for the King's Troops to force them. But the Duke of *Chastillon*, who commanded the Attacks under the Prince was wounded in the belly with a Musket shot in the Burrough, of which he dyed the Night after. The Prince regretted him extreamly, and his grief was so violent that it could not last. By what had passed you may judge that the Dutchesses Affliction was not very great, and you may judge it much better by what shall happen in the sequel; however she wept, she tore her Hair, and made appear the Appearances of the greatest Despair imaginable, the Publick was so deceived, that this Sonnet was made upon his death.

Just as the Court the Honours did prepare
That Chastillon *had merited by his Arms,*
Death did deprive us of this Conquerour,
And snatch'd him from the midst of great Alarms.

How great was, fairest Dutchess, your Despair,
When you had lost all hopes of his return,

All

All must have wept who saw you tare your Hair,
Or else their Hearts with Love did ever burn.

In such a sad Estate, so strange surprize
Never Alcionne, *nor* Arteniſe
Of Fate with so much reason could complain:
You sigh, you weep, but all's, alas in vain.

The Duke of *Nemours*, who was better informed than the reſt of the World, was not aſtoniſhed at Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s affliction: He timed his buſineſs ſo well, that the exceſs of grief had altered in that poor deſpairing fair One, and was ſo earneſt with her to grant him Enjoyment, that the fear ſhe had had of her Husband, had hindred her from allowing him during his life, that ſhe made an Aſſignation with him on the day of his Burial. *Bordeaux*, one of her Women, who fancied that the Duke's death would ruin the Fortune of *Ricoux*, who ſought her in Marriage, was under a real Affliction; inſomuch that when ſhe ſaw the Duke of *Nemours* upon the point of receiving the leaſt Favours from her Miſtreſs, on a day that the moſt diſſolute conſtrain themſelves, the horrour of this action redoubled her grief, and without going out of the Chamber, ſhe diſturbed the pleaſure

ſure of thoſe Lovers by her ſighs and by her tears. The Duke well-ſeeing that if he did not appeaſe this Woman, he ſhould not have for the future in his Amour all the ſweetneſs that he wiſhed for, took care to comfort her, at his going out, and told her that he was ſenſible of the loſs ſhe had of the Duke; but that he would be a Friend to her, and take care of her Fortune as the deceaſed had done; and that ſhe ſhould find as much good will in him as ſhe had done in the other, and perhaps more power; and that till he could do ſomething conſiderable for her, he deſired her to receive Four thouſand Crowns that he would ſend her on the morrow. Theſe words had ſo much virtue that *Bordeaux* wiped away her tears, and promiſed the Duke to entereſſe herſelf for him as long as ſhe lived; and told him that her Miſtreſs had all the reaſon in the World not to ſpare any thing for the giving him marks of her Love. On the Morrow *Bordeaux* had the Four thouſand Crowns which the Duke had promiſed her, and ſince that time ſhe ſerved him preferably to all thoſe who would not give her ſo much.

The Peace being made, in the beginning of the Spring, the Court returned to *Paris*. The Prince, who had newly freed the Car-

Cardinal out of a dangerous buſineſs, ſold him his Services at a very dear rate, that he had done him in that War. The Cardinal was not only unable to perform what he daily demanded of him; but was not able to ſupport the Inſolence with which he demanded Favours: The Government of *Pont de Letreht*, that the Prince had forced from him for his Brother in Law the Duke of *Longueville*, contrary to the intention of the Court, and the boldneſs with which he had exacted from the Queen that ſhe ſhould ſee *Gerſé*, after the confidence he had had to write an Amorous Ticket to her Majeſty, made the Cardinal at length reſolve to free himſelf from the tyranny he was under, under pretext of revenging the Contempt that was had of the Royal Authority; he communicated this Deſign to the Duke of *Orleans*, who remembred his Exempt's broken Staff by the Prince, and who for that and the jealouſie of his great Merit, had reaſons to hate him; and the Cardinal letting him know that *Riviere*, who governed him, was the Prince's Penſioner, he made him give his word that he would conceal this Affair from his Favourite. The Prince of *Condé*, the Prince of *Conty*, and the Duke of *Longueville* their Brother in Law, were took

took into Cuſtody in the Palace where the King then lodged: In the mean time Monſieur *Thurenne*, who for the Engagements he had with the Prince of *Condé*, had reaſon to fear being taken, and who beſides was enraged againſt the Court for the Principality of *Sedan*, which his Family was deprived of, withdrew to *Sthney*, where Madam *de Longueville* arrived preſently after, and the Prince's Officers caſt themſelves into *Bellegarde*; Madam *de Chaſtillon* applyed herſelf to the Princeſs Dowager, and engaged the Duke of *Nemours* her Lover in her Intereſts.

Sometime after that the Princes were in Priſon. The Princeſs Dowager had leave to go ſtay at her Coſins Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s. A Prieſt called *Cambiac*, who had introduced himſelf to Madam *de Bouteville*'s, by the means of Madam *Brienne*, was ſent to Madam *de Chaſtillon* by her Mother; he had not been there long, but that he governed her, inſomuch that he interpoſed between her and the Duke of *Nemours*. This Commerce giving him occaſion of having great Familiarities with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, he fell in love with her, and to that degree, as to faint away as he was ſaying Maſs. The Princeſs Dowager falling into that fit of Sick-

Sickneſs, which ſhe died of, *Cambiac*, who had acquired great Credit with her, employed it in favour of Madam *de Chaſtillon*: He procured her a hundred thouſand Crowns worth of Jewels, and the Lordſhip of *Marlou* for her life, which was worth two thouſand pounds a year. The Duke of *Nemours*, whom the cares of *Cambiac* for Madam *de Chaſtillon* had ſomething alarm'd, was quite jealous at the News of the Princeſſes Will. He did not believe that it was eaſie to reſiſt ſuch conſiderable Service; and though he could not blame his Miſtreſs for having received them, he was enraged that ſhe was obliged for them to a Man whom he conſidered as his Rival. And he was not miſtaken; for what *Cambiac* had done had coſt that fair One Favours; for though ſhe loved the Duke of *Nemours* beſt, ſhe loved Riches beſt of all. However, as ſhe had no longer occaſion for *Cambiac* after the Princeſſes death, it was not difficult for her to ſet her Lovers mind at reſt, by turning off that poor Prieſt.

The Coadjutour of *Paris*, and Madam *de Chevreuſe*, who had been in the Plot of ſeizing the Princeſs, finding that the Cardinal became too inſolent, cauſed the Duke of *Orleans* to take it into conſideration, and repreſented

preſented to him that if he contributed to the Liberty of the Princeſs, he would not only be reconciled with them, but would engage them altogether in his Intereſts, beſides the deſign of weakning the Cardinal's Authority, which gave ombrage to the Party called *la Fronde*, every one had ſtill his particular Intereſt. Madam *de Chevreuſe* would have had the Prince of *Conty*, for whom the Court had demanded a Cardinals Cap at *Rome*, to have married her Daughter; and the Coadjutour would be ſubrogated to the nomination of the Prince. It was upon this promiſe that the Princeſs of *Condé* and *Conty* gave under their hands to Madam *de Chevreuſe*, that ſhe and the Coadjutour endeavoured to free them out of Priſon. The thing having ſucceeded as they had projected; and the Cardinal himſelf having been conſtrained to leave *France*, the Prince had no moderation in his new Proſperity, and this obliged the Court to entertain new Deſignes upon his Perſon. He withdrew immediately to his Houſe at *Saint Maure*, and ſometime after to *Monrond*, and from thence to his Government of *Guyenne*. The Duke of *Nemours* followed him, and Madam *de Longueville*, who was with her Brother, being taken with his Merit,

Merit, had ſo much Complaiſance for him, that this Prince, tho very much in love elſewhere, could not reſiſt her; but yielded through the weakneſs of the Fleſh, rather than the inclination of the heart. The Duke of *Rochefoucault*, who had been for three years the beloved Gallant of Madam *de Longueville*, ſaw the Infidelity of his Miſtreſs with all the rage that can be had in ſuch like Occaſions. But ſhe being full of a great Paſſion for the Duke of *Nemours*, was not at all careful to pleaſe her ancient Lover. The firſt time that ſhe ſaw the Duke of *Nemours* in private, ſhe asked him in the moſt paſſionate moment of the Aſſignation, what had paſſed between him and Madam *de Chaſtillon*: The Duke having anſwered her that he had not had any Favour: *Ah! I am undone*, ſaid ſhe to him, *ſince in the Poſture we are in at preſent, you have the power to conceal the truth.* This Commerce did not laſt long, and the Duke of *Nemours* not being able to force himſelf to pretend love where he had none; and you may imagine that the Princeſs, who was naſty, and had an ill ſmell with her, could not conceal her ill Qualities from a Man, who was infinitely in love elſewhere. Theſe Diſguſts did likewiſe further the Journey that the Duke of *Nemours*

mours was to make into *Flanders*, to bring a Succour of Strangers to the Princes Party: But the real cauſe of his impatience was, to ſee Madam *de Chaſtillon* again, whom he ever loved more than his life; whereupon he paſſed through *Paris*, where he ſaw her again, and put her into that wretched Condition that may be called the Shipwrack of Widows. When ſhe perceived her misfortune, ſhe ſought for the means to be freed from it. *Des Fougerets*, a famous Phyſician, undertook this Cure, and while he had her in hand, the Prince of *Condé*, returned from *Guyenne* to *Paris*, and brought *la Rochefoucault* with him.

The Prince had lively Eyes, a Hawks and ſharp Noſe, hollow lean Cheeks, a long Face, and the Phyſiognomy of an Eagle, frizled Hair, his Teeth were ill ſet and naſty, a careleſs Aire, had but little care of his Perſon, but was well ſhaped; his Wit had a great deal of flame, but was not exact, he laughed much and diſagreably, his *Genius* was admirable for War, and particularly for Battails. On the day of Battail he was mild to Friends, and fierce to Enemies: He had an unparallel'd neatneſs of Wit, force of Judgment, and eaſineſs of Expreſſion; he was Roguiſhly inclined, but had

had Faith and Probity in great Occasions: He was naturally insolent and without regard, but Adversity had taught him how to live. This Prince finding himself disposed to fall in love with the Dutchess, *La Rochefoucault* helped still to inflame him by the great desire he had of being revenged on the Duke of *Nemours*. *Rochfoucault* perswaded him to give her the Propriety of *Marsan*, which she had only the usu-fruit of, telling him that Madam *de Chastillon* was younger than he, and that this Present would only injure his Posterity; and that a Lordship of two thousand pounds a year, more or less, would neither render him richer nor poorer.

When the Prince fell in love with Madam *de Chastillon*, she was in the hands of *Des Fougorests*, who made use of Vomits to free her of those ill Circumstances. The Prince, who was continually at her Bedside, asked her what her Sickness was; she told him that she believed she was poysoned. This Lover being extreamly grieved to see his Mistress in danger of her life, told the Apothecary, who served her, that he would cause him to be hanged: This poor man not daring to justifie himself, went and told *Bordeaux*, who was married to *Riconx*,

that if he was preſſed too much, he would tell all. In ſhort, the Remedies had the effect that they had promiſed themſelves: And ſhortly after this Cure, the Prince having given her *Marlou*, Madam *de Chaſtillon* was not ungrateful, but ſhe only gave him the uſu-fruit of what the Duke of *Nemours* had the Propriety. However, *Rochefoucault* took full Vengeance of the Duke of *Nemours*, and gave him diſpleaſures by ſo much the more cutting, that he had not the power to cure himſelf of his Paſſion, as *Rochefoucault* had done of that he had had for Madam *de Longueville*. Beſides *Rochefoucault*, *Vinevil* was likewiſe the Prince's Confident, who in ſerving him with his Miſtreſs, endeavoured likewiſe to be beloved himſelf. *Vinevil* was the Preſident *d' Ardiers* Brother, of a pretty good family in *Paris*, had a pleaſing Face, much Learning, and was a well-bred man: His Humour was pleaſant and Satyrical, tho very fearful; this had often brought him into trouble; he was undertaking with Women and that made him almoſt always ſucceſsful: he had had an Intrigue with Madam *de Montbazon*, Madam *de Movy*, and likewiſe with the Princeſs of *Wittembergh*: And this Gallantry had ſo embroiled him, with the

late Duke of *Chaſtillon*, that without the Prince's protection he would have ſuffered ſome Violences, and *Chaſtillons* hatred for him, had ſufficiently diſpoſed his Wife to love him. But let us leave *Vinevil* for ſometime, and return to the Duke of *Nemours*.

His Jealouſie ſo tranſported him, that having one day found the Prince at Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s whiſpering with her, he all ſcratched his hands without perceiving what he did; and it was one of his Servants who made him take notice of the Condition he had put himſelf in. At length, not being able to ſuffer the Prince's Viſits to his Miſtreſs, he deſired her to go for ſome time to her Country Houſe. She loving him extreamly, and not thinking that a ſhort abſence would cool the Prince's Paſſion, granted him his requeſt; and likewiſe promiſed him to turn off *Bordeaux*, who had quitted his Intereſts for to be for thoſe of his Rival. Madam *de Chaſtillon* was not long in the Country; and at her Return, the Duke of *Nemours* was jealous to that degree, that he was twenty times upon the point of cauſing the Prince to draw; and he would at length have been overcome with this Temptation, had it not been for the Duel he fought with

his Brother in Law, in which he loſt his Life.

Madam *de Chaſtillon*, who of twenty Lovers ſhe had favoured in her life time, had never loved any ſo much as the Duke of *Nemours*, was really grieved for his death. One of her Friends, who brought her the News of it, told her at the ſame time, that it was requiſite that ſhe ſhould get out of one of Monſieur *de Nemours* his *Valet de Chamber*'s hands, a Cabinet full of her Letters. She ſent for him, and upon the promiſe ſhe made him of giving him five hundred Crowns, ſhe got the Cabinet from him, but the poor Fellow could never get any of the Money.

As for the Prince, what obligation ſoever he had to the Duke of *Nemours*, jealouſie had ſo diſunited them, that he was very glad of his death. Glory as well as Love had cauſed ſo much Emulation between them, that they could not bear with one another; and this is ſo true, that if the Prince had had a mind to have taken all the Precautions neceſſary to hinder the Duke of *Nemours* from fighting, he might have prevented the Duel. One thing more which made appear that there was more of Glory than of Love in the Prince's Heart, was that

a moment after the death of his Rival, he hardly loved Madam *de Chaſtillon* any longer, and contented himſelf with keeping meaſures of Civility with her, to make uſe of her upon occaſion, and when he ſhould think convenient.

And indeed at that time, the Cardinal thinking that ſhe governed the Prince, ſent the Great Provoſt of *France* to her, to offer her from him an hundred thouſand Crowns ready Money, and the Place of Superintendant of the future Queens Family, in caſe ſhe would oblige the Prince to grant the Articles he deſired, and abandon the Count *d'Oignon*, the Duke of *Rochefoucault*, and Preſident *Viole*. During the Negotiation of the Grand Provoſt, an Officer of the Guards, called *Mouchette*, negotiated likewiſe on the Queens part with Madam *de Chaſtillon*; but ſhe, ſeeing that ſhe could not perſwade the Prince to do the things that the Count deſired, ſent the Queen word that ſhe counſelled her to grant the Prince all that he ſhould deſire of her, and that afterwards her Majeſty would know well enough how to deal with a Subject, who taking advantage of the diſorder of the Affairs of his Maſter, had forced from her ſhameful Conditions, and ſuch as were

prejudicial to her Authority.

At that time, the Abbot *Foucquett* having been taken by the Enemies, was brought to the Palace of *Condé*; he had a very sharp Conversation with the Prince, but on the morrow things began to cool, and some days after the Treaty of Peace was renewed with him. As he was a Prisoner upon parol, and that he went every where he had a mind to, he made some Visits to Madam *de Chastillon*, believing that nothing could be done with the Prince but by her interposition; and it was in those Visits that he fell in love with her.

Vineuil governed then Madam *de Chastillon* pretty peaceably; *Cambiac* was retired since that the Prince was in love, and that the Duke of *Nemours* was dead, and this had very much diminished the Prince's Passion; insomuch that some days after having been constrained to retire into *Flanders* by the accommodation of *Paris*, he was upon the point of departing without taking leave of Madam *de Chastillon*, and when at length he went to see her, he was but a moment with her.

The King being returned to *Paris*, the Abbot *Foucquett* fancied that if Madam *de Chastillon* stayed there, he should have Rivals upon

upon his back, who might be preferred before him; insomuch that he perswaded the Cardinal to send her away, saying that she would every day set on foot a thousand Intrigues against the Interests of the Court, which she could not do elsewhere; and this obliged the Cardinal to send her to *Marlou*. The Abbot *Foucquet* went thither as often as he could; but there were in her neighbourhood two men who made her yet more frequent Visits; The one was my Lord *Crofts* an Englishman who had hired a House near *Marlou*, where he usually kept his equipage, and where he came to ly sometimes, and the other was *Digby* Earl of *Bristol*, Governour of the *Isle of Man*: These two Noble men fell in love with the Dutchess; *Crofts* was a peacable Man and addicted to Pleasures, and *Bristol* was haughtly, brave and full of ambition.

When that *Cambiac* had seen the Prince go out of *France*, he had made his applications to Madam *de Chastillon*; insomuch that he stayed with her at *Marlou*; and as he was not so much afraid of the Abbot *Foucquet* or of *Bristol*, as of the Prince, he freely told Madam *de Chastillon* his Sentiments of her carriage with all her Lovers. She, not being willing to be contradicted

in her new deſigns, and particularly by a Party concerned, took his Remonſtrances very ill; inſomuch that things growing daily worſe and worſe between them, *Cambiac* at length retired grumbling, and as a Man that ought to be feared. Sometime after he wrote a Letter without a Name, and with a forged Hand, in which he gave her notice of the ill they talked of her in the World. She ſuſpected however that this Letter came from him, becauſe he ſent her word of things, that no body but ſhe could know of. At length Madam *de Chaſtillon* learning from ſeveral parts that *Cambiac* railed againſt her, ſhe deſired madam *Piſieux*, whom ſhe was very well acquainted with, and who had a power over him, to withdraw ſome Letters of Conſequence that he had of hers, which Madam *de Piſieux* promiſed her to do, and at the ſame time ſent word to *Cambiac* to come to her at her Houſe at *Marins* near *Pontoiſe*. It is to be obſerved that ſince that *Cambiac* was gone from Madam *de Chaſtillon*, ſhe had made a thouſand Complaints againſt him to my Lord *Digby*. This Lover, who only thought of pleaſing his Miſtreſs, and who ruined himſelf in expences for her ſake, did not ſtick at pro-

promiſing her a Vengance that ſhould coſt him nothing, and wherein he would find his particular intereſt: He took the time that *Cambiac* being at *Marine*, was one day on Horſeback to go abroad, and having ſeized him with five or ſix Troopers, he ſent him to *Marlou*. Madam *de Chaſtillon* knowing that Lovers that had been well treated ought never to be offended by halves, was much perplexed at the manner that *Cambiac* was now uſed, and perceived that no Body would be ſuſpected but her; ſhe was very ill ſatisfied with *Digby*, and would have ſooner pardoned him the Death of *Cambiac* than the ſeizing him after this manner: But in ſhort, not being able to undo what was done. *I am extreamly grieved*, ſaid ſhe to him, *at what has now happened to you, I perceive that the Impertinent who has done you this Affront, would make you ſuſpect me, by ſending you to my Houſe; but you ſhall ſee by the reſentment I ſhall have of it, that I have no ſhare in this Voilence; In the mean time, Sir, if you have a mind to ſtay here, you are Maſter; if you think fit to return to* Marine, *you ſhall have my Coach, you need only Command it. I know, Madam*, anſwered *Cambiac* to her coolly, *what I ought to think of all this; I give you thanks*

thanks for the offers you make me; I shall return an Horseback if you think fit: God, who will defend me from the attempts of the wicked, will have care of me to the end. And having spoke these words he went away in a pett, and returned alone to *Marine.* He was no sooner arrived there than that he and Madam *de Pisieux* wrote these two Letters to one of their Friends at *Paris.*

A Letter from *Cambiac* to Monsieur *de Brienne.*

YOu will be much surprized when you shall have learnt the adventure that has happened to me; but to tell you the occasion of it, I must acquaint you with several particulars that happened before, as that Madam de Chastillon *sent hither to oblige Madam* de Pisieux *to come to her House, in order to the obtaining of me certain things she was desirous having. Madam* de Pisieux, *as you know, wrote to me; and you likewise know that I undertook the journey the same day that I arrived; Madam* de Chastillon *sent* la Fleur, *to know if I was here, and on the Morrow a Man unknown under false Colours, came to ask me, and know if I would return speedily to* Paris. *Yesterday I departed from hence at four a Clock; being an hundred Paces from*

from Pontois, after having passed the River, I was invested by six Horsmen, with their Swords in their hands, at the head of whom was my Lord Digby. He told me immediately, that if Madam de Chastillon would have done me justice, she should have caused me to receive a hundred stabs, but that I should fear Nothing. I shall tell you without any Bravado, that I acted very briskly in this encounter, and that I did nothing in this Affaire that was unworthy; he used me very civilly, and after having dined, he conducted me himself to the foot of Marlou, and then sent me with four Horsmen to make satisfaction to that worthy person; she seemed to be displeased at this accident, and was really so at the haughtiness with which I spoke to her, which made her comprehend that it was the worst thing she had ever done. I returned to Marine, to tell Madam de Pisieux the treachery that Madam de Chastillon had done her as well as me. She has all the resentment that a person of her Qualisy, Honour and Courage ought to have. You see this is something an extraordinary accident, I conjure you let me know your opinion of it, and what course you think I ought to take; you perceive I suppose that I ought not to rest satisfied, since that this base person has written to Madam de Pisieux, to conjure her to obtain of me

to

to ſtifle my reſentment, by aſſuring me that ſhe knew nothing of all this. The anſwer that has been made her, is worthy of the generoſity of Madam dePiſieux. *I am reſolved to ſtay three or four days here, to have leizure to think of what I have to do, and to hinder my ſelf from attempting any thing that I may repent of: Beſides, to vent One's ſelf in Complaints, is but a feeble revenge, and I have a deſign to do otherwiſe if I can. I impatiently long to hear from you, and am wholly yours. A Letter does not permit me to give you a very particular account; I ſhall do it when I ſee you. Farewel.*

July the 18th,
1655.

Madam *de Piſieux's* Letter to Monſieur *de Brienne.*

I Have too great a ſhare in the Adventure of Monſieur de Cambiac, *not to add one word of my Hand to the Relation he has given you by his; there is not a Circumſtance but what is ſurprizing, and the beſt that can be thought of me in this occaſion is, That they have had but little Conſideration for me; for according to all appearances, I ought to have a ſhare in ſo worthy an Action: The truth is, that the offended*

ſended juſtifies me ſufficiently, ſince he retired into the ſame place where the Snare was laid for him. All my ſtudy is at preſent ſo to carry my ſelf, that I may not be tranſported with a juſt Anger, which I ſhall entertain all my life time, to make appear that I was a Friend ſufficiently uſeful to Madam de Chaſtillon. You know my Name and my Courage, I have ever ſpoke to you with ſincerity enough; I moreover add, that I make profeſſion of a very auſtere Chriſtianity, and that I deſign to ſerve my God and my Maſter without Art and without Deceipt. Theſe Foundations laid, I ſhall not be wanting in any thing that Reſentment and Juſtice can permit me. Oblige me with imparting this to Monſieur de Aubigny, and to no others: This will be no ill Entertainment for the Princeſs Palatine, which I give you leave to tell it to. I do not believe that Cambiac's Crime of returning to his Duty, by the means of the Biſhop of Amiens, nor mine for having concealed him, were great enough to occaſion ſo ill an Accident. I ſhall come on purpoſe to Paris to diſcourſe my Friends in particular, and you in the firſt place. I cannot hold in this little word of Revenge, Madam de Chaſtillon is not forgotten when an occaſion is offered to ſpeak of her: I wiſh you happineſs, I am too angry to have any to day.

In

In a ſhort time after theſe two Letters were ſent, *Cambiac* returned to *Paris*, and no longer kept any meaſures with Madam *de Chaſtillon*; he railed at her in all Companies, and that he might fully glut his Vengeance, he ſhowed the Queen all the moſt extravagantly paſſionate Letters of Madam *de Chaſtillon*, the modeſty of the Hiſtory does not permit them to be repeated; but by the moſt civil Fragment we follow, the reſt may be judged of.

In ſeveral parts ſhe let *Cambiac* know, that he might talk of her as he pleaſed, but that it was more generous in him to ſpeak well of her than otherwiſe; that when a Woman lay at the mercy of People, as ſhe did at his, they might make an ill uſe of the opportunity; and that what a poor Woman had to do in thoſe Encounters, was to ſuffer and to be ſilent. In another place ſhe let him know, that notwithſtanding all ſhe did, ſhe ſtill loved him, and that though ſhe was preparing to make a general Confeſſion at *Eaſter*, there was nothing therein which concerned him.

The Queen was much ſurprized at Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s Extravagancy in her Letter, however ſhe was not ſorry at the contempt it brought upon her; and when that ſhe

ſhe had learnt the Inſult that had been done to *Cambiac*, ſhe made a great noiſe of it, and ſaid publickly, That ſince People were ſo ill treated, who returned to do their duty, the King would know how to do them juſtice.

When my Lord *Digby* came to ſee Madam *de Chaſtillon*, after what had been done to *Cambiac*, he was aſtoniſhed that he only received reproaches from her, inſtead of the thanks that he expected. *When I let you know*, ſaid he to him, *my being diſpleaſed with* Cambiac, *it was not meant that you ſhould uſe him as you did: And it is eaſie to ſee that in this fine Action you conſidered your ſelf more than you did me; but I ſhall now be careful of my Intereſts, and neglect yours.* *Digby* would have excuſed himſelf upon his Intentions, that had been good, and ſeeing that notwithſtanding all that he ſaid to her ſhe was not pacified, he likewiſe fell into a pet; and Madam *de Chaſtillan* fearing by loſing him to loſe a Protector and a Lover, ſoothed him up, and deſired him to conſider at another time, that he ought to ruin quite, or diſſemble Injuries with ſuch people as *Cambiac*.

While

While that *Digby* began to fall in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, my Lord *Croſts*, who in the time the Diſorders of *England*, had followed *Charles* into *France*, had taken a Houſe in the Neighbourhood of *Marlou*; and leiſure, conveniency, and the inſinuating ways of Madam *de Chaſtillon*, had inflamed this Lord's heart with love; but as he was of a milder diſpoſition than the Earl, his Paſſion had not made ſuch progreſs as the Earl of *Briſtol's*.

Things were in theſe terms, when that the Abbot *Foucquett*, ſeeing that his Affairs did not advance with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, made uſe of this Stratagem to haſtem them: He had learnt that *Ricoux*, Brother in Law to one of Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s Women, was concealed in *Paris*, where he had Correſpondence with them for the Prince's Intereſts; he ſent ſo many People in queſt of *Ricoux*, that he was taken and carried to the *Baſtille*. The Abbot *Foucquett* having cauſed him to be examined, he accuſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* of ſeveral things; and amongſt others, of having promiſed him ten thouſand Crowns to kill the Cardinal, and ſaid that ſhe had already given him two thouſand beforehand upon that account. The Abbot *Foucquett* ſuppreſſed theſe Informations,

formations, and caused others to be given, by which *Ricoux* still confessed that he was at *Paris* with design to kill the Cardinal; but did not accuse the Dutchess of having any hand in this Conspiracy: And all that he said against her was, That she kept Correspondence with the Prince, and received a Pension of Four thousand Crowns from the Spaniards. He shewed these last Informations to the Cardinal, and the first to Madam *de Chastillon*, by which having, as may be imagined, extreamly terrified her, He told her he would save her, if out of acknowledgment she would give him the least marks of Love: Madam *de Chastillon*, who feared death more then all things, did not stick to satisfie the Abbot *Foucquett*, but resisted just as long as was necessary to make him value this last Favour. The Abbot *Foucquett* his whole thoughts were now, how to love his Mistress; and to that end he caused her to leave *Marlou* one night, and carried her into *Normandy*, where he made her change her Abode every day, disguised sometimes like a Gentleman, sometimes like a Religious, and sometimes like a Fryer. This lasted six Weeks, during which the Abbot *Foucquet* went and came from Court to the place where Madam *de Chastil-*

lon was: At length he procured her an Amneſty, when *Ricoux* had been Executed, and cauſed her to return to *Marlou*, where ſhe was not long in repoſe; for ſhe caſt her Eyes upon the Mareſhal *d' Hocquincourt*, as well for the Advantages ſhe might draw from him by the Poſts he held upon the *Somme*, as to free her from the tyranny of the Abbot *Foucquett*, who began to become inſupportable to her.

Charles Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt* had black ſparkling Eyes, a handſome Noſe, a little Forehead, a long Viſage, and black frized Hair, and his Shape was very fine: He had but little Wit, and yet was cunning by being very diſtruſtful; he was brave and ever in love, and his Valour ſerved him inſtead of Wit and good Carriage amongſt the Ladies. Madam *de Chaſtillon* knowing him by Reputation, fancied that he was a proper Perſon to commit the Follies ſhe had occaſion for. Monſieur *de Vignacourt*, a Gentleman of *Picardy*, her Neighbour, was the Perſon ſhe employed to him. Whereupon the Marſhal having agreed with *Vignacourt*, that at his going to Command the Army of *Catalonia*, he would ſee her as he paſſed thorow *Marlou*, as if Chance had occaſioned this Interview. The thing happened

ned as it had been projected, and Madam *de Chaſtillon* took Horſe to go to Conduct the Marſhal two Leagues from *Marlou*. On the way, ſhe related to him the ſad Circumſtances of her Fortune, deſired him to be her Protector, flattered him with the Title of the Refuge of the Afflicted, and the Reſource of the Miſerable. In ſhort, ſhe ſo inſpired him with Generoſity, that he promiſed to ſerve her with and againſt all, and even gave her his Table-Book, in which he gave order to the Governours of Towns and Places to receive her and hers, as often as ſhe had occaſion. This Interview was diſcovered by the Abbot *Foucquett*, who ſeeing the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt* upon the point of returning to Court, judging his and Madam *de Chaſtillon*'s Neighbourhood dangerous for his and the Courts Intereſts, perſwaded the Cardinal to remove her to the Frontiers of *Picardy*, and cauſed an Order to be ſent her to go to her Dutchy. As Madam *de Chaſtillon* was on her Journey, ſhe met with the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt* at *Montarquis*, with whom ſhe renewed the Meaſures ſhe had taken ſix Months before, and after having mutually given one another, he poſitively words to protect her againſt the Court, and ſhe hopes to grant him one day

marks of her Paſſion. They parted, The Marſhal went to find out the King, and ſhe to her Dutchy, where ſhe paſſed the Winter, during which the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt*, and the Abbot *Foucquett*, who being the moſt difficult Patron to be ſatisfied, impatiently ſupported the Interviews that paſſed between the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt* and Madam *de Chaſtillon*, and the Commerce ſhe kept with him. To excuſe herſelf, ſhe told him that the Marſhal uſed his endeavours with the Cardinal that ſhe might have *Bordeaux* again, who was taken from her, and to obtain of him for herſelf, leave to return to Court: She added, That ſhe could have wiſhed ſhe might not have been indebted for thoſe Favours to any other than himſelf, but that ſhe was willing to ſpare his Credit for Affairs of greater moment. What perſwaded the Abbot *Foucquett* that the Intrigue between the Marſhal did only concern the Court, was that in the Spring ſhe returned through his Interceſſion, firſt to *Marlou*, afterwards to *Paris* and *Bordeaux* with her. During the Mareſhal's Campaign in *Catalonia*, the King of *England*, whom the misfortunes of his Family obliged to ſtay in *France*, and who had found the Dutcheſs much to his mind, ſaw her at *Marlou* in the little

little Journeys he made to my Lord *Crofts*'s his Houſe; and this Commerce had inſpired this Prince with ſo much love for her, that he reſolved to marry her: *Crofts* perſwading his Maſter to ſatisfie her at any rate, upon the promiſes that Madam *de Chaſtillon* had given this Lord that he ſhould enjoy her, in caſe he would contribute to the making her Queen: And indeed ſhe had been ſo, if God, who took care of the Fortune and Reputation of that King, had not amuſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* with a fooliſh hope, which made her fail of ſo fair an Occaſion.

Charles King of *England* had great black Eyes, his Eye-brows were thick, and met together, was of a brown Complexion, a handſome Noſe, a long Viſage, his Hair was black and curled; he was tall, and finely ſhaped; he had an auſtere Preſence, and yet loſt and civil more in good than in ill Fortune: He was brave, that is to ſay, that he had the Courage of a Souldier, and the Soul of a Prince: He was a great Wit, and loved Pleaſures, but yet he loved his Duty more: In ſhort, he was one of the greateſt Kings in the World: But however, tho Nature had gifted him with admirable Advantages, Adverſity, that had been his Go-

vernour, was the principal Cauſe of his extraordinary Merit.

The Prince at his leaving of *France*, had ſhown, as I have already ſaid, very little conſideration for Madam *de Chaſtillon*; but having known the value that the Spaniards ſet on her, by the Penſion they had given her, and the Credit that ſhe had at the Court of *France*, by the means of the Abbot *Foucquett*, was reinflamed for her: And his Paſſion was ſo violent, that he wrote to her the moſt paſſionate Letters in the World, and amongſt others, this was intercepted that he wrote to her in Cyphers.

THo all your Charms ſhould not oblige me to love you, my dear Coſin, the pains that you take for me, and the perſecutions you ſuffer for being in my Intereſts, and the hazards wherein this expoſes you, would oblige me to love you as long as I live; Judge then what all this together can do upon a heart, which is neither inſenſible nor ungrateful; but judge likewiſe of the alarms that I am continually in for you. The example of Ricoux *makes me tremble, and when that I conſider that what I have moſt dear in the World is in the hands of my Enemies, I am in diſquiets that never give me reſt. In the name of God, my pooreſt Dear, do not longer hazard*

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your ſelf as you do; I ſhould chooſe rather never to return into France, *than be the cauſe of your having the leaſt apprehenſion: It is for me to expoſe my ſelf, and by a War put my Affairs in ſuch a poſture, as that they may treat with me; and then, my dear Coſin, you may aid me with your Interceſſion; and in the mean time, as events are doubtful in War, I have one ſure way to paſs my life with you, and yet engage our Intereſts to one another more than they have hitherto been. Do not believe that the Princeſs is an invincible obſtacle to this; people break through much greater, when they are as much in love as I am. In this part, my dear Coſin, I give no bounds to my Imagination, nor to your Hopes: You may puſh them as far as you pleaſe. Farewel.*

The hopes that Madam *de Chaſtillon* had upon this Letter of marrying the Prince, made her think of refuſing the offers of the King of *England*; hereupon ſhe conſulted one of her female Friends in *Bordeaux*'s preſence. She, whoſe Husband was with the Prince, told her Miſtreſs that ſhe was mad once to think of marrying a ſhaddow of a King, a Wretch who had not wherewith to live, and who in making her to be laughed at, would ruin her in a little time, that if

it was poſſible, contrary to all appearances in the World, that he ſhould one day recover his Throne, ſhe might very well believe that being weary of her, he would be divorced from her upon the pretext of the inequality of Condition: Her Friend told her on the contrary, that her madneſs was to marry the Prince who was married, and whoſe Wife was in health, that perſons of the Quality of the King of *England* might be ſometimes under ill Fortune, but that they could never be in that extream neceſſity ſo common to private Perſons: That it was fine for a Lady to live a Queen, tho ſhe ſhould live unhappy; and that ſhe ought never to refuſe an honourable Title, tho ſhe was only to bear it upon her Grave. As for you Mademoiſelle, turning towards *Bordeaux*, you have reaſon to talk as you do to her Grace, conſidering only your own intereſt; but for my part, who only conſider her Graces, I tell her what I ought to ſay. Madam *de Chaſtillon* gave them thanks for the kindneſs they ſhowed her, and told them that ſhe would take time to think of their Reaſons before ſhe came to a Reſolution. She was not willing to give a more poſitive Anſwer before her Friend in an Affair ſhe was aſhamed ſhe ſhould chooſe what was

was contrary to her advice; In the mean time there came Notice from several parts to the King of *England* of the Life of Madam *Chastillon*, and of her present Conduct with the Abbot *Foucquett*. Never any Man that had the least sense of Honour, did lose his Reason so much as in the beginning of his Passion to marry a Woman without Honour.

The King of *England* went from the Neighbourhood of *Marlou* as soon as He had learnt all these news, and would not hazard, by seeing Madam *de Chastillon*, a Conflict that might be doubtfull between his sences and his Reason. Madam *de Chastillon* was not then sensible of the loss she had: the desires and hopes she had of marrying the Prince rendered all other things indifferent to her.

Madam *de Chastillon* being returned from her Dutchy to *Marlou* in the beginning of the Spring, through the intercession of the Marshall *d' Hocquincourt*, and sometime after to *Paris*, he did not find her ungratefull for this favour. This little service and the promises he gave her of killing the Cardinal and putting his Places into the Princes hands, touched Madam *de Chastillons* Heart to that point, that she granted

granted enjoyment to the Marſchal. The Summer paſſed in this manner during, which the Abbot *Foucquett* who perceived this Commerce, was often under ſtrange diſquiets; and he had done at that time what he did afterwards, if Lovers did not love to deceive themſelves, when they are either to quit or condemn their Miſtreſſes.

The Winter after, the Duke of *Candale* at his return from *Catalonia*, ſeemed to be in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*; The Abbot *Foucquett* allarum'd at ſo dangerous a Rivall, cauſed *Boligneux* to deſire him to ceaſe his perſuit. The Duke of *Candale* being at that time really in love with Madam *d' Olonne*, and had only engaged himſelf with Madam *de Chaſtillon* to make her ſerve for a pretext, eaſily granted the Abbot *Foucquett's* Requeſt. But as with this Miſtreſs Lovers were as an *Hydra*, of whom one head was no ſooner cut off, but that an other ſprung up in the room, *la Feuillade* took the place of the Duke of *Candale*; The Abbot *Foucquett* who knew it immediately, ſpoke himſelf pretty ſharply of it to la *Feuillade*, who whether that he fancyed that his Rivall being beloved he ſhould not ſucceed in his Enterprize, or whether that his blooming Paſſion left him all his Prudence

dence, he did not judge it Convenient to incurr the hatred of ſo violent a Man; wherefore he did not perſevere in that Amour. The Marqueſs *de Cozuvres* had not ſo much Complaiſance as *Feuillade* had, he continued to ſee Madam *de Chaſtillon* maugre the Abbot *Foucquett*; but as he had neither Fortune nor Merit enough to touch her Heart, ſhe only made a Conqueſt of him, and only kept him in play to inflame the Abbot *Foucquett*, and oblige him to renew his Preſents, and let him know that ſhe had Perſons of Quality on her ſide who would not ſuffer her to be miſuſed. Wherefore the Abbot was forced to bear with this Rivall but he vented his Choler upon poor *Vinevil*; who was one of the firſt Lovers of Madam *de Chaſtllon*, beloved, a Man of good Senſe, and whoſe Wit was to be feared. The Abbot *Foucquett* gave the Cardinal to underſtand that it was dangerous to leave him at *Paris*; inſomuch that the Cardinal ſeeing only through the Abbots Eyes, ſent an order to *Vinevil* to go to *Tours* till further order; and he not being ſuffered to take his leave of Madam *de Chaſtillon*, wrote her this Letter on the laſt of October 1651.

How

HOw desirous soever you seem to be that I should make you a Visit, I fancyed that the little pleasure you took in the last, I should do much better to abstain; since that indeed your coldness deprives me of the joy, that I received at other times in seeing you: for the truth is, I am perswaded that I ought not to pretend to any share in your Favour, nor your Confidence; the engagement you are under, does not permit you to consider any thing besides, and that you are necessitated to be wanting in what you owe by essential obligations; I am likewise of Opinion that you would take it more kindly to forget you altogether, than to remember you on this occasion; and that you willingly approve of my abandoning your person and your Interest. And yet Madam, I do not pretend that you should lose me quite, because I am very sure, you will be very glad to find me again one time or other, tho you despise me at present: I will serve my self as much as the knowledg of the present Circumstances you are under will suffer, and the Frtendship I have promised you, which makes me that I cannot dissemble that all humankind talk most disadvantageausly of your Conduct, and that you are become the perpetual Theme of all the Conversations of the time. They describe your Engagement to be the most pittyful

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and abject that a person of your Quality was ever Concerned in; and your friend is said to exercise over you a tyrannical Empire, and more especially that he causes all to be discarded that come near you, and that he even threatens those whom he is told are his Rivals, as he has done Feuillade; and I pass over in silence several particulars of his private Visits which are sufficiently known. Do but consider, Madam, of the prejudice that your Reputation receives from this Commerce; and make reflection upon what you are, and upon what he is who has deprived you of your Honour; for the Credit and Consideration he procures you are not very honourable, and they are false lights which reflect upon you, rather to offend you than to give you a lustre. Ah! Madam, if the poor deceased had but the least sence, they would scratch their way out of their Graves, and come and approach you with so shamefull a dependance, but I do not believe that you are concerned for the memory of them, fear the living, who sooner or later will be informed of your Conduct and will doubtless behave themselves accordingly. I do not represent all these things to you out of a motive of jealousie; for I assure you I am not infected with a Passion so afflicting and so useless as that. If I was transported with love for you I should vent my self in Invectives,

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which would do you irreparable Injuries, and I ſhould revenge my ſelf of the wrongs you do me with ſo much Ingratitude. If I had no love for you, I ſhould railly as well as others: but in what concerns you I keep my ſelf in a Mediocrity, which gives me a mute grief for the blindneſs of your Conduct, which at length will bring you into the worſt of troubles, if you have not a care, and let your ſelf be governed by your prudence without expecting events. To morrow I ſhall go towards Tourraine, *wherefore I take my leave of you, Madam; If you take kindly the advice I give you I ſhall continue to love you; if ill, I ſhall endeavour to get rid of a Principle that is the cauſe of it: In the mean time I doe not demaund any good Offices for my Concerns, but only that you would hinder ill ones from being done me, and you will oblige me in ſo doing.*

Notwithſtanding *Vinevil*'s Baniſhment, The Abbot *Foucquett* was no more at eaſe than he was before, Madam *de Chaſtillon* making him mad every moment; but that which diſquieted him moſt was the Intrigue between her and the Marſhall *d' Hocquincourt*. This had rendred her ſo haughty that ſhe had often treated the Abbot *Foucquett* as if ſhe had not known him.

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During these passages the Marshal *de Hocquincourt* finding himself pressed by Madam *de Chastillon* to perform the promises he had made her, which not being willing to do, he gave notice to the Cardinal of all that he had promised Madam *de Chastillon*, by one of his Gentlemen, who seemed to betray him, and at the same time caused the same notice to be given to the Abbot *Foucquett* by Madam *Calvoisin*, the Governour of *Roye*'s Wife. This peice of Cunning had the effect, that the Marshall had promised himself; the Cardinal was alarum'd, and to break of so dangerous an Intrigue caused the Marshal *d'Hocquincourt* to be treated with. The Abbot *Foucquett* for his part, having had the information from *Calvoisin*, desired the Cardinal that he would cause Madam *de Chastillon* to be took into Custody, and put in such a place where she might not have any Correspondence till that he should think fit to restore her to her liberty. The Cardinal having given his consent, the Abbot *Foucquett* caused Madam *de Chastillon* to be seized on at *Marlou*, and conducted with one of her Women to *Paris*, where he caused her to be brought in by Night, and lodged her at one *de Vaux*'s House in *Poitow-*

Poitow-ſtreet. On the morrow after her arrival, the Abbot *Foucquett* took a Note under her hand by order from the Cardinal, and directed to the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt*, by which ſhe deſired him to come to an accomodation with the King, and not to think any longer of the Prince or of her, becauſe it might endanger his Life; & as ſome days before ſhe was taken ſhe had agreed with the Marſhal, that in caſe they happened to be taken into cuſtody, and that Letters were exacted from them, contrary to the meaſures they had taken together, they ſhould give no Credit to them if they were not written with a double C. Which ſhe did not do in this Letter, but ſhe did in another which ſhe wrote at the ſame time to the Marſhal; by which ſhe let him know that he ſhould remain firm in the firſt reſolution that he had taken of ſerving the Prince, and of delivering up his Places to him; which the Marſhal never intended, and had only promiſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* that he would, that he might obtain favours from her, and to procure advantages from the Cardinal, which he could not have without making himſelf be feared; he ſuppreſſed the Letter of intelligence, and ſent that to the Prince which the Abbot

Foucquet

Foucquett had cauſed Madam *de Chaſtillon* to write to him, by which knowing that ſhe was in danger of her life, he ſent him word to make his peace with the Court, provided he got Madam *de Chaſtillon* releaſed out of Priſon. The Cardinal believing the Marſhal to be really in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, and that he would give all that he ſhould demand of him to ſet her at liberty, would have deducted upon her account an hundred thouſand Livers, out of the hundred thouſand Crowns they had agreed of together: But the Marſhal would not conſent to it, and yet that ſhe might not think him a cheat, and to keep ſome meaſures with her ſtill, he would not put his places into the Cardinals hands, till he knew that the Dutcheſs was ſet at liberty; inſomuch that to ſatisfy him in that point, they deceived him, and ſent the Dutcheſs to the fathers Oratory to ſhew her ſelf to a Gentleman he had ſent on purpoſe for that end; with whom ſhe was free, after which ſhe returned to her priſon, where ſhe was eight days longer. During the three weeks that ſhe was a Priſoner in *Poitou-ſtreet*, the Abbot was not ſo free as ſhe, he became daily more and more ſmitten; for as with the liberty of going and coming

he likewiſe deprived her of that of deceiving him; he found her a thouſand times more lovely than before. Beſides the Dutcheſs being willing to recover his eſteem that ſhe migh procure being ſet at liberty, uſed him after ſuch a manner as was capable of melting the heart of a Barbarian, and had a thouſand kindneſſes and Complyances for him: and ſhe ſeemed to put ſo entire a Confidence in him, that he could not forbear beleiving that ſhe would never depend again on any Body but him.

Things being in this Poſture, the Abbot ſurprized a very kind Letter, that the Dutcheſs wrote to the Prince of *Condé*. This grieved him ſo extreamly, that in reproaching her, he would have poiſoned himſelf with Quickſilver from behind a Looking-glaſs; but beginning to find himſelf ill, he loſt the deſire of dying for a faithleſs one, and took *Theriaque* which he uſually carried about him to ſecure himſelf from Enemies, which the employ he had about the Cardinal procured him daily. Except going where ſhe pleaſed, the Dutcheſs paſſed her time very pleaſantly in the priſon; The Abbot treated her with all manner of Delicacies, and made her daily very conſiderable Preſents in Knacks and Jewels;

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he went from thence at two a Clock in the Night, and came again at eight in the Morning, thus was he with her eighteen hours in four and twenty.

It was impossible but that the Cardinal must know where the Dutchess was, and this is pleasant that this great Man, who decided the Fate of *Europe*, should go halves with the Abbot *Foucquett* in an amourous secret: I beleive that the reason he had to approve this Commerce was, that knowing the Dutchess to be Intriguing, he chose rather she should be in the Abbots hands, whom he was sure of, than in an other; and besides the Abbot keeping her in a Chamber, and absolutely dishonoring her thereby, he was glad that the Prince of *Condé* her Cousin and lover, might receive thereby an extraordinary mortification. But at length the Marshal *d'Hocquincourts'* accomodation being made, upon Condition that the Dutchess should be released out of prison, she was to be let at liberty. They sent her to *Marlou*, where some time after the worst accident imaginable happened The Abbot *Foucquett* and she had agreed together, that every *Saturday* they would mutually return the Letters they had written to one another all the week long, and

that he would ſend for them by a Man who ſhould ſay that he belonged to Mademoiſelle *Vertus*. This Man being one day at *Marlou*, a footman came thither from the Marſhal *d' Hocquincourt*, with a Letter for the Dutcheſs, who having writ her anſwers, and given them to a Chambermaid to deliver them to the Bearers, this Woman miſtook, and gave the Abbot's Man the anſwer that her Miſtriſs ſent the Marſhal, and to the Marſhal's Lacquie the Pacquet deſigned for the Abbot. It is eaſie to imagine in what allarms the Dutcheſs was ſo ſoon as ſhe knew the Miſtake, and particularly when it is known that in the Letter, which ſhe wrote to the Abbot, beſides a thouſand kind things, there was alſo a long Chapter againſt Madam *de Bregi*, whom ſhe hated, becauſe ſhe had naturally the Charms of Body and of mind which the Dutcheſs had only by Art. It is certain thet the Dutcheſs had ever envied her and was never able to pardon her Merit. In an other place, ſhe railed againſt my Lord *Mountague*, and almoſt in every part of it made the moſt biting railleries imaginable upon the Marſhal. And when ſhe thought of the Abbot's Letter which ſhe had ſent to him, wherein there

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were tenderneſſes and tranſports of love, which might be good to a Miſtreſs, but which uſually appear very ridiculous to the indifferent, and that all this was in the hands of a haughty and a laughed at Rival, ſhe was almoſt mad: The Abbot for his part was in no leſs pain. As for the Marſhal ſo ſoon as he had ſeen all the Abbot's Letters, and thoſe that the Dutcheſs wrote to him, he judged that he might be one day obliged to reſtore them her out of his weakneſs to her, or through the deſires of her Friends, inſomuch that he might be in a capacity to take his revenge on her when he pleaſed: He cauſed copies to be taken of them all, and then went and ſhowed the originals to the Duke of *Rochefoucault*, to Madam *Piſieux*, whom he knew to be the Dutcheſſes Enemies. After that the Abbot had been one Night at *Marlou*, he returned to *Paris* to the Merſhals Houſe, of whom he demanded his Letters. The Marſhal did not content himſelf with refuſing him them, but added all the raillery after his way that he could bethink himſelf of; while the Marſhal was thus drolling he held the Dutcheſs Letter open to the Abbot, who had liever have been killed, than have ſuffered his Miſtreſs to have laine at his Rival's diſ-

cretion, as ſhe did by this Letter, caught hold of it, and tore half of it off, which he went to ſhow to the Dutcheſs, telling her that the Marſhal had burnt the other halfe; but the Marſhal being enraged at this enterprize of the Abbots, bid him be gone immediately out of his Houſe, and that if ſome reſpects did not withhold him, he would cauſe him to be thrown out of the Window.

The Dutcheſs being ſometime after returned to *Paris*, fancied that to undeceive the Publick of a thouſand Particulars, that the Marſhal had ſaid of her, it was requiſite that ſhe ſhould let People of Merit and Virtue ſee after what manner ſhe would treat him. In order to which, ſhe made choice of the Houſe of the Marqueſs *de Souches*, Great Provoſt of *France*, to whom and his Wife ſhe had a mind to juſtifie herſelf more particularly: The Aſſignation being made with the Marſhal, he perceived her deſign. *God keep thee, my poor Child*, ſaid he accoſting her, *How does my little Buttocks do, are they ſtill very lean?* It is impoſſible to imagine the ſad Condition this diſcourſe put the Dutcheſs in! ſhe was as if ſhe had been ſtund with a blow upon her head, it made her forget to call the Marſhal Fool and Inſolent; but

ſhe

ſhe fancied that having begun as he did, he would proceed to the moſt ſhameful particulars imaginable for her, if ſhe diſpleaſed him never ſo little. The Grand Provoſt and his Wife looked upon one another, and turning towards the Dutcheſs, found her with her Eyes towards the ground, but indeed ſhe did not change her Colour; but thoſe who knew her did not believe her perplexed. At length the Great Provoſt breaking ſilence, *You do ill*, ſaid he, *my Lord Marſhal; Gallant men ought never to quarrel with Ladies, they ought to be thankful to them for the Preſents they make them of their Hearts, and ought not to offend them when they refuſe it.* *I grant that*, ſaid the Marſhal, *but when their Hearts are once given, if they change after that, it is requiſite they uſe civilly thoſe they have loved, and when they droll upom them, they expoſe themſelves to great Affronts. You underſtand me, Madam*, added he, turning towards the Dutcheſs, *I am ſure you believe that I have reaſon for what I ſay, but you ſurprize me with your diſorder; you ought to be prepared for ſuch Accidents, ſince you lay Snares for people who revenge themſelves. I vow I would not have believed that you had ſo much Modeſty as you have.* And in ending this Diſcourſe he went away, and left the Dutcheſs more dead

than alive. The Great Provoſt and his Wife endeavoured to bring her to herſelf; telling her, That what the Marſhal had ſaid, had not made any impreſſion upon their minds; however from that day they had no great Commerce with her.

A fortnight after the Abbot was obliged to go to the Court, which was at *Compeigne*, The Dutcheſs foreſeeing the Prince of *Condés* return into *France* by the general Peace that was much talked of, and not being willing that he ſhould find her in ſo ſhameful an Intrigue for her, reſolved to break off after ſuch a manner, as that there might not remain the leaſt appearance of it. In this deſign ſhe went to the Abbots Houſe, where having found one of his Servants in whom he put moſt confidence, and asked him for the Keyes of his Maſter's Cloſet, ſaying ſhe had a mind to write him a Letter. This Fellow without penetrating further, and only conſidering the Abbots Paſſion for the Dutcheſs, he gave her immediately what ſhe demanded. Seeing herſelf alone, ſhe broak the lock of the Cabinet where ſhe knew that the Abbot kept her Letters, and not only took them all, but likewiſe others from the Prince of *Condé*, which ſhe had ſacrificed to them, and went and burnt them at

at Madam *de Sourches* Houſe. The Abbot having found this diſorder at his return home, went to the Dutcheſſes Houſe, and began to threaten to cut off her Noſe, and then broke a Chriſtal Candleſtick, and a great Looking-glaſs that he had given her, and went away after having called her a thouſand Names. During all this buſtle, one of the Dutcheſſes Chambermaids fancying that the Abbot would take away from her all that he had given her, laid hold upon her Miſtreſſes Cabinet of Jewels, and carried it to Madam *de Sourches* Houſe, from whence ſhe ſent for it again the ſame Evening, and gave it to a devout Relation of her Mothers to keep. The Abbot having notice of it on the Morrow, went to that Devout Womans Houſe, and took it away by force. The Dutcheſs being informed of the loſs ſhe had, was extreamly grieved; but ſhe did not loſe her judgment, ſhe employed people to the Abbot, who had ſo much credit with him, that he reſtored the Cabinet; and by the means of this reſtitution they were as well reconciled as they had ever been; and this reconciliation was ſo ſudden, that Madam *de Bouteville* coming the morrow to comfort the Dutcheſs her Daughter for the accident that had happened

ned to her, the Abbot was already with her, who concealed himself in a Closet during the Visit, and heard all the Comedy.

Some time after, the Dutchess not being willing to take alwaies the pains to conceal that she saw the Abbot again; and fancied that since their quarrel was known abroad, their reconciliation ought likewise to be publick: Wherefore she caused all her friends to desire her to pardon the Abbot upon his sollicitation, and at length having made it a point of Conscience, the Mother Abbess, of the Convent of *Mercy*, a Woman subject to beatifical Visitations, made them see and embrace one another. This Mediation brought the Reverend Mother into some discredit with the Queen and the Cardinal: They fancyed that that she had not so particular a Commerce with God, since she suffered her self to be so easily deceived by Men.

However this reconciliation lasted but six Months; The Prince of *Condé*'s return into *France* coming on daily made the Dutchess apprehend that he would find her under the Abbots Tutorship, and the Ladies *de Saint Chaumond* and *de Feguiers* made her so much ashamed of him, that she broak with him upon a pretext of Devotion. It

was

was very difficult for the Abbot to consent to the Dutchess's design, and would not have done it at an other time; but seeing his Credit very much diminished with the Cardinal, and fearing that the Prince of *Condé*, who hated him besides, and *Bouteville*, who would revenge the dishonour he had done to his family, might cause him to be stabbed, if he gave the Dutchess the least new Reason of Complaining, he left off Visiting, but not loving her.

The End of the Second Part

LOVES EMPIRE, &c.

AT that time Madam *d'Olonne* was gone as I have ſaid, to deſire the Counteſs of *Fieſque*, to thank in her name the Abbot *Foucquett* for ſome pretended Obligation which was properly nothing; but ſhe had a mind the Abbot *Foucquett* ſhould make Reflections upon the Compliment, and make him Comprehend that when people have thanks returned them for ſuch ſmall things, they are willing to be indebted to them for the greater Obligations. The ſame day that Madam *d'Olonne* ſaw the Counteſs, ſhe found the Abbot at Madam *de Bonelles*, and there ſhe her-

herſelf made him the ſame Compliment: The Abbot, being very deſirous to have an Intrigue with Madam *d'Olonne*, to endeavour the curing himſelf of the Paſſion he had ſtill for the Dutcheſs of *Caſtillon*, returned her Civilities as obligingly as he was able; and on the Morrow the Counteſs having ſent to ſeek him, and telling him what Madam *d'Olonne* had deſired her to ſay: *I know more than you of that, Madam,* ſaid he to her, *and I received yeſterday Evening marks of acknowledgment from herſelf: But I would willingly know of you one thing*, added he, *Whether the Count* de Guiche *is not in love with Madam* d' Olonne; *for if he is, I will avoid the Occaſion of being ſo: He has had ſo much reſpect for me upon all Occaſions, that I ſhould be ridiculous ſhould I play him ſuch a prank. No,* ſaid the Counteſs, *at leaſt Madam* d' Olonne *and he have each of them told me, that they had not any thoughts of one another. If this is true,* replyed the Abbot, *I beſeech you Madam, to let Mad.* d' Olonne *know that you have ſeen me, & that upon what you have told me in her Name, I appeared to you ſo tranſported with joy, to ſee how ſhe received what I did for her, that you do not doubt but that I ſhall be infinitely in love; and thereupon, Madam,*

dam, ask her, I beseech you, what she would do in case I should be so. The Countess having given her word that she would, the Abbot went away; and on the Morrow Madam *d'Olonne* having received a Letter from the Countess, made her this Answer.

YOu desire to know what course I would take in case the Abbot Foucquett *was in love with me; I am not so mad as to tell you, for I am still as much taken with him as I was two dayes agoe. Farewell,* la Chastillanne.

The Chevalier *de Grammont*, being come to the Countesses a moment after she had received this Ticket, found her in Bed, and seeing a Paper lying by her, he took it. The Countess having redemanded this Paper, the Chevalier restored her another much of the same bigness. The Company that was then in her Chamber, so took her up, that she did not perceive the Chevaliers roguery, who went away almost as soon as he had done. Seeing what it was, it is not to be questioned, but that his joy was extream, to have in hand wherewith to injure Madam *d'Olonne*, and put the Count *de Guiche* in a rage. He remembred, he had been sacri-

ced to *Marſillac*, and the diſquiets that his Nephew had given him upon the Counteſſes account, and was very glad he had now an Occaſion to torment him. The noiſe that this Letter made, had all the effect that he could deſire; the Count *de Guiche* was allarm'd, and conſulted *Vinevil*; they reſolved together, that he ſhould ſpeak himſelf of it to the Abbot, and in the mean time he wrote this Letter to Madam *d' Olonne*.

YOu make me mad, Madam, but I love you too much to fall out with you; and perhaps this Carriage may move your Heart more than reproaches; however my reſentment muſt fall upon ſome body, and I ſee not one that has incurred it more than the Counteſs; It was certainly ſhe who engaged the Abbot Foucquett *to think of you, to reclaime me to her, or be revenged on me for changing, being in diſpair that I had abandoned her; and therefore has raiſed me up a Rival, who ſhould cauſe me to be diſcarded or disguſt me from loving you. I cannot think Madam, ſhe will effect either of her deſigns, and yet I think my ſelf as much obliged to her as if ſhe had brought them to paſs, and ſhe is to expect that I will have no longer any regard for her, and that I will uſe all means imaginable to be revenged.*

Madam *d' Olonne*, not being ſo ſecure of the

the Count *de Guiche*, but that ſhe apprehended the Counteſs might reclaim him, was willing to embroil them to ſuch a point, as that in all appearance they could not be reconciled; and for that end ſhe had no ſooner received this Letter, then that ſhe ſent it to the Counteſs: Which putting her in a rage againſt the Count *de Guiche*, ſhe ſent for *Vinevil* to come to her. *I deſired your company, to tell you that your Friend is an impertinent Fool, and whom I will have nothing more to do with. See the Letter he has newly written to Madam* d' Olonne; *he complains that I perſwade the Abbot* Foucquett *to engage in an Intrigue with his Miſtreſs, and does not remember that he told me, that he had no longer any thoughts of her. I ask your pardon for him,* anſwered *Vinevil, excuſe a poor Lover, who ſeeing they deſign to deprive him of his Miſtreſs, knows not what he does, nor whom to have recourſe to: As ſoon as I ſhall have him recollect himſelf, he will come and caſt himſelf at your Feet.* After ſome other Diſcourſes, *Vinevil* went away, and within an hour after returned with the Count *de Guiche*, who told the Counteſs ſo many things, that ſhe promiſed to forget his rudeneſs. On the Morrow the Count having reſolved to ſpeak to the Abbot, went to him, and having ta-

ken him aſide, *If we had both begun at the ſame time*, ſaid he to him, *to be in love with Madam* d' Olonne, *it would be ridiculous to think it ſtrange that you ſhould diſpute her with me, neither ſhould I do it; and I would leave it to herſelf to decide by Favours the good Fortune of us both. But ſince you come to diſturbe me in an Intrigue, I have been long ingaged in before you, give me leave to tell you, that this is not civil, and I deſire you to leave me at quiet with my Miſtreſs, without giving me other troubles than thoſe which proceed from her rigours. I am a Friend of Madam* d' Olonne's, *and nothing elſe*, anſwered the Abbot, *that you have no reaſon to complain of me; However, if I thought the Diſcourſe you have now held to me, was by the advice of People, who had a mind to bring me into trouble, I declare to you I would become your Rival from this moment. I know why I talk to you after this manner, and you may underſtand me.* The Abbot pretended to ſpeak of *Varde* his mortal Enemy, and the Count's Friend. *No*, anſwered the Count, *I know not what you mean; but what I have to ſay to you is, that being jealous, that Humour has adviſed me to deſire you not to make me any longer ſo.* The Abbot having given him his hand, they parted the beſt Friends imaginable. Some time after the

the Abbot finding Madam *d' Olonne* at a place where he made a Viſit, ſhe took him aſide, to impart to him ſome ſecrets of ſmall moment, and the Abbot not knowing what to ſay to her, told her his diſpute with the Count. *I am very glad*, ſaid ſhe to him, *to ſee that you, Gentlemen, diſpoſe of me, as if I was your own: Thus I find I am at preſent the Count* de Guiches, *ſince you have made him your declaration that you have no pretences to me. Ah! Madam*, anſwered the Abbot, *I would not give you to any Body, if it was in my power to do it; as I love my ſelf better than any one in the World, I would keep you for my ſelf; but upon the ſuſpicions that the Count* de Guiche *has, that I have a Paſſion for you, I declare to him that I have no ſuch thoughts, and this betwixt you and me, Madam, becauſe I truſt my good Fortune, for*—— *No, no*, interrupted Madam *d' Olonne*, *do not continue talking to me contrary to what you think; you know well enough that you are not ſo unhappy as you ſay.* The Abbot finding himſelf ſo preſſed, could not forbear anſwering, That ſhe knew him better than he did himſelf; that it being in her power to make King's themſelves happy, he ſhould think his Fortune made, if ſhe would aſſure him of it; and moreover, that the Pro-

miſes he had made the Count, ſhould not hinder him from loving her, when he ſhould ſee any likelyhood of being beloved. This Converſation ended with ſo many Favours from Madam *d' Olonne*, that the Abbot forgot that he was ſtill in love with Madam *de Chaſtillon*, inſomuch that he reſolved to engage himſelf without inclination with Madam *d' Olonne*; he fancied that by entereſſing the Body by Pleaſures, he might diſengage the Mind, whoſe Intereſts are ſo interwoven: And indeed, Madam *d' Olonne*, whom time was very dear to, did not let the Abbot languiſh; but as their Correſpondence could not laſt long without the Counts perceiving it, he went to her Houſe to make her his Complaints: Being at her Chamber door, he heard a noiſe, which obliged him to liſten to what it was. He heard Madam *d' Olonne* ſaying a thouſand kind things to ſome Body, which increaſing his Curioſity, he looked through the Key-hole, and ſaw his Miſtreſs making as tender Careſſes to her Husband, as if he had been a Lover. This did not a little diſguſt him; he went home in a pet, where having taken Ink and Paper, he wrote this following Letter to *Vinevil*.

You

YOu are ignorant that I have diſcovered a new Lover of Madam d' Olonne's; *but what a new Lover, good God! a Lover kindly uſed, a Domeſtick Lover: I am not able to bear with it any longer; I newly caught* d' Olonne *upon his Wife's knees, receiving a thouſand Careſſes from that faithful One.*

Happy ſhould I my ſelf betide,
If the Beauty I adore
Could at length reſt ſatisfied
With a thouſand Gallants; nay more,
I am willing ſhe ſhould have a Friend
If there her Lechery would end.
But ſhe her Husband does likewiſe love,
'Tis this that does my Anger move.

For in ſhort, my Dear, he is no Husband, he has all the Favours of Gallants; he receives other Careſſes beſides thoſe which proceed from Duty, and he receives them by day, which is a time peculiar to Lovers.

The Count *de Guiche* being returned on the morrow to Madam *d' Olonne*'s Houſe, referred his reproaching her upon her Huſbands account till another time, and thought fit to ſpeak then only of the Abbot *Fouc-*

quett. Madam *d' Olonne* being ever full of Conſideration, when ſhe was to loſe a Gallant, not ſo much out of fear of his Vexation, as becauſe ſhe leſſened the number, told the Count *de Guiche* that he was Maſter of her Conduct, that he might preſcribe to her what manner of Iife he pleaſed; that if the Abbot gave him umbrage, ſhe would not only ſee him no more, but if he was willing he ſhould be witneſs after what rate ſhe would rattle him. The Count, who never durſt have asked her ſo great a Sacrifice, accepted the Offers ſhe made him: The Aſſignation being made to be at my Lord *Croft*'s Houſe the next day; where Madam *d' Olonne* having no other Company than the Count and the Abbot, ſpoke to the laſt after this manner, after having concerted all the Evening before. 'I deſired you, 'Mr. Abbot, to come hither, to tell you in 'the preſence of my Lord the Count *de* '*Guiche*, that I do not love you, and that 'I can never love any Body but him; we were 'both very willing that you ſhould know it, 'that you might not plead ignorance: Not 'that you have hitherto carried your ſelf to-'wards me otherwiſe than as a Friend; but 'as you had no deſign, you have not perhaps 'taken notice that your Viſits were ſome-

'thing

'thing too frequent, and you know that 'that is not usually very pleasing to so amo-'rous a Man as the Count, what confidence 'soever he has in his Mistress. For my part 'I shall spend my whole life in thinking how 'to please him: I was willing to make you 'this Declaration, lest that you without 'thinking, should bring your self into trou-'ble; I shall be overjoyed to have you for 'my Friend, but the less commerce we have 'together, the better it will be. 'Yes, Ma-'dam, I give you my word, said the Abbot 'to her, I am very much of the Count *de* '*Guiches* Opinion, I have passed through all 'the degrees of Jealousie, and this is not 'the first time that he and I have discoursed 'upon this point. I know the promises I 'made him, and I am sure I have not broken 'them. 'The truth is, interrupted the 'Count, that I cannot complain of you; but 'as her Ladyship has said very well, that as 'you have no design, you did not think you 'did contrary to what you promised me, and 'appearances are only against you. 'Well, 'replyed the Abbot to him, let not this hin-'der you from being happy, for I give you 'my word that I will not. Her Ladiship 'designedly but once a Month, but for in-'counters I cannot answer for them; but it

'is

is your part to take ſecurities in that caſe. After a thouſand Civilitiess on all ſides, they parted.

It will be perhaps wondred at, that the Abbot ſuffered Rivals ſo impatiently in his Intrigues with the Dutcheſs of *Chaſtillon*, and was ſo tractable with Madam *d' Olonne*; but the reaſon is, that with the former there was love in the caſe, and with the latter nothing but Debauche; and that the Body can bear with Aſſociates, which the Heart can never do.

Sometime after *d' Olonne* being informed of the ill Conduct of his Wife, reſolved to ſend her into the Country, as well to hinder her from committing new Follies, as to ſtifle the Reports which her Preſence daily renewed: And indeed, ſo ſoon as ſhe was departed, there was no more thoughts of her; and a thouſand other Copies of Madam *d'Olonne*, which *Paris* is full of, cauſed that great Original to be forgotten in a ſhort time.

There likewiſe hapned an Intrigue, which without being of the nature of Madam *d' Olonne*, did however ſuppreſs them for a time.

The Count *Vivonne*, firſt Gentleman of the King's Chamber, and for whom his Majeſty had naturally an inclination, being retired to a Houſe he had near *Paris*, to ſpend

ſpend the *Eaſter* Holy days with two of his Friends, the Abbot *le Camus* and *Manchini* this laſt Cardinals Nephew, and the other one of the Kings Almoners; and having paſſed there three or four days, if not in a great Devotion, at leaſt in very innocent Pleaſures, the Count of *Guiche* and *Manicamp*, being weary of *Paris*, went to him. As ſoon as the Abbot *le Camus* ſaw them, knowing them to be very diſſolute, he perſwaded *Manchini* to return to *Paris*, and that the next day, for that the World would ſay there had paſſed ſtrange things amongſt them: And *Manchini* that very evening declaring this deſign, *Manicamp* and the Count *de Guiche*, propoſed to *Vivonne* to deſire *Buſſy* to come and paſs two or three days without them, telling him that he was very capable to fill the place of the other two: *Vivonne* having given his Conſent, wrote a Letter to *Buſſy* in all their names, that he was deſired to quit for ſome time the hurry of the World, to come to them, that they might with the leſs diſtraction, give themſelves up together to the thoughts of Eternity. But before I paſs further, it is fit I deſcribe *Vivonne* and *Buſſy*.

The firſt had great blew Eyes even with his Head, whoſe Balls were often half hid

hid under his Eyelids, and contrary to his intention, made him look languiſhingly; he had a handſome Noſe, a little and full Mouth, a fine Complexion, a fine, great and fair head of Hair; He was indeed ſomething too fat, he had a quick Wit, and a good Fancy; but he ſtudyed too much how to be pleaſant; he loved to ſpeak Equivoques, and words with a double ſence; and that he might be the more admired, he often made them at home and ſtarted them in the Companies where he came, as if they had been freſh thoughts; he was quickly engaged in Friendſhip with people without any diſcretion; But whether he found them perſons of Merit or no, he as ſuddenly abandoned them; What made his inclination laſt longeſt was flattery, but it was to no purpoſe for a perſon to be extraordinary, if he did not admire him, he would have had no great eſteem for him. As he fancyed that a ſigne of a good will was a niceneſs for all works, he found nothing to his mind of all he ſaw, and uſually he judged of Books without knowledg and reaſon: In ſhort, he was ſo blinded with his own merit, that he ſaw none in any Body elſe; and to ſpeak like himſelf, he had both a great deal of ſufficiency, and

a great deal of insufficiency; he was Bold in War, and fearfull in Love: And yet if any body would have believed him, he had his will of all the Women he had attempted; but the truth is he had been denied by certain Ladies, who, till then had never refused any Man.

Roger de Rabutin, Count of *Bussy*, Major General of the light Horse, had great sweet Eyes, a handsome Mouth, a something hawkish Nose, an open Face, and a happy Phisiognomy, fair, clear light Hair; His Wit had delicacy and force, Gaity and Mirth; he talked well; he writ exactly and agreably; he was of a soft disposition; But those, whom his Merit had caused to envy him, had netled him, insomuch that he willingly made merry with people he did not love; He was a good and regular Friend; he was brave without ostentation; he loved Pleasures more than Fortune, but he loved Glory more than Pleasures: He was Gallant with all Ladies, and very civill, and the familiarity he had with his best Friends, never made him wanting in the respect he owed them. This kind of behaviour made it thought that he had a passion for them; and it is certain that he had ever some sence of love in all the

the great intrigues he had had, he had been long in the Wars and had done good ſervice, but as in this Age it was not ſufficient to be of a good Family, to have Wit, Courage, and have done great Services to procure Honours, with all theſe Qualities, he was got but half way of his fortune; he had not the baſeneſs to flatter thoſe people, whom *Mazarine*, the Soveraign Diſpenſour of Favours, put Confidence in, or had not been in a Condition to force them from him, by making him afraid, as moſt of the Marſhals of his time had done.

Now *Buſſy*, having this Letter from *Vivonne*, took Hors immediately, and went to his Houſe: he found his friends very much diſpoſed to mirth, and he, not being uſually a Diſturber of Feaſts, ordered it ſo that their joy was altogether Compleat: and accoſting them, *I am very glad my Friends*, ſaid he, *to find you diſengaged from the World as you are, a particular Grace from God is neceſſary to work out our ſalvation: In the hurreis of Courts, Ambition, Envy, Backbiting, Love, and a thouſand other Paſſions, do uſually engage the beſt People in Crimes, which they are encapable of in ſuch Retreats as this, let us ſave our ſelves then together, my friends, and as to be pleaſing to God, it is neither ne-*

ceſſary

ceſſary to weep nor to dye of Hunger; let us be merry, my Friends, and make good Chear. This Sentiment being generally approved of, they prepared themſelves for Hunting in the afternoon, and gave order to have Conſorts of Inſtruments for the next day: After having hunted four or five hours, theſe Gentlemen having got themſelves a great ſtomach, eat as heartily as is imaginable: ſupper being ended, which had laſted three hours, during which the Company had been in that Mirth which alwaies accompanies a good Conſcience, cauſed Horſes to be brought to walk in the Park: where theſe four Friends finding themſelves at liberty, to encourage themſelves to have the more contempt for the World, they propoſed to rail againſt all human kind; but a moment after Reflection made *Buſſy* ſay that they ought to except their true Friends from that general proſcription; this advice having been approved of by them all, Every one demanded of the reſt of the aſſembly Quarter for what he loved: This being done, and the ſignal given for the contempt of things here below theſe good ſouls begun a Canticle. You may judge that having took this Courſe, all was comprehended in the Canticle, except thoſe four Gentlemens

mens Friends, but as the Number were but ſmall, the Canticle was great and ſharp, inſomuch that ſhould nothing be forgot, it would make a Volume: Part of the Night being ſpent in theſe rural Pleaſures, they reſolved to go to reſt; Wherefore they left one another very much ſatisfied to ſee the progreſs they had begun to make in Devotion. *Vivonne* and *Buſſy* being got up earlier the next morning than the others, went into *Manicamps* Chamber; but not having found him, and thinking he was gone a Walking in the Park, they went into the Count *de Guiches* Chambers, with whom they found him in Bed: *You* ſee My *Friends*, ſaid *Manicamp* to them, *that I endeavour to make good uſe of the things you ſpoke of yeſterday touching the Contempt of the world, I have already Won my ſelf to deſpiſe the half, and I hope in ſhort time, except it be my particular Friends, to have no great inclination for the other; we often Compaſs the ſame and by different methods*, anſwered *Buſſy* to him; *for my part I do not Condemn your manners, Every one is ſaved after his own way; But I ſhall never take that courſe to be happy that you do. I am amazed to hear you talk after this rate*, ſaid *Manicamp*, *and that Madam de* Savigny *has not diſguſted you from loving of Women; But now you talk*

of

of Madam de Sevigny, ſaid *Vivonne, pray you tell us why you broak off with her, for they talk differently; ſome ſay that you were jealous of the Count of* Lude, *and others that you ſacrificed her to Madam* de Monglas; *and no Body has beleived what you both have ſaid, that it was a reaſon of intereſt. When I ſhall have made appear* replyed *Buſſy, that I have been theſe ſix years in love with Madam de* Monglaſs, *you will beleive that there was nothing of love in the falling out that was laſt year between Madam* de Sevigny *and me. Ah! My Dear,* interrupted *Vivonne, how ſhould we be obliged to you, if you would take the pains to relate to us an amourous Hiſtory; But firſt of all be pleaſed to give me an account of this Madam* de Sevigny; *for I never ſaw two perſons agree in their Opinions of her. What you ſay is defining of her in a few words,* anſwered *Buſſy, peoples opinions of her do not agree becauſe ſhe is unequall, and that one perſon alone is never long enough in her favour, to obſerve the change of her humour; but having known her from her Infancy I will give you a faithful relation.*

The Hiſtory of Madam de Sevigny.

Madam *de Savigny*, continued he, has uſually the fineſt Complexion imaginable, little ſparkling Eyes, a flat Mouth but of a fine Colour; a lofty Forehead, a Noſe only like it ſelf, neither long nor little, broad at the end, and the ſame at the Middle, and all this which in particular is not handſome, take it altogether is very agreable: ſhe is finely ſhaped and yet has no good Aire, ſhe has a handſome Leg, her Neck her Armes and Hands are not well formed, her hair is white and thick, ſhe has danced well, and has ſtill a good Ear, ſhe has an agreable Voice, and underſtands ſinging pretty well: as to the outſide ſhe is ſuch as I have deſcribed her, no Woman has more Wit than ſhe, and very few have ſo much: ſhe has a diverting way with her, ſome ſay that for a Woman of Quality her Character is ſomething too Wanton: In the time I ſaw her, I found this judgement ridiculous, and I know her *Burleſque* under the name of gayety; not ſeeing her at preſent, her Charmes do not dazle me; and I grant

grant that she is too pleasant: If a Person has wit, and particularly of that kind of wit which will be free and merry, there needs no more than to see her, there is nothing lost with her: She understands you, comprehends exactly your meaning, she divines you, and usually leads you much farther than you think of going; sometimes you give her a mighty prospect, the heat of pleasantry hurries her away, and under those Circumstances she receives with joy all libertine expressions, provided they be finely wrapt up, & keeps pace with her answers, and thinks it for her honour to surpass all that can be said to her. It is no strange thing that you find not much discretion in a Person of so much fire; those two things being usually incompatible, and Nature cannot work Miracles in favour of her: A brisk Fool takes more with her than a wel-bred serious Man; the gaiety of People prepossesses her, that she shall be judge whether you understand what she says; the greatest mark of wit that can be given her, is to admire her. She loves Incense, she loves being beloved, and in order to that she loves that she may reap, she gives praise that she may receive it; she generally loves all men, of what Age, of what Birth, of what Merit, and what Profession soever they are, from the Royal Robe to the Frock, from the Scepter to

the Inkhorn; amongst Men she loves a Lover better than a Friend, and amongst Lovers the merry more than the sad; the Melancholy flatter her Vanity, and the Brisk her Inclination; she diverts herself with these, and flatters herself with an opinion that her Merit must be great, since she is able to make those others languish.

She is of a cold temper, at least if we might believe her deceased Husband, and it was to it that he was obliged for her Vertue as he said; all her heat is in her will. The truth is it makes full recompence for the coldness of her temper; I believe that Conjugal Faith has not that violence if we consider the intention; it is another thing to speak freely; I believe her Husband clear before Men, but I take him for a Cuckold before God. This fair One being willing to share in all divertisements, has found a sure means, as she thinks, to take her Pleasures without injuring her Reputation in the least: She has contracted Friendship with four or five pretended *Lucretia*'s, with whom she goes into all places imaginable; she does not so much consider what she does, as with whom she is: By thus doing, she perswades herself that the civil Company rectifies all her actions, and for my part, I fancy that the critical Minute, which is usually found with all women when only

only a Man and a Woman is together, would ſooneſt be met with her in the midſt of her Family. Sometimes ſhe openly refuſes a match of publick walking to eſtabliſh herſelf in regard of the World in an Opinion of great regularity, and ſometime after thinking herſelf ſafe by ſo publick a refuſal, ſhe will make four or five matches of private walks; ſhe has naturally a love for Pleaſures; two things oblige her ſometimes to deprive herſelf of them, Policy and Inequality; and it was for one of thoſe two reaſons that ſhe goes ſometimes to a Sermon, the nex day after an Aſſembly. With ſome ſuch publick Actions ſhe thinks to prepoſſeſs all the World, and imagines that in doing a little good, and a little ill; all that can be ſaid is, that one producing the other, ſhe is a Civil Woman. The Flatterers, which her little Court is full of, entertain her after another rate, they never fail to tell her, that it is impoſſible to reconcile Wiſdom with the World, and Pleaſure with Vertue, better than ſhe does. To have Wit, and be of Quality, ſhe ſuffers herſelf to be too much dazled with the grandeurs of Court; the day the Queen has ſpoken to her, & perhaps only asked whom ſhe came with, ſhe will be ſo tranſported with joy, and a long time after ſhe will find means to acquaint all thoſe, whoſe reſpect ſhe has a mind to pro-

cure, how obliginly the Queen ſpoke to her. The King having one Evening cauſed her to dance, and being returned to her place, which was near me; *It muſt be confeſſed*, ſaid ſhe to me, *that the King has great Qualities, I believe, he will obſcure the Glories of all his Predeceſſors.* I could not forbear laughing in her face; and anſwering her, *There is no doubt to be made of it, Madam, after what he had now done for you.* She was then ſo ſatisfied with his Majeſty, that I ſaw her upon the point of declaring her acknowledgment by ſaying, God bleſs the King.

There are people who only ſet holy things put bounds to to their friendſhip, and who would do all for their Friends except offending God. Theſe people call themſelves Friends to the very Altars: the friendſhip of Madam *de Sevigny* has others Limits, that fair one is only a friend as far as the purſe; There was never any pretty Woman but ſhe in the World, that diſhonored her ſelf by ingratitude; ſhe muſt needs be much afraid of neceſſity, ſince to avoid only the ſhadow of it, ſhe is not apprehenſive of ſhame. Thoſe who would excuſe her ſay that ſhe has too much regard to the Counſell of people, who know what hunger is, and who ſtill remember their poverty: Whether this humour proceeds from

from others or from her ſelf, nothing is ſo natural as what appears in her Oeconomy.

The greateſt application that Madam *de Sevigny* has is to ſeem what ſhe is not; ſince ſhe has ſtudied that Courſe, ſhe has already learnt to deceive thoſe who had no great acquaintance with her: but as there are people who have intereſſed themſelves in her more than others, they have unfortunately for her perceived and diſcovered, that all is not Gold that gliſters.

Madam *de Sevigny* is unequal to the very Balls of her Eyes and to her Eye-lids; her Eyes are of different Colours, and the Eyes being the mirours of the Soul, theſe irregularities are as a mark that nature gives to thoſe who come near her not to rely much upon her kindneſs.

I know not if it is that her Armes are not very handſome, that ſhe is not very tender of them, or that ſhe does not think it a favour, the thing being ſo general; but in ſhort who will may take and kiſs them, I fancy that it is ſufficient to perſwade her that there is no ill in it, that ſhe belives they take no pleaſure in it. Nothing but Cuſtome can now conſtrain her, but ſhe will not ſtick to ſhow it rather than Men well knowing, that having made modes when they pleaſed Civility is no longer included in ſuch narrow Bounds.

This is, my Dear, the Picture of Madam *de Sevigny*: her estate which would have been a great help to mine and had belonged to our family, obliged my Father to design I should marry her; But tho I was so well acquainted with her then, as I am at present, I did not answer my Fathers design, certain loose Courses I saw her take made me apprehensive; And I found her the prettyest Creature imaginable to be the Wife of another. This sentiment helped me mightily from marrying her; But as she was married a short time after me, I fell in love with her, and the strongest reason that obliged me to make her my Mistress, was that which had hindred me from desiring to be her Husband.

As I was her near Relation, I had a very great access to her House, and I saw the vexations her husband daily gave her, she complained thereof very often to me, and desired me to make him ashamed of a thousand ridiculous inclinations he had: I served her in this very happily for some time; but at length her Husbands nature being too strong for my Counsels, after some deliberation it came into my head to be in love with her, more through the Conveniency of the Coniuncture, than through the force of my inclination. Insomuch that *Sevigny* having one day told me that he had passed the Night

Night before the moſt agreable imaginably, not only as to himſelf, but the Lady with whom he had ſpent it. *You may believe*, added he, *that it was not with your Coſin; it was with* Ninon. *So much the worſe for you*, ſaid I to him; *my Coſin is a thouſand times a finer Woman than ſhe, and I am ſure if ſhe was not your Wife, you would make her your Miſtreſs. All this may be*, anſwered he: *I had no ſooner left him then that I went to give him an account of all to Madam* de Sevigny. *This is a fine thing to brag of*, ſaid ſhe to me bluſhing for vexation. *Do not you ſeem to know any thing of it*, anſwered I, *for you ſee the Conſequence? I think you are a fool*, replyed ſhe, *to give me that advice, or that you take me for one. You would certainly be ſo, Madam*, replyed I, *if you do not pay him in his own Coin, or if you ſhould tell him again what I have told you: Take revenge, my fair Coſin, I will go halves with you in your Vengeance; for in ſhort, your Intereſts are as dear to me as my own. Hold, good my Lord*, ſaid ſhe to me, *I am not ſo vexed as you imagine: Having met with* Sevigny *the next day at the Court, he came to me into my Coach; as ſoon as he was in, I fancy*, ſaid he to me, *that you told your Coſin what I yeſterday acquainted you with of* Ninon, *becauſe ſhe has hinted ſomething of it to me: I*, replyed I, *I have not ſpoke to her; but as ſhe has a great deal of Wit, ſhe has ſaid to me ſo many things*

things upon the point of jealousie, that she sometimes hits at the truth. Sevigny *being satisfied with so good a reason, fell to discourse of his good fortune with the Ladies, and after having told me of a thousand advantages that there was in being in love, he concluded with telling me, that he was resolved to be so as long as he lived; and likewise that he was so at that time with* Ninon, *as deeply as it was possible for a man to be; that he was going to spend the Night at Saint* Clouds *with her, and with* Vallé, *who gave them a Feast, and which they laughed at together. I repeated to him what I had told him a thousand times, that tho his Wife was discreet, he might at length, by the continuation of his actions, so provoke her, that some welbred Man coming to fall in love with in the time he played her such pranks, she might perhaps seek for in the sweets of Love and in Vengeance, what she would not have thought of in love alone; and thereupon being parted, I went home, and wrote this Letter to his Wife.*

I Had reason yesterday, Madam, to distrust your imprudence, you told your Husband what I said to you; you may easily perceive that it is not for my own interests that I make you this reproach; for all that can happen to me is to lose his Friendship; and you have Madam, much more to fear. I have however been so happy, as to undeceive him; moreover, Madam, he is so per-

perſwaded that one cannot be an honeſt wellbred man without being in love, that I deſpair of ever ſeeing you ſatisfied, if you do not learn to be beloved by others than himſelf; but let not this alarm you, Madam, as I have begun to ſerve you, I will never abandon you in the Condition you are in. You know that jealouſie has ſome times more virtue to reclaim a heart than Charms and Merit; I adviſe you to make your Husband jealous, my fair Coſin, and to that end I offer my ſelf: I have ſo much love for you, as to act over my former part of your Agent to him, and to ſacrifice my ſelf likewiſe, to render you happy; and if he muſt needs eſcape you, love me, my Coſin, and I will help you to take your revenge on him by loving you as long as I live.

The Page I gave this Letter to, carrying it to Madam de Sevigny, found her aſleep, and as he waited till ſhe was awake, Sevigney arrived from the Country: He having known from the Page, whom I had not given inſtructions therein, not foreſeeing that the Husband was to return ſo ſuddenly; having known, I ſay, that he had a Letter to deliver from me to his Wife, asked him for it, without ſuſpecting any thing, and having read it at the ſame time, he bid him be gone, and that there was no Anſwer to be made to it. You may judge how I received him, I was upon the point of killing him, ſeeing the danger he had expreſſed

posed my Cosin to, and I slept not an hour that Night. Sevigny for his part was no more at ease than I; and on the Morrow after the great reproaches he made his Wife, he forbid her to see me, she sent me word of it, and that with a little patience all this would be shortly reconciled.

Six Months after Sevigny was killed in a Duel by the Chevalier d' Albert, his Wife seemed inconsolable for his death; the reasons she had to hate him being known by all the World, they fancied that her grief was only feigned. For my part, who had more familiarity with her than others, I did not wait so long as they to speak to her of agreeable things; and presently after I made love to her, but without Ceremonies, and as if I had never done nothing else: She made me one of her Oracle answers, which Women make usually in the beginning, that my Passion was so much at rest, that it made me appear but little favourable, and perhaps it might be so, I know not. Tho Madam de Sevigny had no intention to love, it is impossible to have more Complaisance for her than I had in that Encounter. However, as I was her near Relation on the most honourable side, she made me a thousand proffers to be her Friend, and for my part, finding in her a sort of Wit which diverted me, I was not sorry to be so. I saw her almost every day, I wrote to her, I made love to her after a raillying way, I fell out with my neareſt Relations, to serve with my Credit and Estate those per-

persons she recommended to me. In short, if she had occasion for all I have in the World, I should have thought my self extreamly obliged to her if she would have given me an occasion of assisting her. As my Friendship was pretty like love, Madam de Sevigny was very well satisfied as long as I did not love elsewhere: but Chance, as I shall tell you in the Sequel, having made me fall in love with Madam de Preey, my Cosin, she did not show me so much affection as she had done, when she thought that I loved nothing but her. From time to time we had little quarrels, which indeed were made up, but which left in my heart, and I believe in hers, such seeds of Division for the first occasion we should both have, and which were even capable to imbitter indifferent things. In short, an occasion being offered, wherein I had need of Madam de Sevigny, and wherein without her assistance I was in danger of losing my Fortune, this ungrateful Woman abandoned me, and did me in Friendship the greatest infidelity in the World. This, my Dear, made me fall out with her, and far from sacrificing her to Madam de Mouglas, as was reported: This Lady whom I had long been in love with, hindred me from having all the resentment which such an ingratitude deserved. *Bussy* having done speaking, *Vivonne* told him all that was said of the Count *de Lude*, and of Madam *de Sevigny*; *Was he ever much in her favour?* Before I answer

ſwer to that, replyed *Buſſy*, it is neceſſary I give you an account of this Count *de Lude*.

He has a little ugly Face, a great head of Hair, a fine Shape; he was not born to be fat; but the fear of being incommode and diſagreable, makes him take ſuch extraordinary care to be lean, that at length he has effected his deſign; his fine Shape has indeed coſt him ſomething of his health, he has ſpoiled his ſtomack in the Summer by the Dyets he has taken, and the Vinegar he has made uſe of. He is active on Horſeback, he dances and fences well, which is brave; he fought very well with *Vardes*, and they do him injury, when they ſuſpect his Valour, the ground of this ſlander is, that all the Sparks of his Circumſtances, having ingaged themſelves in the War, he would needs make one Campaign as a Voluntier; but the reaſon of this was, that he is idle, and loves his pleaſures; In a word, he has Courage and no Ambition, he has a ſoft Wit; he is pleaſing with Women, he has ever been well uſed by them, but does not love them long; the reaſons that he is ſo happy in their favours are, beſides the reputation he has of being ſecret, his good Meen, and his being well provided for love Engagements; but that which makes him ſo ſucceſsful every where is, that he cries when he will, and nothing perſwades Wo-

men

men ſo much that we are in love as tears. However whether ſome miſchance has happened to him in his intrigues, or that theſe who Envy ſay that it is his fault they have no Children, he does not much diſhonour the Women he has to do with. Madam *de Sevigny* is one of thoſe for whom he has had a love; but his paſſion ending then when that fair one begun to make returnes to it; Thus Croſs accidents have ſaved her, their paſſions could never meet. And as he has ever viſited her ſince, tho without applications, it has occaſioned the report that he has had to do with her. And tho it is not true, there is great likehood it was ſo. He has however been the weakſide of Madam *de Savigny*, and the Man for whom ſhe has had the moſt inclination, notwithſtanding the jeaſts ſhe had made of it: this puts me in mind of a Song ſhe made wherein ſhe cauſes Madam *de Sourdis* who was with Child to ſpeak after this manner.

That you have both, I heard it ſaid,
Wherewith a Man to Charme and lure;
I mean a Man that is well bred
And for our Drudgery fit and ſure;
Not like Him whom I do know,
Who never yet the Feat did do,
Nor cauſe the pain I undergo.

No Body in the World is more gay, has more Wit, nor a more agreeable Wit than ſhe; *Menage* being fallen in love with her, and his Extraction, his Age and his Figure obliging him to Conceal his paſſion as much as he could, he happened to be one day at her Houſe juſt as ſhe was going out about ſome buſineſs. Her Woman not being ready to attend her, ſhe bid *Menage* come into the Coach with her, and that ſhe was not afraid people ſhould talke ill of it, *Menage* jeaſted in appearance, but indeed was angry; made her anſwer that he found it very ſevere to ſee that ſhe was not ſatisfied with rigours ſhe had ſo long treated him with, but that ſhe likewiſe deſpiſed him to the point of beleiving that nothing could be ſaid of her and him. *Come* in ſaid ſhe to him, *Come into my Coach; If you are angry I will make you a Viſit at your own houſe.* As *Buſſy* finiſhed theſe laſt words, word was brought this Gentleman that the meat was upon the Table. They went to dinner, which having done with the uſual merriment they went into the Park, where they were no ſooner come, that they deſired *Buſſy* to relate to them the ſtory of Madam *de Monglas* and his Amours, which having granted them, he begun after this manner.

The

The History of Madam *de Monglas* and of *Bussy*.

FIve years before Madam *de Sevigny's* and my falling out, being at *Paris* in the beginning of Winter, and much a friend to *Feuillade* and *Darcy*, it came into all our heads to be in love, and because that we were not willing that our affairs should part us from one another, we cast our Eyes upon all the pretty Women, to see if we could find three who were as much friends as we were, or who might come to be so: we sought a long time without meeting with what we wanted. The Ladies of *Monglas*, *Precy* and *L' Isle* were very much friends and very lovely; but as perhaps we should have been troubled to have agreed upon the the Choice, and that the Merit of those Ladies was not so equall, that our inclinations should Carry us to love them equally, we agreed to make three tickets of their three names, and to put them into a purse, and to keep to her that fate should give us in drawing them. Madam *de Monglas* fell to *Feuillade's* share Madam *de L' Isle* to *Darcy* and Madam *de Precy* to me: Fortune in this occasion shewed how blind she is; for she

did a favour to *Feuillade* which he knew not ſo well the value of as I did; but I was forced to be contented with what ſhe had given me: And as I had ſeen Madam *de Monglas* but five or ſix times, I fancyed that the applications I was going to make to Madam *de Precy* would efface out of my mind the beginning of a Paſſion.

We thereupon made our Addreſſes to our Miſtreſſes, *la Feuillade* having for a Fortnight or three Weeks, made love to Madam *de Monglas* by aſſiduities, reſolved at length to make her a Declaration. At firſt he found her a Woman, who without being to o ſevere, ſeemed to him ſo natural an Enemy of Engagements, that he almoſt deſpaired of effecting his deſigns with her, or at leaſt of effecting them ſuddenly: Yet he was not quite diſencouraged, and ſometime after he found her more uncertain, and in ſhort he preſſed her ſo much, and ſeemed to her ſo much in love, that ſhe gave him leave to hope being beloved one day: But before I ſpeak further, it is convenient that I deſcribe to you Madam *de Monglas* and *Feuillade*.

Madam *de Monglas* has little black ſparkling Eys, an agreable Mouth, a Noſe ſomething turned up, fine white Teeth, a too lively Complexion, fine and delicate Features, and a pleaſing turn of Countenance; her

her Hair is black, long and thick; she is extream neat, and the Air that comes from her is purer then that she breathes; she has the finest Neck imaginable, her Arms and Hands delicately shaped, she is neither great nor little, but of so easie a shape, that it will be ever agreable, if she can save it from the inconveniency of too much fat. Madam *de Monglas* has a quick and penetrating Wit, like her Complexion, even to excess; she speaks and writes with a surprizing Facility, and the most naturally imaginable; her thoughts are often diverted elsewhere in Conversation, and you cannot say to her things of so great Consequence, as to take up all her attention; she desires you sometimes to tell her something she had then a mind to know; and as you begin your Relation, she forgets her Curiosity, and the fire, she is full of, makes her interrupt you to speak of something else.

Madam *de Monglas* loves Musick and Verses, she makes very pretty ones her self, she sings the best of any Woman in *France*, of her Quality; no Body dances better than she, she fears Solitude, she is a true Friend, even to take the part of those she loves with indiscretion, and to the very giving them all her Estate, if they have occasion for it: She keeps their Secrets, religiously; she knows

very well how to converse with the World; she is as Civil as a Woman of Quality ought to be: And tho she is not willing to displease any Body, her Civility has more of Pride than Flattery; for which reason she does not gain hearts so soon as several others that are more insinuating: But when they know her stedfastness, they apply themselves much more earnestly to her.

La Feuillade is not altogether for a Man what Madam *de Monglas* is for a Woman; their Merits are different; he has however some false Charms, with which the weak are at first dazled, but which never deceives such People as make Reflections; he has blew lively Eyes, a great Mouth, a short Nose, frizled Hair, and something reddish; his Shape is pretty good, his Knees turn inwards, he has too much vivacity, he speaks much, and will alway be pleasant, but he does not always do what he has a mind to, that is to say, with civil Persons, fancy to the populace and meanest Wits, with whom there needs no more than to have always the Mouth open to laugh or to speak; he is admirable; he has a light wit, and a hard heart, even to ingratitude; he is envious, and it is to him an affront, to be in prosperity; he is vain and haughty, and at his first coming to Court, he had so often told us that he was brave, that he made

a Conſcience of ſuſpecting it; however at preſent we make a Conſcience of believing it.

I have told you that Madam *de Monglas* being perſwaded that he had a violent Paſſion for her, gave him hopes of being beloved. Any other than *Feuillade* would have made of this buſineſs the moſt agreable Intrigue imaginable; but he was lodged as I have told you, and only loved by ſtarts; he did enough to heat his Miſtreſs, and too little to engage her. When I told that fair One that he loved her extreamly, becauſe that *Feuillade* had deſired me before her, to ſpeak for him in his abſence, ſhe drolled upon me, and made me obſerve ſome parts of his procedure, which deſtroyed the good Offices I would have done him. I did not fail to excuſe him, & not being able to ſave his Conduct, I juſtified at leaſt his intentions. We were much upon theſe terms, *Darcy* and I, with the Ladies of *Evry*, and *L'Iſle*, that is to ſay, they were willing that we ſhould love them, but indeed we did our Devoir better with them, than *Feuillade* did with Madam *de Monglas*; in ſhort, three Months being ſpent, during which that fair One found herſelf more engaged by the things I had ſaid to her in favour of *Feuillade*, than by the love he had ſhown her; this Lover was forced to go ſerve in the Army with a Regiment of Foot he

had. This Farewel made her sensible that she had something more kindness in her heart for *la Feuillade* then she had hitherto believed: She let him perceive something of it; but tho it was enough to render a welbred Man happy, it could not shock the severest Vertue. *Feuillade* at parting made her a thousand Protestations of loving her as long as he lived, tho she should ever continue ever obstinately resolved not to make any returns to his Passion; and he and I prest her so much to give him leave to write to her, that she gave her consent.

Sometime before his departure, perceiving that the Commerce I had had for my Friend with his Mistress, had the more touched my heart for her, in making me the better acquainted with her, and that the efforts I had made to love Madam *de Precy*, had not cured me of my budding Passion for Madam *de Mongl as*. I resolved not to see her so often, that I might not be divided between Honour and Self-love. As long as *Feuillade* was at *Paris*, his Mistress did not take notice that I did not visit her so often as I used to do; but when he was gone, she perceived a Change in my way of living, and this put her in pain, thinking that my retreat was a sign of *Feuillade*'s being become indifferent, and of whom likewise she had not had any tidings since his de-

departure. Some days after having sent to desire me to come to her; *What have I done to you, my Lord,* said she to me, *that I see you no oftner; has our Friendship any share in your absence? No, Madam,* said I to her, *it only respects my self. How,* said she, *have I given you any reason to Complain? No, Madam,* replyed I, *I can only complain of Fortune.* The disorder with which I said this, obliged her to press me to tell her more. *How!* added she, *do you conceal your Affairs from me, whom I let see all I have in my heart? if it be so I should complain of you. Ah! how pressing are you,* answered I her, *is it discretion to force a Secret from one's Friend? ought not you to believe that I should not tell you mine; since I do not tell it you in the Circumstances I am in with you, or rather ought not you to divine it, Madam, since* ——— *Ah! do not proceed,* interrupted she, *I am afraid to understand you, I am afraid of having reason to be angry, and of losing the esteem I have for you. No, no, Madam,* said I to her, *be not afraid, I am under those Circumstances you are not willing I should be, and yet I shall not be wanting in my Devoir; but since we are come so far, I will tell you all the rest: As soon as I saw you, Madam, I found you very amiable, and every time I saw you afterwards, I thought you more beautiful than the time before; however, I was not yet sensible of any thing so pressing as to oblige*

lige me to follow you up and down, but I was very much pleased when I met with you. The first thing which made me perceive that I was in love with you, Madam, was the trouble your absence gave me; and as I was upon the point of abandoning my self to my Passion, and of thinking of the means of making it known to you, Darcy, Feuillade, and I, drew lots, whom we should each of us make our address to, of you, Madam de Precy, and Madam de L'Isle, tho what my heart was sensible of for you, Madam, was yet very weak, I should not have left to chance a thing of that Consequence, if I had not been hitherto very lucky; but in short, my Fortune changed in that occasion, for you fell to Feuillade's share, and I should have gained more by having lost all my life time, than in that unhappy moment; all my Comfort was, as I have said, that the application that I was going to make to Madam de Precy, whom I had formerly loved, would root out of my heart what was budding there, but all to no purpose, Madam; you may judge that the Commerce that the interest of my Friend obliged me to have with you, giving me the opportunity of knowing you more particularly, and of observing in you admirable principles for Love, I could not get rid of a Passion which your Beauty alone had produced, when Feuillade desired me to serve him; I felt something beyond the joy we have usually in serving our Friends, and I quickly perceived

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afterwards; that without designing to betray him, I was overjoyed with being concerned in his Affairs, to have only the pleasure of seeing you more nearly, but at length it put me into terrible pains; this, Madam, has obliged me to see you less frequently, and tho you did not take notice of it, but since Feuillade's *departure, it is above a fortnight since I retrenched my Visits. Not but that you must have observed, Madam, that I have served my Friend as I would have served my self, I have sometimes justified him when he was apparently Culpable, and I might if I had had a mind, have ruined him with you without seeming unfaithful, leaving it to be done by the resentment of a thousand Faults which you pretended he committed against the Love he shewed you. But I confess that my Duty makes me suffer extreamly in seeing you, and were I out of your sight, it would spare me a great many efforts I make upon you my self: besides, Madam, I would never have told you the reasons of my retreat, if you had not asked me them. Nothing can be more civil, my Lord,* Madam de Monglas *replyed to me, than what you now do, but you ought to compleat your Duty, and send your Friend an account of all things; that he may not be surprized when he shall learn perhaps by other means, that you hardly ever see me, and that he may not to no purpose rely on your good Offices to me:* And thereupon Madam *de Monglas* having caused Ink and Paper to be brought, I wrote this Letter.

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SInce, considering the course I take, the Passion I have for your Mistress neither offends my honour nor the friendship I owe you, I may well without shame acquaint you with it; and on the contrary, I should dishonour my self by concealing it from you. Know then that I have not been able to see Madam de Monglas *any longer without loving her; and that sending for me to day to know the reason of a Retreat, I told her she had Charmed me, but that I might not do any thing that was contrary to my duty, I would see her no more; I thought my self obliged to give you notice hereof; that you might take other measures as to her, and that you might see by the misfortune that has hapned to me of becoming your Rival, that I am not unworthy of your friendship, nor your esteem.*

Having read this Letter to Mad. *de Monglas, Well, Madam,* said I to her, *is this fair dealing: Ah, my Lord,* replyed she, *nothing can be more handsome; but tho I believe you have the best Soul in the world, it would be very difficult for you, having a hand in your Rivals Intrigues, finding a thousand reasons to do one another ill Offices, and thinking to take advantages of our fallings out, that you should resist, considering the passion you have for me, the temptation of breeding quarrels between us: And as you are a witty man, you would not find it difficult so to order your business, as that one of us might seem to be faulty, and to lay upon one of us, or upon Fortune,*

time, the misfchance you only were the cauſe of; & though your Friend ſhould leave off loving me through his own Inconſtancy, after what I know of you, I ſhould ever believe, if you concern your ſelf in our Intrigue, that it was by your Artifices: So that you have great reaſon, my Lord, not to ſee me any more, and tho I ſhould loſe infinitely thereby, I cannot forbear commending that Action.

After ſome other Diſcourſes upon this Subject, I went away to diſpatch the Letter I had written to *Feuillade*, and ten days after I received this Anſwer.

YOu have done your Devoir, my Dear, and I am going to do mine; I have more confidence in you than you your ſelf; wherefore I deſire you to continue your Viſits to Madam de Monglas, *and to ſerve me with her; When perſons are ſo nice upon intereſt, as you ſeem to me, they are certainly incapable of treachery; but tho the Merit of Mad.* de Monglas *ſhall have ſo blinded you, that you ſhould be no longer able to retire, I ſhould willingly excuſe you, upon the neceſſities there are of loving her when we know her perfectly.*

With this Letter there was the following one incloſed for Madam *de Monglas.*

I Am not at all ſurprized, Madam, to learn that you have charmed my Friend, my wonder would be the greater if a well-bred Man, who daily ſees and converſes with you, ſhould defend his heart againſt ſo much Merit. He ſends me word that he

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will see you no more, for fear he should yield to the inclination he has for you; and for my part I desire him not to retire upon the assurance I have that he has more force than he imagins, and tho he should not be able to resist any longer, you would not give your heart to a Traytor, having refused it to the most faithful Lover in the world.

As soon as I had received these two Letters I went to carry them to Madam *de Monglas*, but not to injure my friends whose Mistress was very Nice, I efforced all the end of the Letter he wrote to me; from that part where he tells me, that tho the Merit of Madam *de Monglas* should have so blinded me that I should not be in a Condition to retire, upon the necessity there was of loving her: When she was well acquainted with, I was afraid she would think, as well as I, that that part was very gallant, but not very passionate. *You are in the right* answered the Count *de Guiche*, *and not only that part but both the Letters seem to me well written*, *but* show the person indifferent. *The sequel*, replyed *Bussy*, *will not undeceive you.*

You must know then, continued he, that Madam *de Monglas* seeing this scratching, asked me what it was: I told her, that *evillade* spoke to me of an affair of Consequence which Concerned me. *Since he is desirous*, said she to me, *that you continue your*

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Visits to me, I give you my Consent; but my Lord it is upon Condition you never speak to me of the sentiments you have for me. I will not, since you are so pleased, replied I; *Not but that I ought to speak of it, without being suspected by you; for tho I love you more than I do my life, if to a knowledge my love you should despise that of my friend, in ceasing to esteem you, I should likewise cease loving you; The reason why I love you, Madam, is I assure you, not for that you are beautifull, but because you are also no Cocquet. I beleive you, my Lord,* said she to me, *but since you neither desire nor pretend nothing, love me no longer; for what is a love without desires and hopes? I pretended to Nothing,* said I to her, *but I hope and I desire: And what can you desire, replied she? I desire,* replied I, *that* la Feuillade *should leave off loving you; and that it should be indifferent to you. And in case that should be,* said she, *should you think to be the more happy? I know not if I should be so, Madam* said I to her, *but at least I should be nearer happiness than I am.* And thereupon I made this Song.

Since only loving you I *find*
Does so much pain procure,
Me thinks you should be something kind,
And moan what I endure,
My Rivall does all to me disclose,
And me his Confident has chose.

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What gave me some Comfort in the Prospect of all the pains that an Amour without hopes is attended with, is that I was upon the Point of having the charge of Major General of the Horse, and that this Charge obliging me to go suddainly to the Army, honour would Cure me of an unfortunate passion. Some days before my departure, I was willing to do divert the trouble I had through the violence I used upon my self to Conceal my passion, and for that end I gave Madam *de Savigny* a very fine and extraordinary treat which you will certeinly be well pleased to have the description of.

First, figure to your self in the Garden of the Temple which you know, a Wood, wherein two Allyes cross in the place they meet, there was a great Oval of Trees, on whose Branches a hundred Christal Candlesticks were tyed; on one side of this Oval was a magnificent Theater raised, whose Decoration well deserved to be so lighted as it was, and the lustre of a thousand Wax Candles, which the leaves of the Trees hindred from spreading, rendred so bright a light in that part, that the Sun could not have given more, and for the same reason all about was so obscure that your Eys were of no use: The Calmest Night imaginable; as soon as the Play was begun it was found very pleasant:

pleasant: After this Divertisement, four and twenty Violins having played a Consort, played likewise Brawls, Courants, and Country Dances; the Company was not so great as it was well chosen; some danced, others looked upon the Dancers, and others, whose Intrigues were more forward, walked with their Mistresses in the Allyes, where they sported without seeing one another. This lasted till day, and as if Heaven had acted in Concert with me, the morning began to appear when the light went out: This Feat succeeded so well, that Letters were sent to all places of the Particulars of it, and it is still talked of with admiration; some fancied that Madam *de Sevigny* was in that Occasion only the Pretext of Madam *de Precy*, but the truth was, I gave that Treat to Madam *de Monglas*, without daring to tell her so; and I believe that she suspected, without letting me know her thoughts. In the mean time I toyed with her before people, I was ever saying to her a thousand kind things in a drolling way; and I made this Song to a Sarabrand Tune, which you have certainly heard Sung.

All those who see you, do you adore,
But tho your Eyes do all things charme,
It is requir'd you should deplore,
And of your Coyness your self disarm.
Designs upon your heart I laid
To lose my own, I thought was fine;
But fair Beliza, *I'me afraid*
Your heart is harder much than mine.

You may judge, that having these Sentiments for Madam *de Monglas*, my Addresses to Madam *de Precy*, were not very extraordinary: I lived with her with the greatest ease imaginable, and my little eagerness suted extreamly well with her lukewarmness. However, when she begun to suspect that I was

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in love with Madam *de Monglas*, her Paſſion for me begun to be inflamed: I thereupon admited the Caprichio's of Ladies; they are vexed to loſe a Lover, tho they are not willing to love them; but notwithſtanding all this, what Madam *de Precy* did was not ſo ſurprizing, as the Actions of Madam *d' Le Iſle*; I had made love to the firſt, and it was not ſtrange that ſhe took ſome intereſt therein; but for Madam *d' Olonne*, whom I had never ſhown any thing but a Friendſhip to, I cannot ſufficiently wonder at the courſe ſhe took, which was thus: So ſoon as ſhe ſuſpected my Paſſion for Madam *de Monglas*, ſhe uſed all manner of Artifices to be perfectly informed of it; ſhe told me ſometimes after a drolling way, that I was in love with her; ſometimes ſhe ſpoke well of her; and becauſe I feared ſhe would thereby diſcover the ſecret of my heart, I was ſufficiently reſerved in my Commendations; at other times ſhe would ſpeak ill of her, and for my part, being willing to acquaint Madam *de Monglas*, that ſhe was not to rely upon the Friendſhip of Madam *de L' Iſle*, having found her in a thouſand other Occaſions betraying Madam *de Monglas*, I let her talk, and gave her a very favourable Audience, to make her believe I took pleaſure in it: At length, not being able one Evening to ſuffer the Rage ſhe was in againſt her, I gave Madam *de Monglas* notice of it; which occaſioned their falling out; and in the Sequel, this fair One had all the reaſons imaginable to believe I had a real Paſſion for her.

The End.